



# The Shakespeare Head Brontë

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THE MISCELLANEOUS AND UNPUBLISHED  
WRITINGS OF CHARLOTTE  
AND PATRICK BRANWELL BRONTË  
IN TWO VOLUMES

VOLUME THE SECOND





THE MISCELLANEOUS  
AND UNPUBLISHED WRITINGS  
OF CHARLOTTE AND  
PATRICK BRANWELL BRONTË  
IN TWO VOLUMES  
VOLUME II

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THIS EDITION OF THE WORKS AND LIVES OF  
THE BRONTËS IS DEDICATED TO THE LATE  
SIR JAMES AND LADY ROBERTS

OF FAIRLIGHT HALL AND  
OF STRATHALLAN CASTLE SCOTLAND  
BY WHOSE GENEROSITY  
THE BRONTË PARSONAGE AT HAWORTH  
HAS BEEN ESTABLISHED AS  
ONE OF OUR NATIONAL  
LITERARY SHRINES

## PUBLISHER'S NOTE

THE compilation of this second volume of 'The Miscellaneous and Unpublished Writings of Charlotte and Patrick Branwell Brontë, has occupied considerably more time than was anticipated. Many factors have retarded its progress. Mr Symington has been very much occupied with the installation of the Brotherton Library at the University of Leeds during the past eighteen months, whilst the long illness and death of Mr Wise robbed us of his assistance, the retirement of Mr Hatfield deprived us of his support, and the death of Sir James and Lady Roberts of their encouragement.

The surviving Editor was left with the formidable task of tracing and arranging the various manuscripts relating to the History of Angria which are scattered among many libraries and collections, and it is a matter for congratulation that he has been able to complete his work even at this date. Thanks are due for the help given by Mr Davidson Cook, Mr Adrian Mott, Miss Marian Wood, and Miss Helen Kilburn, who has been responsible for the compiling of the Index.

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# MY ANGRIA AND THE ANGRIANS

CHARLOTTE BRONTË

Charlotte's next prose story is entitled *My Angria and the Angrians* by Lord Charles Albert Florian Wellesley.

In this story Lord Charles Wellesley, after describing the migration of the youth of Verdopolis to the new capital of Angria—Adrianopolis—relates how he, having refused to accompany his guardian General Thornton to that city, set off alone a few days later, 'to spy out the nakedness of the land.' On the road he met Patrick Benjamin Wiggins, a caricature of Charlotte's own brother, Patrick Branwell Brontë. Lord Charles describes Wiggins as follows: 'There advanced a low, slightly-built man, attired in a black vest and raven-grey trousers, his hat placed nearly at the back of his head, revealing a bush of carroty hair so arranged that at the sides it projected almost like two spread hands, a pair of spectacles placed across a prominent Roman nose, black neckerchief adjusted with no great attention or precision, and, to complete the picture, a little black rattan flourished in the hand. His bearing as he walked was tolerably upright, and marked with that indescribable swing always assumed by those who pride themselves on being good pedestrians.'

At the time this was written Branwell Brontë was in his eighteenth year, and the above was no doubt a true description of his personal appearance at that time. Sir T. Wemyss Reid, from a description given to him by Ellen Nussey, refers to Branwell's 'shock of red hair' which hung down 'in somewhat ragged locks behind his ears, for Branwell Brontë esteems himself a genius and a poet.'<sup>1</sup>

Lord Charles invites Wiggins to talk about himself, and in the conversation which follows, and the character of Wiggins as displayed therein, Charlotte is obviously making fun of her brother, and particularly of his habit of exaggeration, his boastfulness, vanity and ambition. The memorial inscription to which Wiggins aspired: '... as a musician he was greater than Bach, as a Poet he surpassed Byron, as a Painter Claude Loraine yielded to him, etc.' is a remarkable piece of irony on Charlotte's part, for there is no doubt that in his youth not only Branwell, but all his family, expected him to make a name for himself in one of the Fine Arts.

Howard, the birthplace of Wiggins, is, of course, Haworth, and, indeed, this manuscript contains so many local and topical allusions that it is difficult to know where to draw the line between Charlotte's references to actual happenings in Haworth and incidents in Branwell's life, and the additions of her imagination.

Very few of Charlotte's letters, which are practically our only source of information about this period in the lives of the Brontës, are extant for the

<sup>1</sup> *Charlotte Brontë: A Monograph*, by T. Wemyss Reid, (1877), p. 30.

year 1834, and it may be that the manuscript of *My Angria and the Angrians* gives us a little more information about the early life of the Brontës.

Very little is recorded about the musical abilities of the Brontës, but Charlotte's reference to Mr Sudbury Figgs, 'who resided within four miles of Howard, and who, being a Pianist by profession, was accustomed to give music lessons to the various families in the neighbourhood,' tempts one to ask whether the Brontës themselves took music lessons from him. One Mr Abraham Stansfield Sunderland was at this time organist at the Keighley Parish Church, and a well-known music teacher.

Charlotte Brontë was not musical, but Branwell, Emily and Anne most certainly were. There are extant five or six volumes of music, including *Works from the Classical Authors, Beethoven and Weber and Sykes's Favourite Waltzes*, which are inscribed on the title-pages: 'Misses E. and A. Brontë.' It appears from these volumes that Anne was the singer, but that both she and Emily were careful students, from the neatness with which almost every passage is fingered. There is also extant a manuscript music book of eighty pages, containing eight songs and twenty-five hymns written in Anne's handwriting, of which one hymn beginning 'Not only for the past I grieve,' dated 'Thorp Green, June, 1843,' is her own composition. We know that Emily was a good pianist, and that M. Heger considered her a worthy pupil for the best professor of music in Belgium. She even had a few pupils of her own.

It is evident from Branwell's manuscripts that he had a great love and understanding of music. He seems to have been particularly fond of the organ, and of orchestral concerts. On February 20th, 1834, Charlotte wrote to her friend Ellen Nussey who was then staying in London, and asked her for information regarding the number of performers in the King's Military Band, as Branwell wished to know. There was in Keighley a famous Band known as 'Spencer's Band' which for some forty years supplied the orchestral wants of the neighbourhood. The nucleus of this band was formed by John Spencer and his ten sons, each of whom played an instrument, and at one time this orchestra consisted of some sixty performers. Branwell was also interested in the flute, and one of his manuscript music books contains twenty-one airs arranged for the flute. Patrick Benjamin Wiggins, in Charlotte's story, refers to Charles Nicholson the famous flautist, whom Branwell had no doubt heard in either Bradford or Keighley.

John Greenwood, the organist, who is often referred to in these manuscripts, was a famous Leeds organist who, in his youth, was organist at Keighley. It is highly probable that he did at some time visit Haworth, as recorded in Charlotte's manuscript, and no doubt, too, he met Branwell and was struck by the lad's high intellectual abilities. Branwell may even have accompanied him to Leeds or some other large town, as Charlotte intimates.

During his conversation with Lord Charles Wellesley, Wiggins also gives the following description of his sisters:

'What are your sisters' names?'

'CHARLOTTE Wiggins, JANE Wiggins, and ANNE Wiggins.'

'Are they as queer as you?'

'Oh they are miserable silly creatures not worth talking about. Charlotte's eighteen years old, a broad dumpy thing, whose head does not come higher than my elbow. Emily's sixteen, lean and scant with a face about the size of a penny, and Anne is nothing, absolutely nothing.'

'What! Is she an idiot?'

'Next door to it.'

It seems incredible that Charlotte should write thus about her sisters, particularly poor Anne, but no doubt she considered that she was here voicing Branwell's opinion of them.

So much for the autobiographical side of the manuscript. In connection with the 'History of Angria,' Charlotte sidetracks Branwell's political records to introduce something a little more romantic and interesting. She refers to Zamorna's address to the Angrians, and describes the great mass meeting which followed, then takes us on to Adrianopolis, where the Duchess of Zamorna shows her husband a letter she has received from her father, enclosing Northangerland's famous letter to the Angrians.

On October 5th, 1834, she records the birth of twin sons to the Duke and Duchess of Zamorna, and the story ends with Lord Charles Wellesley's account of the Christening and Presentation.

Included in the story is a dramatic fragment, containing a poem which begins, 'The crypt, the nave, the chancel passed,' and a poem the authorship of which is ascribed to Henry Hastings, 'the poet of Angria,' on the occasion of the birth of the twins, beginning, 'Hurrah for the Geminil!' These poems are printed in the *Complete Poems of Charlotte Brontë* (Hodder and Stoughton), 1923.

The manuscript, which is in the Law Collection, is written on seventeen and a half pages, and is signed and dated at the end, 'October 14th, 1834. C. Brontë.'

## MY ANGRIA AND THE ANGRIONS

BY

LORD CHARLES  
ALBERT FLORIAN

WELLESLEY

October 14th, 1834

THE children of Israel are gone up from amongst us, and a mixed multitude went up with them, and flocks, and herds and very much

*cattle*. They went by way of BAAL-ZEPHON and are camped in the wilderness of SIN. (I believe the original orthography is ZIN, but that signifies little). A pillar of a cloud went before them, a pillar of a cloud by night and of fire by day (Is not that the just description of King Adrian, Angrians?) and in their departure they spoiled the Egyptians: they have not slain our first-born, but they have enticed them away, saying, cast in your lot with us and we will do you good. —Hallilujah! should now be the watch-word through-out Verdopolis, but alas, some there be who scruple not to cry 'ICHABOD! ICHABOD! the glory is departed.' With that love of ostentatious pomp and flashy display which circulates through the veins of every Angrian as unceasingly as his blood, the grand emigration was so contrived that at one day, almost at one hour, the carriage of each oriental noble stood at the door of his VERDOPOLITAN residence, and in splendid cortège the gathered host of vehicles with their attendant out-riders went pouring from Sunrise to Sunset—a tide of thunder along the Eastern High-way. Previously had been the farewell visits and the last interviews, the solemn prognostications, the significant shakes of the head of the old Rêgime, the insolent bantering and triumphant Hilarity of the juvenile upstarts. I saw a certain fair and Royal lip curled with so haughty and exulting an expression, as she bowed her head in parting salutation to one of her quondam friends, that it seemed as if the concentrated essence of refined (not vulgar) Angrianism had prompted the smile and the bright tantalizing glance that accompanied it. It was hard for a steady sober Glass-Towner (to say nothing of an irritable old Aristocrat) to endure the swaggering effrontery of those latter days. To see the throngs of high-born scoundrels, the hordes of low-born rascallions, justling about from house to house and from street to street, talking loudly and incessantly of their preparations for the 'Great Move,' which preparations in the majority of cases must have been limited to the packing up of the second shirt, neckcloth and pair of stockings together with the careful securing of the sow's ear containing the only half-sovereign in shillings and pence, which treasure must of necessity be placed in the adventurers fob unencumbered by watch, lest some of his travelling companions, in the ardour of their enterprising dispositions might have proved their dexterity on his person, lightening him of the filthy lucre while he sat UNSUSPICIOUSLY reposing himself on the ale-bench of the 'Rising Sun' or the 'Scarlet Banner' or the 'Northangerland Arms.'

To hear these fellows I say alluding with such a puppyish air of scorn to the old city where they dwelt so long, the Home of their Fathers, the Queen of the Earth, who looks down on her majestic face mirrored in the noble Niger, and sees the far reflection of her

valley and her turrets caught by the flashing GUADIMA and flung with beauty UNIMAGINABLE on the glass that her harbour gives her, to hear them prefer the marble toy-shop of Adrianopolis, the mushroom of the Calabar, to a Babylon so steadfastly founded, an oak whose roots have struck so deep as the city of the Guinea-Coast, is most hateful, most maddening to any man cursed with a tithe less folly than themselves.

There Reader you see how prettily I have worked myself up to a SYDNEYAN, a ST. DAIRIAN or an ARDRAHIAN passion, the fact is I care not a fig for the matter, the Raff have a right to clear out for anything I know and if they chuse to shog simultaneously why let them. Verdopolis is well rid of their presence. Such however is unhappily not the opinion of all her inhabitants, as a proof whereof take the following extract from a three sheet epistle addressed by the honourable Julia, Lady Sydney, to her bosom friend Lady Maria Percy. After many professions of profound and immortal attachment, which the Crack of Doom is neither to destroy nor interrupt, she continues:—

‘Oh Marial how I envy you. Your destiny is, I think, nearly commensurate with your deserts. To be the very first Goddess of the Angrian Court (for I class you before Lady N—<sup>1</sup>) the wife of the handsomest, and ablest Angrian minister, the Daughter-in-law of the Great Angrian Premier, the Arbitratress of the Angrian Modes, The Belle, the Toast, the Rose of the Angrian Beauties! why my dear do you not sometimes feel giddy with your exalted elevation? I’m sure I should, my head would turn—but you Maria were born to Grandeur, and the composed dignity with which you bear its honours shows they are your natural due. Meantime I fear I shall be utterly forgotten—Edward I suppose has filled up all the corners of your heart, and every lighter thought is devoted to DEAR Angria and the glories of its dazzling court. Pity me Maria if I am become too insignificant to live. Think of my situation—alone, alone in a wilderness of Brick and Marble. You cannot imagine how dark and dismal Verdopolis now seems to me, the Sun I believe both rises and sets in the East—at any rate, its beams never find their way through the windows of York Place. My Edward, grows more acid than ever, his features are getting so sourly contracted, that I fancy they will soon form an undistinguishable mass. Politics are to him food, drink, washing, and lodging. He lives, moves, and has his being in their atmosphere; not a thought can he spare for anything else. We have no Parties but Political ones, no conversations but such as turn on affairs of State. Our uprising and our Down-lying are regulated by the length or brevity of a Cabinet-Council. His very dreams are suggested by the squabbles and disputes of the ministry. You would laugh till you

<sup>1</sup> Northangerland.



cried to see how manfully he fights in his sleep, the arms and the features working up and down like those of a possessed person, and the tongue jabbering at intervals such words as "My country! Ruinous schemes, Rotten Administration, Unprincipled Innovators" etc.

"This however is nothing new, it is all on the old tack. Home was always to me a dullish sort of place, except on GALA-nights, but now Alas! I am denied the privilege of finding matters somewhat brighter abroad. Yesterday-Evening after spending the whole day in moping and fretting I ordered the carriage and as a *dernier ressort* drove to the Theatre-Royal. While the People on the stage were performing their Antics, I, instead, of watching them, sat mourning over the altered aspect of the House. The dress Tier of boxes seemed absolutely desolate. True, there were people in them and people too of Loftiest Rank and Birth. Plenty of ancient Countesses in, with their diamond bandeaux and nodding plumes. Plenty of honourable Misses not yet arrived at the centre of their teens; abundance of hoary Earls, venerable Viscounts, veteran General Officers &c., &c. But when I looked for Castlereagh, the noble, dashing Dandy; for Arundel the gallant, courteous Chevalier; for Edward Percy the haughty and handsome, who at intervals few and far between used frequently to appear like a star in his box under the chandelier; for Northangerland with his countenance of such strange and interesting melancholy; for honest Thornton who always came to see the Play and not to look about him; for Trusty, for Seymour, for Abercorn, for Lennox, I protest Maria when I looked for all these and saw nothing but old Trojans and their Dowager-dames I had much ado to keep the tears from running down my cheeks. Then as to the Ladies, where, Darling were your own black eyes, and long raven curls? Where were our Harriet's graceful-looking though almost colourless features? Where was Lady Arundel's tall stately figure? Where was the imposing Countess Zenobia? You remember how imperially she used to sit, her keen gaze fixed on the stage and Lord N— placed beside her, attired in his mourning black with the Earl's star gleaming on his bosom. I always thought that dress peculiarly fascinating by the bye. Where too was Mary Percy (I never can somehow bring myself to call her by any other name), serene and proud, not often turning her head, and when she did, regarding the person who had attracted her notice with that shyly piercing glance of hers which sometimes, when I have suddenly looked up and seen it fixed on me, has made the very flesh creep on my bones. Where were all these? Heigho! Just one hundred and fifty miles off. Marial I'm very near heart-broken—you can't imagine how low-spirited and nervous I feel. Write to me soon or I shall become a confirmed hypochondriac. Your letters are the only consolation now left me. If that fails I really see nothing for it but *felo-de-se*.'

So much for Lady Julia, poor thing! The departure of the Angrians has put her in a cruel taking. What's to be done? She'd better sue for a separate maintenance. Leave Sydney to his Bride, the State, and at once take wing for some fashionable bower in her adored Eastern Paradise.

Reader how differently are the minds of mortals constituted! The very same privilege which Julia Sydney pines and weeps after, Charles Wellesley spurns and contemns. Previously to General Thornton's departure for Adrianopolis he did everything in his power to induce me to accompany him. In vain were promises, threats, even blows. I grinned at him, I mocked him, I scratched him and I rebelled — was I going to enlist voluntarily as a subject of the DESPOT? No — I stood firm and Wilkin was forced to leave Girnington Hall without me. Five weary days did I reign Lord Paramount in the panelled Dens of that hoary mansion, and at length, sick of seclusion, I reflected that it would perhaps be as well to amuse myself by going up and spying out the nakedness of the Land, now that the act of doing so would [not] infer subjection to Thornton. On the Evening of the sixth day I formed this resolution and determined to put it in practice on the morrow. Accordingly, before the sun had risen, next morning I was up dressed and walking alone down the Park-Road. Yes Reader, I, who might have commanded a carriage and a posse of attendants, chose to set out on a journey of one hundred miles with no aid but such as my own bodily limbs afforded me, and the prospective chance of a cast in the carts or waggons I might meet on my way. Girnington Park is almost a wood, for, being of old date, the trees have gradually thickened and heightened, till such slips of pasture as remain between their overgrown trunks and huge branches, present the aspect of Forest Glades. They were lingering in twilight as I passed through them. Here and there a Silvan Roe might be discerned gliding behind some Goliath-like oak, or slender pale-barked Birch, and at intervals a flushed Pheasant whirled from his perch, or a wakening stock-dove cooed low and deep from his still nest in the farthest recesses of the wood, but every other sound at that hour was not. By means of a pass key which I carry unknown to Thornton, the massy gates which shut in these grounds unfolded to my touch. I closed and locked them after me and thus freed from the castle of Giant Despair went on my way rejoicing. Cool and balmy sighed the sunrise-breeze over all that green prospect that lay in dew before, behind, and on each side of me. When I looked round, Edwardston Hall and its village, nestling (as it seemed at this distance) on the very confines of the Park, were putting off their veil of thin blue mist and lifting their roofs distinctly against the sky, as if inviting the first ray to gleam on them.

The horizon above Sydenham Hills shone in that peculiar gold

radiance, deepening to vivid crimson and then dying off to silver blue, which an Autumnal morning can alone offer in perfection,—the dawn of summer days, soft and bright but not so vividly tinted along the horizon as that which lights up the fall of the year. I glanced down the broad Road, East and West; it was solitary, speckless, not so much as a bird hopped on its wide, white surface—white now, but fast yellowing to the kindled Heaven. Being in no hurry I threw myself under the hedge and sat to watch for a fellow traveller. Ere long something dark appeared gliding under the distant woods of Edwardston, so far off that at first its motion was scarcely perceptible. It drew nigh and the outline of a human figure became distinct. Still no sound was heard. A turn in the road hid it, it emerged again, only about eighty yards off and, striding fast and firm, there advanced a low slightly built man attired in a black coat and raven grey trousers, his hat placed nearly at the back of his head, revealing a bush of carrotty hair so arranged that at the sides it projected almost like two spread hands, a pair of spectacles placed across a prominent Roman nose, black neckerchief adjusted with no great attention to precision, and, to complete the picture, a little black rattan flourished in the hand. His bearing as he walked was tolerably upright and marked with that indescribable swing always assumed by those who pride themselves on being good pedestrians. I rose at his approach and proceeded to accost him. ‘Well Wiggins’ said I (for it was no other), ‘How d’ye do, it’s a fine morning.’

‘An uncommonly fine morning Lord Charles. I’m excessively glad to see you. Hope you’re going a good way along the Road. Shall be proud of your company, that is if you can keep up with me.’

‘O never fear Wiggins I’ll do my best, but pray are you going to the end of the world? Should think so from the spirit with which you progress.’

‘Not *quite* to the end of the world, that is not altogether. Just at present. I don’t think of walking much farther than Zamorna. I came to Edwardston last night, and slept there. Mr Greenwood sent for me from VERDOPOLIS. The distance you know Lord Charles is forty miles and I did it all in twelve hours,—indeed it’s more than forty, nearer fifty, I believe. O yes, and above sixty I daresay, or sixty-five. Now sir, what do you say to a man’s walking sixty-five miles in one day?’ As I knew Wiggins’ style of exaggeration I made no answer, but by a nod, and he proceeded, ‘They say there’s going to be a grand do at Zamorna to-day, a County-meeting about that address to the Angrians,<sup>1</sup> and Lord Castlereagh is to take the Chair and Mr Edward Percy is expected to be the principal speaker. I should so like to hear him. He walked one hundred miles in a day and

<sup>1</sup> *Address to the Angrians* by his Grace the Duke of Zamorna. See Vol. I, pp. 451-455

a night—a great man, a very great man, wears just the right swallow-tailed sort of coat with a high collar almost up to the curled crown of his head. I kneeled down at the Gates of Edwardston Hall for half an hour and more this morning. Look at the knees of my trousers. That clay, Lord Charles has, I have no doubt, often been trodden upon by his feet. I wish my back could boast of the same honour, but it's exceedingly presumptuous of me to say so. He would scorn such fooling.'

Just then the tramp of a horse behind us interrupted Wiggins' oratory. We turned. Riding at a rapid trot on a splendid bay horse, appeared the identical subject of my companion's panegyric. He was alone, but he little needed servants to increase his air of rank and consequence. Seated so proudly upright in the saddle, the reins grasped with firm grace and masterly skill, all his equipments in such perfect order, burnished spurs, and stirrups glittering like gold, bit and bridle displaying the polish of pure silver, boots black as jet, the olive-brown coat and cream colour pantaloons, cut evidently by a first rate snip and displaying the fine muscular symmetry of the young ATHLETE they enveloped to admirable advantage. His hawk-eyes were fixed straight forward and lighted his noble features like gems. They are blue in colour but so fierily expressive I for one would not come under their glance when the torch of anger kindles them. He passed us without vouchsafing either word or look. I watched till distance concealed him, and then again turned to Wiggins. Lo, he was fallen upon his face flat as a fluke, motionless as a dead herring, prostrated towards the East like a Parsee worshipping the new Risen Sun.

'Benjamin,' said I, 'Get up. What's the use of playing the fool when there's only me to see you.'

He made no answer and I know not how long he would have continued in the same position, had not a sound like distant thunder announced the Angrian Coach, and on it came, laden heavily within and without, the roof piled with packages, the horses smoking—the passengers joking, laughing and shouting, the Guard and Coachman swearing responsively. The rush and rattle were deafening as it swept by. They made Wiggins spring up pretty actively but no sooner was he on his feet than he broke out with, 'Base dung-hill cock that I am! superannuated doting Blind-worm, deformed mongrel, Turnspit, wretch, thief, Highwayman, Assassin, murderer, Pick-Pocket, petty larcenist, Dog-stealer, essence of Plague, Pestilence and Famine! What *am* I that I should live after having seen Percy the son of Northangerland pass by and without either shooting or spitting at me. Why didn't I throw myself under the wheels of that coach like a Hindoo beneath the car of Juggernaut, and I daresay there were

great men contained in it too. I thought I heard a bass voice speaking like Wolverton Talbot, Rogue's champion. Did you ever see him Lord Charles? He's a dark, broad, beetle-browed man, as tough as if he was all made out of Indian-Rubber, and he swears in such a glorious way. He's been a Pirate, and wouldn't care for killing a man just now any more than he would for eating an onion, but dear me what am I saying, how can I think, talk, or dream about anybody except M<sup>r</sup> Edward Percy, riding along on that grand horse which must be worth five hundred guineas—that is eight hundred or else a thousand, at such an early hour, and without either footman or page or any such trash trailing after him. He's determined to reach Zamorna first and order all things according to his own will. I hope he'll command abundance of accommodation to be provided for the bands of music, or else M<sup>r</sup> Greenwood 'll not be pleased, no more will M<sup>r</sup> ROHNER, nor M<sup>r</sup> Nicholson, nor Dr Crotch. By the bye Lord Charles, there are to be five brass bands, each consisting of two trumpets, three bombardones, four Cyclopedes, five serpents, six bugles, seven French horns, eight gongs, nine Kettle drums, and ten Ramgalongtonas, a new kind of instrument that's never been blown in Africa before. And then the five reed bands will contain eleven flutes, (all by Nicholson<sup>1</sup>), twelve Clarinets, thirteen piccolos——'

'Spare us Wiggins,' interrupted I, 'Why man according to your own calculation of musical instruments the Court-House will be entirely taken up by them and their managers. However put this Zamorna business out of your head a short time if you can, and answer a few questions I shall ask you respecting your own particular self. In the first place, where did you first see the light and what part of Africa had the honour of giving you birth?'

'Why Lord Charles I was born partly at Thorncliffe, that is after a fashion, but then I always account myself a native of Howard, a great City among the Warner Hills, under the dominion of that wonderful and superhuman Gentleman WARNER HOWARD WARNER, Esq., (here he took off his hat and bowed low). It has four churches and above twenty Grand Hotels, and a street called the TAAN Gate, far wider than Bridgenorth in FREE TOWN.'

'None of your humbug, Wiggins,' said I, 'I know well enough Howard is only a miserable little village, buried in dreary moors and moss-hags and marshes. I question whether it has one church or anything nearer an Hotel than that wayside Ale-house you are now eyeing so longingly.'

'I'm rather thirsty,' replied he, 'and I think I'll call for a pot of porter or a tumbler of brandy and water, at the Public yonder.'

He bolted across the road. A fat landlady met him at the door.

<sup>1</sup> Charles Nicholson, of Liverpool, was styled 'the most eminent performer on the flute in the Kingdom.'

'Well, sir, what's your will,' said she, for he stood a moment without speaking.

'If you please ma'am will you be kind enough to give me a ha'penny'orth of milk, or a gill of whey, or even a draught of ditch-water, if it would be too much trouble to procure the other liquids for such a mere Tom-cat as I am.'

The Hostess, who seemed to be a good-natured soul, was no doubt accustomed to Wiggins' manner, as he is a frequent traveller on this road. She laughed and said: 'You'd better step into the House, Sir, and get a cup of warm tea into you. I've set the Breakfast things on the table.'

Wiggins scraped his feet very carefully and followed her in. I could see him through the open door, take a seat by the fireside, swallow two or three cups of tea, with a due quantum of bread and butter very rapidly dismissed. Then, rising from his seat, he took from his pocket about twenty shillings in silver, (how he came by it I don't know), and offering it with an air to the Landlady said, 'Pay yourself out of that, Ma'am, just take what you will, I never call a reckoning.' She helped herself, laughing at the same time, and with a gallant 'Good Morning,' he quitted the house and rejoined me.

'Well!' was his first exclamation, 'I feel like a Lion now at any rate. Two bottles of Sneachie's Glass-Town ale, and a double quart of Porter, with cheese, bread, and cold-beef have I devoured since I left you Lord Charles. That's what I call doing the thing in a handsome way, and I'm not a bit touched—only light and smart and active. I'd defy all the GANDERS in Christendom now—that I would—and a hundred Goslings to boot. But, however, let us resume the talk. What were you asking me, Sir?'

'I asked you where you were born Sir, and now I ask you what relations you have?'

'Why in a way I may be said to have no relations. I can't tell who my father and mother were no more than that stone. I've some people who call themselves akin to me in the shape of three girls, not that they are honoured by possessing me as a brother, but I deny that they're my sisters. Robert Patrick SDEATH, Esqr., is partly my uncle, but he's the only relative I'll acknowledge.'

'What are your sisters' names?'

'CHARLOTTE Wiggins, JANE Wiggins, and ANNE Wiggins.'

'Are they as queer as you?'

'Oh, they are miserable silly creatures not worth talking about. CHARLOTTE's eighteen years old, a broad dumpy thing, whose head does not come higher than my elbow. Emily's sixteen, lean and scant, with a face about the size of a penny, and Anne is nothing, absolutely nothing.'

'What! Is she an idiot?'

‘Next door to it.’

‘Humph, you’re a pretty set, but pray Master Wiggins, what first induced you to leave Howard, and come to Verdopolis?’

‘Why you see Lord Charles, my mind was always looking above my station. I was not satisfied with being a sign-painter at Howard, as Charlotte and them things were with being sempstresses. I set before myself the Grand Plain of Africa, and I traced a path for my own feet through it, which terminated at the door of a splendid Palace situated on Cock-hill, whose portal bore inscribed “Residence of the Duke of Thorncliffe,” and beyond that a tomb under the oaks of my own Park, showing to the passenger such words as these “Erected to the memory of PATRICK BENJAMIN Wiggins, Duke of Thorncliffe and Viscount Howard. As a Musician he was greater than Bach, as a Poet he surpassed Byron, as a Painter, Claude Loraine yielded to him, as a Rebel he snatched the Palm from Alexander Rogue, as a Merchant Edward Percy was his inferior, as a Mill-Owner, Granville came not near him, as a Traveller De Humbolt, Ledyard, Mungo Park, &c. &c., never braved half his dangers or overcame half his difficulties. He civilised Australia, he founded the city of Wiggopolis in New Zealand. He erected the Obelisk of BARALITICUS in Othaheite, to which country he also introduced the arts and sciences which now flourish there in such perfection, and last and greatest of his mighty acts, he built the stupendous Organ called Rollrogthunder-asqueakbotherboreimus now glorifying the Cathedral of St Northangerland in his native place of Howard. Having earned all this meed of renown and attained his four hundred and sixth year, this summum Bonus of human grandeur was at length rapt to Heaven in a fiery chariot, which miraculous event took place about the year two thousand two hundred and forty.”

‘With ideas so sublime as these in my mind you may imagine Lord Charles how I longed for an extended field to put them into practice. At length the wished for opportunity arrived. In the month of May last a fine full new Horgan was hopped in Howard Church. At that period John Greenwood Esqr., the musician and composer, chanced to return from his sojourn in Stumpsland, being wholly destitute of the means of existence, and so forlorn that he had neither penny in his pocket, shoes on his feet or a shirt to his back. That great man was compelled, shortly after landing, to seek a temporary refuge in the house of a humble acquaintance of his, one Mr Sudbury Figgs who resided within four miles of Howard, and who, being a Pianist by profession, was accustomed to give music-lessons to the various families in the neighbourhood. When I heard of his arrival I stood upon my head for fifteen minutes running. It was news almost too glorious to be believed, but afterwards, when M<sup>r</sup> Abey

Figgs told me as he was drinking tea at our house, that through his influence Mr Greenwood had been prevailed on to preside at the Horgan's Hoppening and Re-Hoppening (for the business was twice performed) I positively fell into a fit with joy. He came—I saw him—yes I remember the moment when he entered the church, walked up to the Organ-Gallery where I was, kicked Sudbury Figgs, who happened to be performing Handel's "And the Glory of the Lord" from the stool, and assuming it himself, placed his fingers on the keys, his feet on the Pedals, and proceeded to electrify us with "I Know that My Redeemer Liveth." "Then" said I, "this is a God and not a Man." As long as the music sounded in my ears, I dared neither speak, breathe, nor even look up. When it ceased I glanced furtively at the performer, my heart had previously been ravished by the mere knowledge of his fame and skill: but how resistlessly was it captivated, when I saw in Mr Greenwood a tall man dressed in black, with a pair of shoulders, light complexion and hair inclining to red—my very beau ideal of personal beauty, carrying even some slight and dim resemblance to the notion I had formed of ROGUE. Instantly I assumed that inverted position which with me is always a mark of the highest astonishment, delight, and admiration. In other words I clapt my pate to the ground and let my heels fly up with a spring. They happened to hit M<sup>r</sup> Sudbury Figgs' chin, as he stood in his usual way, picking his teeth and projecting his under-jaw a yard beyond the rest of his countenance. He exclaimed so loud as to attract M<sup>r</sup> Greenwood's attention. He turned round and saw me. "What's that fellow playing his mountebank tricks here for?" I heard them say. Before anybody could answer I was at his feet licking the dust under them and crying aloud, "O Greenwood! the greatest, the mightiest, the most famous of men, doubtless you are ignorant of a nit the foal of a louse like me, but I have learnt to know you through the medium of your wonderful works. Suffer the basest of creatures to devote himself utterly to your service, as a shoe-black, a rosiner of fiddlesticks, a great-coat carrier—a Port-music, in short a thorough going toadie." Greenwood laughed. He gave me permission to stand by his side. That night I handed him his hat when he left the church, tumbling over William Rad, Henry Lock, and John Mildmay (the organ builder's son) in my hurry to get it. Afterwards I had the Supreme felicity of running down to the Inn with his Indian Neckerchief which he had left behind him. During the remainder of his stay at Howard I had various other little opportunities of currying favour with him. At last one evening when he was sitting in the BLACK-BULL PUBLIC HOUSE together with Tom and John Rad, Uncle and Father to Billy Rad, and had just emptied his thirteenth tumbler of Brandy and water, he told me that I might accompany



him to Verdopolis when he went there and welcome. Before my extasy of thanksgiving and gratitude was over he rose and told me to pack up my alls for he was going to set off that minute for the cross-roads, where a coach passed west-ward at ten o'clock p-m. I just ran home to tell the children, get my best clothes on, my clean shirt and collar, and in an hour's time was rattling as fast as four Coach-Horses could carry me towards Free Town. I saw the next day's sun set behind the Tower of All Nations, and so Lord Charles there's the History of my emigration from Howard to Verdopolis.'

Shortly after Wiggins had concluded his strange narration, which shewed an odd mixture of folly and enterprise, absurd toadyism and bold ambition, we both entered the crowded streets of Zamorna. Just opposite the new Exchange we parted. He proceeded to find out Greenwood's residence, for that musical *Ignis-fatuus* has at present fixed his sojourn in this city; and I 'As aimless as the clouds that float a Summer Heaven upon,' went wandering whither the spirit should lead me. I think it was about noon when I reached the splendid Suspension Bridge which has lately been thrown over the Olympia. Here so thick was the throng of eager multitudes hurrying by the nearest way to the county-field, that, experienced as I was in working my way through crowds, I positively could get no farther. After one or two narrow escapes from being knocked down among the thundering carriages, rampant horses, and innumerable pedestrians, I ran up the steps of one of the Tall Towers, and there stood as safe as the Kid on the top of its shed. It was an animating scene that met my eyes from thence. Immediately before me the numbers without number, numberless, streaming, trampling, rushing and rattling along, and in a long line blackening the wide breadth of Stuartville Road as it stretched downward to the place of Rendezvous. Underneath, the rapid River bright blue and sparkling in sunlight and in the reflection of a glorious Autumn sky, all its swift life-like waves leaping as if they partook the triumph of the day but their voices now inaudible, for the noise of the mighty throng passing above them drowned every fainter sound. Eastward lay the City resounding with the ring of bells and the shouts of exultation echoing in every street. Edward Percy's New Mill with its colossal chimney towered nobly from the sloping banks of the Olympia, and the cottages and combining-shops of his work-men clustered about it like Pigmies guarding a Giant. Opposite lay the County-Field with the City Hall at the top and the hustings erected before it, which at this distance looked with its flags and awnings like a patch of scarlet decorating the front of that huge municipal edifice. The bands of music were already on the spot and their swelling strains rose at intervals over the rejoicing

storm that roared above them. Then there was the noble champaign of field and park and woodland stretching round the ærial girdle of the Zamorna Hills and the farther heights of Sydenham, with heaven's own Zone, the glowing noontide Horizon bounding all. While I stood gazing at this prospect, a carriage attended by out-riders &c., blazing in red and gold liveries came dashing over the bridge. At a signal from the inmate it drew up before my stance. The door was dashed open. A voice said 'Bring him hither this minute,' and ere I was aware I found myself hustled down the toll-bar steps and crammed per force into the vehicle. A lady and two gentlemen occupied it. The former was my cousin Julia! the two latter were M<sup>rs</sup> Babbi-combe Morley and General Thornton. The first Glimpse I obtained of this last mentioned assured me he was in an irate mood. The puckered eye-brows and ruddied forehead were indications sufficiently intelligible.

'Little villainous Imp,' was his first salutation 'what's brought thee to Zamorna on such a day as this I wonder. When I wanted thee to follow me thou wert pig-headed to stay at Girnington and now when I shall have more nor enow to do to mind myself among this raff of horses and folk and carriages, here I find thee stuck like a monkey on the Brig-stairs. If I live thou'st be sorted this night afore thy head touches a pillow.'

'Nay, General' said Lady Sydney, 'Don't let the little whelp disturb you so, I'll take him under my protection. Charles will you go with me to the Ladies' seats?'

'That's as thereafter may be,' replied I 'But pray Julia, how did you come here? Whose visitor are you?'

'Lady Maria's. She sent me such a kind and pressing invitation and I told Sydney I *would* accept it. He said I should *not*, but for once I was determined to be master, so when he left the house, I took French leave, called my maid and the chariot and hey for Angria!'

And now we reached the very thick of the commotion. Our foaming steeds bore us into the County-Field and as we entered it at one inlet Lord Castlereagh, M<sup>r</sup> Percy, Lord Arundel, Colonel Hartford, Lord Dance, &c. &c. were thundering in at the other. The Bands broke out with Marseilles' inspiring Epic 'WELCOME HEROES TO THE WAR.' The embodied voice of all that multitude rolled in a peal of applauding thunder from the river to the suburbs of Zamorna. We dashed on and on up to the Hustings. We alighted. Thornton and Morley joined the other gentlemen, and I and Julia ascended the stage which had been erected for the accommodation of the principal Ladies. With what a stately air did she glide along to her station by Maria Percy, who, with the Lady Lieutenant and the Countess of Arundel, occupied the centre of the front seat. When the four were

seated I looked at them. It was a splendid sight. Maria fairest of the fair, flushed as she was with excitement, sparkling with triumph, I never beheld a brighter vision. Her robes were all of scarlet, and her radiantly white neck, her jetty hair and eyes exquisitely relieved that dazzling dress. The three other ladies wore scarlet scarves and plumes, but the rest of their attire was white satin. They too were lovely, graceful, fascinating, and by a strange coincidence all happened to be dark complexioned. Edith, Julia, Harriet, every one black-crossed brunettes. By the bye some people say Lady Arundel is not a thorough going Angrian. I beg to correct this mistake. She speaks little about it, but her own Frederick bows not down in more devoted worship of the Rising Sun than she does. When she gave her heart to the Chivalric Arundel, she gave it not by halves but undivided. His 'Gods became her Gods and his country her country.' This day I saw her put her hair from her noble brow and gaze with a piercing look of almost wild enthusiasm on the living ocean which roared and thundered round her on the hustings, with its background of the gloomy and stupendous Hall, its gilded banners red as blood, so brilliantly vermilion in the lights, so gory in the shadows, and its vigorous stately occupants, each as kindled and as earnest then as if nation's fate depended on the hour just passing. Thence her eye wandered to the open country, the sunlit town, the broad Olympia, its banks, here piled with buildings, and there spread with tree dropped and cattle-specked pasture.

'Maria,' said she turning to her sister, 'We have Highland blood in our veins, we are the daughters of a monarch, but subjects in this glorious land, wedded to two beings so glorious as thy Edward and my Frederick. See they are now standing together. We need not remember sadly the Palace of St Mary, the hill of ELIMBOS, the loch of the "Genii" or even our Brother Fiden.' Maria smiled triumphantly and clasped Lady Arundel's hand but she said nothing. Meantime I observed Lady Julia's sparkling merry glance was directed to other things than the sublimity of the scene. She had spied out M<sup>r</sup> Charles Warner and M<sup>r</sup> John Howard at a short distance in the crowd and was now beckoning them to approach. Her ivory fan and her as ivory arm were raised with an arch graceful gesture, and the scarlet plumes nodded proudly on her head as she bent it coquettishly to one side. They came as fast [as] they could push through intervening obstacles. With charming frankness half-assumed and half real Julia held out both her hands giving one to each.

'My dear M<sup>r</sup> Charles, my dear M<sup>r</sup> John, I'm delighted to see you: quite an unexpected pleasure. I feared M<sup>r</sup> Warner would require your presence at Angria in these busy times, and it would have been such a disappointment.' For a minute neither of the gentlemen an-

swered but each stood vigorously thrusting his elbow into the other's side as a hint that he should speak first. At last Charles replied. 'My Lady' said he, 'We're vastly obliged to ye. You've a very fine turn of compliment indeed. Pity'at John here doesn't deserve much civility being thrown away upon him.'

'Nay now Charles,' grumbled John, 'That's not what I call drawing it mild. The lady was as polite to me as you and thinks as much of me.'

'Indeed I do,' returned Julia, 'you're such a pair as the world will never behold again. But gentlemen why are you not on the Hustings? Of course you intend to speak.'

Both looked down with a modest blush. 'Why madam,' said Charles, 'John here never was given to speak much. He hasn't a turn that way as we may say. I'm better in gifts, but since my late misfortune I've declined appearing often in public. People take occasions to joke you know madam, and that's what I don't like.'

'Your late misfortune my dear Sir? I never heard of it, surely nothing serious——'

'Serious! my lady. Ay! but it is. Look ye here,'—and he held up his right hand mutilated of the little finger. Julia repressed a laugh with great difficulty. 'Well, M<sup>r</sup> Charles' she went on in a consoling tone, 'Tis a sad thing certainly, a derogation from your once perfect manhood, as one may say, but still I don't see how that should hinder you from speaking, and I must insist that both you and M<sup>r</sup> John condescend to enlighten this meeting by your wisdom. Now do, gentlemen, just to please me.' She leaned over the stage and looked down on the squires with a most sweetly supplicating smile, and Charles was melted. 'John' said he, administering an energetic dig to his brother-worthy's ribs. 'What do you say, it wouldn't be polite to refuse her Ladyship, and our head didn't forbid us speaking. He only said he hoped we shouldn't be such fools as to attempt to speak.'

'Very true Charles, so come along, we'll astonish him by making a speech as long and broad as one of his own.'

They bowed to Julia and moving away were soon lost among the multitude. And now the business of the day commenced. Amidst deafening cheers M<sup>r</sup> Edward Percy advanced to the front of the Hustings. He stood silent till they subsided, and in that interval, never saw I such exulting fire as flashed from his lighted eyes. Of his speech I shall only say that it was worthy of him, full of energy, of close and cogent argument, occasionally tinctured with an air of swagger, especially when he alluded to the great Northangerland, but on the whole it might be called an Angrian Oration of the highest order, and so the listeners felt it. Tremendous was the burst of applause that greeted him as he resumed his seat. As it subsided other

speakers advanced. All with more or less ability spoke in the same strain and were cheered with enthusiasm proportionate to their merits. At last towards the close of the day when the people were getting obstreperously loud, joyous and tumultuous, Castlereagh called from the chair M<sup>r</sup> Charles Warner. That personage stepped blushing forth, closely and fraternally backed by his loving cousin John. Amid the boisterous roar of the meeting, his voice could only be heard at intervals. What follows is a literal transcript of this most eloquent effusion:

‘Gentlemen (cheers) you are very kind but (loud cheers) owing to a late calamitous accident (continued cheering) which involved the loss of a precious limb (Here the right honourable gentleman found himself unable to proceed from emotion. Recovering however he went on) Angrians if it had not been for the pressing entreaties of a lady, (tremendous applause) the fairest of her sex. I say John don’t you think she’s very handsome.’ (John in sotto-voce, twirling his beaver, smoothing it and looking modestly down):

‘Aye she’s like as what we mud call a personablisth sort of a woman.’ (cheers which lasted several minutes),

M<sup>r</sup> Charles in continuation: ‘I ventured to intrude a few words on your notice (yells, shouts and cheering mixed) Our head—that’s John’s and mine—objects to a deal of talk, (cheers) so I’ll compress (renewed cheers) in a few words (a perfect earthquake of applause) ‘Gentlemen this is the proudest day of my life—I—I—I feel quite overcome (shouts of huzza, and go on, hear him, &c.) I’ve not much time to spare. Didn’t Warner tell us to be back by six o’clock John?’

‘Aye Charles, and its half after five already.’

‘Gentlemen I beg leave to second the resolution and having expressed my—my, my (thunders of applause)—I’ll sit down.’

M<sup>r</sup> C. Warner resumed his seat amidst such a roar of mingled sounds—laughter, Bravos, howling, &c. &c. that it was found impossible to make any other speaker heard. The noble chairman therefore called for a round of nine times nine for Zamorna and Angria, and this over, proclaimed the meeting dissolved. Instantly the Bands again lifted their storm-like harmony. Bugles rung, drums thundered, trumpets swelled exultingly, the crowd swayed to and fro in grand commotion, the huge and thronging banners, heavily hung above them, all their folds waving to the slow breeze and the plunging motions of their bearers. At this moment a gentleman of tall and powerful figure dashed through the multitude and at one bound cleared the paling erected before the Hustings, mounted them very unceremoniously, and stretching out his arms as he stood, erect in the front, said in a clear trumpet-like voice, that rose over and almost quelled the din:

'Men of Angria, before one among you strides a step homeward, let all join in our Grand national anthem. "Sound the loud trumpets o'er Afric's dark sea." Bands strike into the air.'<sup>1</sup>

Stranger though the speaker was, he found prompt obedience. His commanding manner, the startling depth and grandeur of his tone, and the nature of his proposal, all found favour in the sight of those who heard him, and soon up burst that sublime song with a sound so loud, so full, so deep in its cadences, so triumphant in its swells, that it seemed as if the thunders sung in Heaven, and the winds and seas of earth made answer to them. It died rolling, echoing along the arrowy river, spending its last notes at the foot of Sydenham's long moorland range. Now there was a pause of silence.

'Well done,' continued the stranger, 'that had some heart. Thank ye my lads for your compliance.'

He jumped from his station, and keeping still within the paling, came slowly walking along towards the Ladies' seats. Of course, they all looked at him, and I thought many a bright eye lingered on his form and followed it anxiously as he passed. He regarded them too with a careless and condescending smile which brightened into flashing pride as his glance turned on the now departing multitude. He paused just opposite to where I sat and thus I was enabled to take a full and leisurely view of him. He seemed to be in the full bloom of youth; his figure was toweringly, overbearingly lofty, moulded in statue-like perfection, and invested with something which I cannot describe—something superb, impetuous, resistless, something, in short, no single word can altogether express. His hair was intensely black, curled luxuriantly, but the forehead underneath, instead of having the swarthy tinge proper to such Italian locks, looked white and smooth as ivory. His eye-brows were black and broad, but his long eye-lashes and large clear eyes were deep sepia brown. The wreaths on his temples were brought so low as to meet the profusely curled raven whiskers and mustachios, which hid his mouth and chin, and shadowed his fair complexioned cheeks. I thought these symbols of manhood much too strong and abundant for his evident juvenility. When he smiled lips and teeth appeared such as any lady might have envied, coral-red and pearl-white. The upper lip was very short—Grecian—and had a haughty curl which I knew well. At the first glance I discerned him to be a military man. The erect bearing, composed martial nonchalance, and measured stately stride told that plainly enough. Even his dress, though undistinguished by lace, plume, sword-belt or epaulette, was entirely of the soldier-cast—blue coat, black stock, white vest and pantaloons, fur foraging cap, placed forward so that the rim sternly darkened his brow and brilliant eyes,

<sup>1</sup> See Vol. I, pp. 435 and 440.

boots of the highest polish, made with the exact tightness best calculated to display the perfect symmetry of his small Circassian foot.

'That's a proper man,' said Maria Percy when she had carefully surveyed him, 'One of the few I should condescend to look twice at. Pray does any one here know him? Ask my sister-in-law Cecilia there and Lady Richton—they are whispering intelligently.'

'Did Maria mention my name,' asked the mild, arch Cecilia Percy, bending forward, 'Yes, girl, I wish to know if you are acquainted with that black-headed Titan?'

'No!' she replied dryly, 'Are you Matilda?' (to Lady Richton). 'No' was the brief response. 'On my honour I'll ask his name,' continued Maria. 'Surely you will not' interposed Edith coldly, 'he cannot be any one of much consequence.'

'I will though, and that too in a manner which shall not make him proud of the notice.'

'Do, do' said Lady Sydney, 'you always go to the root of the matter at once Maria.' In all the pride of her rank and beauty the princess bent over the stage. 'Come hither Sir,' said she imperiously. He turned his head but not his person.

'Well pretty one, what do you want?' was the astounding familiar address to one of the proudest and fairest women of Africa. This would have done my cousin Julia up. It only spirited Maria to go forward.

'What do I want Sir? Nothing more than your name, that I may report you to the proper authorities for having intruded within the paling.'

'Good,' said the stranger, 'you desire me to bear testimony against myself—not so Sparkler.'

'I will have you arrested on the spot, if you do not obey me. My servants are at hand,' continued the roused and angry princess.

'Wilt thou?' said the stranger in a lowered and changed tone. Maria started, blushed over neck, brow and temples and sunk back in her seat as quiet as a lamb. He laughingly advanced towards her. 'Come, madam,' said he, 'I had no intention to quarrel with one who is so perfectly unknown to me as yourself. My name is Major Albert Howard, formerly of West-water Forest in the west, but now of Mournely Crag in Arundel. I was not aware that any restriction existed regarding this paling so you must forgive my intrusion.'

'I do,' said Maria, bowing and smiling very graciously. Major Albert smiled too, but his haughty head refused to bend, and in silence he moved slowly away.

'How could I be so obtuse,' murmured Maria when he was gone. Cecillia's fair face again leaned over her shoulder.

'Him for a wager, sister,' she said archly.

'Or else his wraith,' returned the princess.

'What, with black hair like your own Mary?'

'Yes, or even had it been golden like thine, Cicely.'

'The less said about it the better,' remarked Lady Arundel.

'I don't know what you're all whispering so mysteriously about,' said Lady Julia. 'The man is very handsome, and I am sure a gentleman. He reminds me of my cousin Zamorna more than any living creature I ever saw before. Why bless me do you think it can be him in disguise—dyed hair, false whiskers, changed dress, assumed voice. It is, it is, Oh I wish I had spoken to him, and Maria, that was what made you blush so. The tone of that "Wilt thou?" was utterly Zamornaic, but then, Major Howard, Wastwater Forest! Mournely Crag—no, no, I fear it can't be, and the whiskers didn't look artificial. Did they Harriet?'

'Why,' said Lady Castlereagh 'if such whiskers sprung from such a skin there's no faith in complexion, that's all.'

The gentlemen of the Hustings now began to approach. Castle-reagh dashed up in high glee. 'Well, my lady Sydney, you herel delightfull! What d'ye think of the meeting? Gone off like a shot, has not it? Unanimous feeling, Proper manifestation of spirit, highly pleased. His Majesty ought to be satisfied with the address. Did I make a good chairman. Did I give satisfaction?'

'In this quarter the most complete satisfaction my lord.'

'In this quarter! the only one worth caring for, obliged to you for the compliment. Ha, ha! ha! very good! Surena, my pocket handkerchief.' Surena immediately produced a square of scarlet silk nearly large enough to form the mainsail of a man-of-war. His lordship flourished and fluttered it about some five or six minutes, spreading its scents of Eau de Cologne, Poudre des Œillets, Otto des Roses &c, &c. all round, then blew his aristocratic nose, projected his aristocratic saliva some twenty yards, and continued: 'A deal of oratory—part of it considerably decent stuff—Edward Percy's turned out not bad, my own likewise, though I say it, very tolerable, and Morley there, if it hadn't been for his infernal boreishness about intellect and useless knowledge and entertaining Humbug.'

'Order, my Lord Castlereagh, Order!' exclaimed Morley who stood near. 'I call your lordship to order. You act with malice prepense in naming those three substantives so contemptuously.' To the lady; 'Now madam, if you will give me leave to lucubrate for thirty consecutive minutes in your presence, I will undertake to prove in a manner which shall give you the most pleasing mental consolation, and which shall now and for ever shut out all doubts on the subject, that intellect, knowledge and Humbug are the three condiments



which keep society sweet. Your ladyship is aware there are thirteen ways of taking a distinction, five real and eight assumed for the sake of argument. Now to these thirteen I shall add a fourteenth in order to make the number equal and proceed forthwith to divide my discourse into its several heads. Firstly then——'

'Save me!' interrupted Julia, 'for Heaven's sake M<sup>r</sup> Morley shew a little forbearance. I'll hear you some other time, in private, more at my ease, but now——'

'But now your ladyship shall hear *me*,' said the heavy voice of Charles Warner, and he and John rushed like Giants refreshed with wine. They at once seized Julia's unresisting hands. 'My dear Excellent lady,' almost sobbed Charles, 'You're like a jewel of gold in a swine's snout, if ever a woman was. If it had not been for you I should never have known that it was in me, and so it couldn't have come out as it has done to-day.'

'Didn't Charles make a grand go of it?' said John. 'Egad! when he said this was the proudest day of his life, I couldn't help crying out hear! hear! myself. Then when I spoke too, between while's I thought I saw your ladyship waving your handkerchief at both of us.'

'Indeed I did,' returned Julia whose laughing eyes sparkled like stars for she was now completely in her element. 'Indeed I did, and I would have waved all the banners on the field if it had been in my power. Two primer cracks I never either heard or saw. It was heart-stirring. Why, gentlemen, eloquence like yours might persuade a person to do anything—hanging, drowning, shooting would all seem easy, enforced by such fine, flowing language. I must beware, truly I must, it's dangerous.'

'O not a pin, not a bit of it, nothing can be dangerous to your ladyship. I've a good mind to present you my pointer Dash, the finest that ever ran on the Warner Hills, in token of gratitude.'

'Aye do Charles. It'll be to the honour of the family that we should appear generous and to act in a manner becoming a gentleman. I don't care if I add that brace of fine ferrets. Stitch and Sting as you know did such slaughter last spring in Richard Agar's rabbit warrens. He never forgave them for beating his pitiful rattons.'

'No more he did John, and our Henry took his side—more shame to him.'

'Aye Charles! and our Romilly lost five gold Adrians that same ferret-match.'

'Aye, and George won them.'

'Yes, and he spent them on a dozen of Maderia, and your William bolted four bottles.'

'Yes, and your James could only make away with two.'

'Aye, and he spewed half of them up afterwards.'

I know not how long these edifying reminiscences would have continued, had not Edward Percy's ringing voice interrupted them—'Silence there,' said he, 'not a word out of your heads till I've done speaking.'

'My Lords, ladies and Gentlemen, I invite every soul of you this night to Edwardston Hall. The sun has set, the town clock struck six, and the carriages are waiting, so make haste.'

Now began the simultaneous movement through all the amphitheatre-like stage. The ladies rose in a body—such a waving of plumes and curls, such a glitter of eyes and diamonds I never before beheld. Their husbands, beaux and brothers stood ready to hand them to their chariots. I saw Julia trip laughing along with Thornton on one side of her, Charles on the other, and John to whom she had entrusted her fan and pocket-handkerchief followed behind. All at once in the midst of some brilliant sally, a cloud of thought darkened her lovely face. It passed in an instant, but what occasioned it? Was she thinking of Sydney?

'Cecillia' said Maria Percy, turning to her sister-in-law whose gentleness, contrasted with her own high-spirited pride, she is very fond of, 'Will you come with us? do love.' A young fair-haired man stepped forward and hastily drew my cousin's arm through his. 'Not so Madam' he said bowing, 'My wife should be welcome to accompany you, but she cannot be a guest at my brother's house.' He moved away.

In half an hour's time, the long, long train of vehicles had all rolled in vast procession from the field, and they could be seen in the fading light sweeping up Stuartville Road, diminishing momentarily till the hindmost loiterer vanished and the faintest sound of wheels died to silence.

I too had quitted the place of meeting, but it was in an opposite direction, and now I sat two miles from the City-Hall—two miles from Zamorna, at the gate of a peaceful and elegant mansion surrounded by tall elms and smooth sloped lawns, (not parks) with rose-trees and laburnums shading the dewy grass, all calm around me, the moon rising, the sky cloudless, the stars looking kindly out—a wind as faint as thought whispering fitfully in the scarce stirred leaves, the lights of the illuminated town twinkling far off and its subdued noise and clashing bells heard like a mountain torrent.

I was within the precincts of Elm-Grove Villa, formerly Lily Hart's place of romantic seclusion, when Zamorna was an unfrequented village and the country round as solitary as it is now populous. Captain William Percy purchased this mansion of FIDENA shortly after his marriage, and has resided there ever since. Soon a sound of approaching footsteps aroused me from a reverie into which I had

fallen. I looked up. A group of four or five persons was slowly advancing up the long cornfield which stretches from the garden gate. They crossed the hawthorne-shaded stile and stood before me. I was rather astonished to recognize in the foremost Major Albert Howard's tall grand figure. Two ladies, in whose fine Roman features, yellow hair, snowy skins and haughty blue eyes I knew Georgiana and Eliza Seymour, leaned on his arm and both seemed as emulous of his notice as in their Royal pride they usually appear careless of all other men's.

They addressed him by the name of Augustus and not that of Albert or Howard. Captain and Lady Percy followed after. Cecillia saw me. 'Well Charley,' said the sweet creature, taking my hand and leading me forward, 'Are you come to pass the night at my house? You see I have a small but select party. Georgiana and Eliza came yesterday and they will stay a week. Have you spoken to them yet child?'

'Not I, and if I did they'd only just pat my head. The girls seem to be entirely taken up with that Apollonic Mars, Major Howard. Is he married pray?'

'A widower,' said William Percy, 'with five or six children.'

'Five or six! why what years has the man numbered?'

'Never mind sir. I'd advise you not to come near him. He's very passionate.'

We entered the house by a glass-door which admitted us at once to the drawing-room which was glimmering in parlous twilight, shed from the brilliant and cheering hearth. Major Albert threw himself on the sofa in a very easy quite-at-home sort of way. 'Here girls' said he to my noble cousins, 'get the foot stools and be seated. I've made the sofa my own.'

And to prove this unceremonious appropriation, he stretched his long limbs on the velvet couch and rested his curled head on its cushions. The ladies Seymour took the lowly seats he had appointed them, and with their flowing robes spread on the rich carpet, sat with the grace and air of Persian Princesses at his side. Young Percy leaned over the sofa-back.

'Cecillia,' said he, 'how that scoundrel Edward would envy me if he knew what a treasure I have in my villa. Your Majesty, Elm-Grove is a fairer place than Edwardston?'

'A calmer place,' replied the Major, 'and therefore, after a day of turmoil, far preferable. Now William get your flute. Cecillia, fairy, there stands the harp and there the music-book. Georgiana is that a guitar lying in the recess? Eliza that grand piano woos your fingers. We'll have an evening of peace and harmony. For myself I do nothing but lie and listen.'

I was sorry that night when twelve o'clock chimed from the

bronze time-piece on the side-board. An evening of stiller and deeper enjoyment I never passed; it will ever remain a sunny spot on the chequered path of life.

It was ten o'clock on the night subsequent to the one I last described, that myself, General Thornton, Lord Castlereagh, Mr Edward Percy, and Major Albert Howard arrived at Adrianopolis by the Conqueror Mail-coach, a mode of travelling *en passant* much in vogue with the Angrians and usually preferred by them to their private carriages.

We alighted at the Plume and Sabre Hotel. Major Howard did not enter. He paid his fare and, enveloping himself in a large scarlet *roquelaure*, mingled with the gas-lit crowd on the causeway. I marked in what direction he strode along and followed with close and wary steps. He took a strangely circuitous route through narrow lane, blind alley, close, wynd and covered passage. Adrianopolis seemed known to him through all its darkest and lowest details. I felt as if wandering in an utterly unknown wilderness, but, guided sometimes by his Saul-like figure, and sometimes, when gloom rendered that invisible, by his equal and ringing tread, I contrived to dog him with tolerable pertinacity. We emerged suddenly from a long, dim lane to the glory of a wide serene, unbroken expanse of moon-light, slumbering on a proud, white pile which towered about two hundred yards in front. At first the scene that burst so unexpectedly on my vision only inspired vague ideas of boundless grandeur, but soon I was able to take a calmer and more careful view. What seemed solemn, vast, undefined, as the hoary cone of CAUCASUS ere long settled down into an edifice of mason's work. It stretched indeed far away and ascended to a sublime height but still its limits were well and clearly outlined. A mighty row of marble pillars, pale and gleaming as ice receded in their grand perspective before me. Their eternal basements, their Giant shafts, their gorgeous capitals, the long, long, high-uplifted cornice that ran above them, were all of the purest, the noblest Grecian moulding. All breathed of Ionia in her loftiest times. Here the hand of that great Architect Palladio could not be seen. The Venetian's classic elegance had given place to a profounder, a sterner, a more imperial style. Aye the Zamorna Palace contrasted with Wellesley-House shews well how the Lord of both has changed and risen. Once he was the man of taste, learning, genius, science—at once the Homer and the Maecenas of his Age, now—but I will not waste time and temper by writing what he *now* is.

Beyond the Palace, the Calabar was rolling all its broad smooth billows. I heard them kiss the marble walls as they swept on, as if do-

ing homage to him who had thus glorified the shores which were once wild as a wilderness.

Major Howard crossed the silent square. He did not ascend the vestibule, but stole very softly round a wing of the edifice and stopped at a private door before which a sentinel was pacing. 'Stand!' said the man as that tall shadow-like form approached. 'Arise' was the brief reply. Instantly the musket rung reversed on the pavement, and its bearer drew back with an air of profound reverence.

'William Chadwick I think,' said Howard.

'The same your Majesty.'

'John Ingram is your partner on the watch to-night, is he not?'

'Yes, your Majesty knows us all.'

'By name I do. Good evening William—a fine starry night.'

He touched the call-bell which returned a faint silver sound. The door instantly unclosed and he entered. I lingered a moment behind. Through the open door I saw Eugene Rosier disencumbering him of the *roquelaure*.

'Will your lordship have a change of dress now or not?' he asked.

'No, it signifies little—where is your lady, Rosier?'

'In the purple saloon, I believe my Lord. She gave M<sup>r</sup> Robert S'death an audience there half an hour since?'

'S'death! hum, scoundrell! what can his business have been?'

With these words he walked away. I followed, of course opposed by neither the sentinel nor Eugene, both happening to be well acquainted with me. Creeping up the little marble staircase which terminated a small but elegant Hall, I presently entered a long lamp-lit, sounding, lonely corridor. I think few but the major would have ventured to wake such an echo as did his brass shod boots in abodes so regally, so grandly silent. He turned off soon into the interior chamber, and after him I wandered through such a suite of rooms, bewilderingly magnificent, and all the more impressive from the light which revealed them—soft, solemn moonshine pensively stealing through the Grecian windows, and tinting with pearl and silver whatsoever its lustre touched.

He paused at the folding-doors of one apartment, opened them gently and without again entirely closing them, went in. They were just sufficiently ajar to allow me a full view of the penetralia. Here warm lights were glowing over the rich deep sombre hangings, dazzling carpets, and Tyrian couches. Queen Mary Henrietta appeared in the midst alone, alone, (as Julia Sydney says), partially reclined on the piled cushions of a purple silk ottoman, beautiful, delicate as a dream, all fair and soft and tranquil and imperial.

Aye! I now felt I was in a King's palace. The host of loveliness which dazzled me so at Zamorna faded away; they were people of

this world, who went in flocks, and laughed and talked and jested socially. But this was a clear large star of beauty, appropriated and dwelling apart in its own cloudless quarter of the sky—a priceless pearl which a strong man had found and which he kept and guarded jealously. Yet royal as was Queen Mary's solitude, it appeared likewise melancholy. I did not envy her. She seemed cut off by greatness from commerce with her kind. Still the haughty expression of her brow and of her beaming moonlight eyes told it was no matter of regret to her. Happy, however, she was not, but pensive, mournful and disconsolate, and as she impatiently turned her cheek on the cushion which supported it, and veiled her forehead with her hand, the tears of some secret sorrow trickled through these slender fingers.

An ebony table stood at her side on which lay an unfolded paper, and there her eye seemed to linger with intense anxiety. Major Albert fixed on her a long and steadfast gaze. Ere he withdrew it she looked up and saw him. The convulsed start with which she sprang from her couch bespoke an overwrought mind. For a moment she stood bewildered. The disguise had scattered her ideas. One word however, her own name 'Mary' whispered in a low tone and accompanied by a gentle smile sufficed to complete the recognition. She did not run forward but said softly and sadly, 'Ah Zamorna, did you think *I* could be blinded by a mask like that? Where have you been my lord? and how long is it since you went? I scarcely know how time passes.'

The Duke curled his lips, walked to the fire, and was silent. Just then he actually for once in his life felt displeased with himself.

The Duchess spoke again. 'Do tell me where you have been Adrian, I only want to know that.'

'What ails you Henrietta,' said he quickly.

'I am very sorrowful as I have been for a long while now.'

Zamorna's hand went to the gold chain across his bosom and he looked as gloomy as night.

'Am I to have the old story?' he said, glancing at her and then letting his eye fall—a dismal look that scarcely seems of Earth earthy. She did not reply and he went on: 'S'death has been with you, has he not?'

'He has my lord.'

'And what was the fiend's errand?'

'He came from my Father, Sire.'

'That I did not doubt. He is ever the messenger of Satan. And what said he of thy Father, Dove?'

'That his health and spirits droop more in a foreign country than they did at home. He likewise brought this letter, which I would offer your Majesty only I fear——'

'Fear nothing child. It cannot contain sentiments more infernal than those I give him credit for, so let us see the precious document.'

'I trust Sire you will think more favourably of my father when you have seen his heart there disclosed,' said Henrietta as she gave the paper to her husband. He sat down. The shaded lustre dependent from the saloon ceiling gave him light. With compressed lips and settled aspect he perused Northangerland's famous letter to the Angrians.<sup>1</sup> Not a sound interrupted the silence which reigned around while the Duke was thus employed, except the rustling sheets as he turned them over.

Mary watched him intently. With an unconscious movement she stole by degrees nearer to him till she stood at his side. Then weary of standing she kneeled on one knee, and resting against his sofa, looked up into her lord's face with so fond, so tender, so appealing an expression, that nothing I have seen either in sculpture or painting could equal the feeling of pathos it conveyed.

He concluded and laid the paper down. His cheek had become brightly flushed towards the end and his eyes were assuming an excited and flashing glow.

'Sire, may I speak?' asked the Queen, clasping her hands with earnestness.

He heard her voice but I think not her words. His spirit was far off in another region, and, regarding her surpassing loveliness with a faint abstracted smile, he gathered his energies in profound thought.

Mary took the smile for consent and drawing still closer she addressed him thus: 'I know Sire you will now with your kingly candour confess that Lord Northangerland means you no harm. He calls Zamorna his noble King and warmly declares his admiration of him. O Adrian if you knew how much I love my father you would appreciate the sufferings I have lately endured. I saw your aspect darken whenever he passed before you. I knew you hated him and I never spoke a word. I bade him farewell—it might be for the last time. I watched the vessel that bore him from Africa lessen and vanish and I still kept silence. I heard on all sides hints thrown out that the Queen had no influence, or that she was coldly apathetic. So my brother Edward taunted me to my face, and I endured this also. Hardest of all Sire, I feared—was it without reason?—that your dislike of Percy began to mingle with your feelings towards his wretched daughter. I wept alone, and though my heart nearly broke with the unnatural effort, I laid my finger on my lips still. I had a reason for this conduct which I scarcely dared whisper to myself. It was the appalling dread that your Majesty's aversion might be well

<sup>1</sup> Dated Sept: 12. 1834. from Palm Grove House, Stumps Isle (Patrick Branwell Brontë's MS. in the Brotherton Collection). See Vol. I, pp. 457-461

founded—that Percy might in truth be Zamorna's bitter foe; and whether right or wrong, just or impious, I stood prepared to sacrifice my father's very life, truly as I loved him, to the interests of him I could not help adoring with blind, infatuated, consuming zeal. My own life, my own happiness I will not speak of—they seemed as dust in the balance—but Sire, when two hours since I received that letter, when I had read it, the delusion at once passed away. I knew then that Northangerland was true to you, and I blessed him with my whole soul for it. My father has been wronged Sire, vilely and wickedly wronged. He has human feelings but a superhuman intellect. Errors may have resulted from this incongruity and these he says he will not defend, and after that noble confession who shall dare to accuse him? My King, my Husband, my very Deity, smile at me once more, and tell me that Percy shall again be your right hand. O Sire! he is worth all the Jackalls that throng round you now. He is a true and royal Lion worthy to consort with yourself, while his detractors are inferior to the dust your feet has prest. Am I to lie down on a sleepless pillow to-night Zamorna? Am I to eat the bread and drink the waters of bitterness, or blessed with the forgiving light of your countenance, am I to sleep in peace and awake in safety?

Her enthusiasm as she knelt almost crouched in her earnest pleading at his feet, her sweet and swelling tones, her whole aspect, like Philippa supplicating for the Calaisians or Esther for the devoted Hebrews, quickly recalled Zamorna's absent thoughts, and he heard the latter part of her prayer with deep attention. The Monarch's hand shook through the influence of some strong internal emotion as he passed it over his broad white brow and then let it slowly fall on his Queen's head bowed before him like a storm-beaten lily.

She burst into happy tears the moment she felt his fingers laid caressingly on her golden curls.

'Be calm love, be calm my dear Mary' said he in that still, dew-like voice of his which Lord Richton has well characterised as being like the flute-stop of an Organ, 'I would indeed receive your Father back with open arms, for his gentle daughter's sake, if sincerity had prompted one fourth part of the sentiments his letter contains—but no Mary, I see nothing like the light of truth. One hollow wheel turns with a still hollower; and all the mass of machinery weaves together a veil of deceit that might blind Machiavel's eyes, but I have cast it from me and I'll walk my own path steadfastly turning neither to the right hand nor the left.'

Mary sighed deeply. 'Am I never to see my father again then?' said she.

'I trust you will love, in this very Palace. I even Prophesy that before a month passes he will be Premier of Angria again. It is my



determination to throw no obstacles in his way. His genius so grandly developed in that letter, I want, and if possible I will have it, but by God's help I will beware of his insidious wickedness.'

'He loves you Sire,' again interposed Henrietta. The Duke smiled. He gently raised his wife and having placed her on his own sofa, began himself to pace the room with folded arms and thoughtful forehead. His quickened step soon shewed that the current of his meditations was running high and strong.

He paused. Mary looked at him. There he stood with the red fire-light flashing over him, one foot advanced, his head proudly raised, his kindled eyes fixed on the opposite wall and filled with a most inspired glory—that tinge of insanity which certainly mingles with his blood, was looking through their fierce dilated zones, as if it glared out at visions which itself had poured through the air.

'We walk together,' he exclaimed aloud, 'Our hands shall be twined, our purposes must be one. He has no heart and I'll rend mine from my bosom before its quick hot pulsations shall interfere with what I see, with what I feel, with what I anticipate by day and night. Why else were we born in one century? His sun should have set before mine rose, if their blended shining was not destined to set Earth on fire. By the Great Geniil it spreads! what! farther, farther, a deeper, longer gorier vista. I'll follow—you dare not beckon where I dare not go. Hah! it is stopped, filled up—blackness, blackness, where am I? The day went down suddenly! All is utterly dark, Spirit! Percy! I have seen the end of my battles. How time hastens—twenty years did you say—gathered in the span as at this distance it seems of one hour. Life slides from under me and there is the gulph of Eternity. Eternity! Deep, bodiless, formless, what sails there? why is there no sound? Such a stony silence, such a desolate vacancy. There should have been stars in the space. Who said I might remember? A vain hope—thought slips already. Earth, existence, I have been great in both, but I remember no more my greatness.'

He ceased, his eyes had become fixed, his face looked ashen and lifeless, but with one hand on his breast and the other resting on a stand of lamps he still stood rigidly upright.

While he spoke my attention had been too much absorbed to notice what passed at the other end of the saloon, but now I heard a voice saying 'You have seen him so before Mary?'

I looked round. A gentleman in black stood beside the Duchess, and his powdered hair and sternly statuesque physiognomy at once announced the Duke of Wellington. He wore a travelling dress and had evidently only just arrived at the Palace.

M<sup>r</sup> Maxwell, sen<sup>r</sup> accompanied him, his tall professional figure appeared in the back-ground.

Henrietta seemed calm and collected, only she trembled all over.

'I have seen the Duke so twice before' said she, 'both times then I was alone and I never spoke a word of it to any living creature. Was your Grace aware of these paroxysms?'

'Aye! Aye, Mary and stranger ones than these or at least more dangerous. Is Alford in the house?'

'Yes, but I beg your Grace will not send for him. Zamorna is not senseless now. He would be infuriated by the slightest movement towards the bell or door. I committed that mistake once and I shall never forget the tone and look with which he commanded me to desist.

'Humph' replied my Father. 'Like a possessed corpse. I suppose Maxwell your young master is at times a real demon.'

Maxwell shook his head. 'Shall I send for William?' he whispered, 'He attended the Duke at Philosopher's Island, when his mind, troubled about Lady Victorine, was frequently shaken in this way.'

'Send for no one, I tell you,' said Mary quickly. 'I will venture to approach him myself, if you dare not Maxwell. It was not Lady Victorine whom he saw now, though her Spirit once stood between me and him. I say no man on earth knows what those have to suffer, who, idolizing Zamorna as I do, see him in his dark moments. I verily believe he has revelations which other people have not or else his imagination is burning as a hot coal. But look! He moves, I'll go to him.'

She was about to approach, but the Duke of Wellington placed his strong sinewy arms round her and held her firmly back.

'Be still, my love,' said he, 'I would not trust him at this moment.'

Zamorna slowly paced the Saloon and then he drew towards that group. I was glad just then I did not form a part of it. He stopped within half a yard of them, and fixed upon them such an aspect, such eyes—it was evident he saw neither his father, his wife, nor Maxwell. The organs of vision were still and glazed; they looked through and beyond all solid objects, with motionless intensity—motionless except an occasional fluttering of the eyelid and long lashes.

They watched the transient visions imagination had pourtrayed, then they turned slowly upwards. His face whitened more and more something like foam became apparent on his lip—and he knitted his brow convulsively.

The Duke of Wellington turned to Maxwell. 'Carry my daughter from the room' he said, 'Never mind how she struggles, and return yourself instantly.'

The Steward having obeyed these orders, my father in turn closed and locked the three doors of the apartment, not omitting the folding-door, and so my post of observation being destroyed I saw no more.

'Father you here?' said the Duke of Zamorna as he entered his

lady's breakfast-room on the following morning, to all appearance quite well, only that a slight trace of exhaustion lingered on his features. 'When and how did you come? What brought you? But I can guess. Was it not Northangerland's letter?'

The Duke nodded gravely.

'Well,' continued his son, 'I have given that matter due consideration and here is the result of my reflections.' He handed my father a written sketch of the Speech which he afterwards delivered at the opening of the Angrian Parliament.<sup>1</sup>

'When did you write this?' asked Wellington when he had perused it.

'Last night!'

'Last night, my boy? Impossible! Are you aware of your own state at that time?'

'My State! my state!' said Zamorna hurriedly as if recalling some disagreeable association.

'Oh I suppose I feared it, for on awaking at midnight I could recollect nothing, nothing about the evening. And you were there—My God! I trust no one else. Was Mary?—Yes, yes,—one look is enough—pale and harrassed, bless thee Henrietta, I shall wear you out soon—as I did—Him. It is not my will—I cannot help it.'

He blushed and sorrowfully leaned his head on his hand. Mary looked fondly at him. She would have risen from her seat, but my father stopped her by changing the subject.

'I came to Adrianopolis partly on private business,' said he, 'and we'll talk of that now and leave the public till after breakfast. Augustus read that.' He took a letter from his pocket-book and threw it across the table. It was directed: 'To his Grace the most Noble Arthur Augustus Adrian Duke of Zamorna, King of Angria, &c.,' and its contents ran as follows:

My Lord Duke, It is with regret I inform you of the removal of my honoured Master. His Highness the Duke Badhi<sup>2</sup> expired suddenly yesterday afternoon. He was sitting down in his chair by the fire-side, when the pipe which he held in his hand dropped out and his face turned quite black. Monsieur Designats who was making his usual call proceeded to offer every assistance, but without avail. Life was extinct. M.D. pronounces apoplexy to have been the cause of my Lord's death. He wished to open the body. I of course thought it my duty to oppose any such intention, at least until I had communicated with your Grace. The Will is in my hands. I have transmitted a copy of it to William Maxwell Esq<sup>r</sup> by the Post. Should your Grace think proper to give personal orders respecting the Funeral, Badhi Palace

<sup>1</sup> See Vol. I. pp. 477-480.

<sup>2</sup> Formerly Dr Thomas Hume Body, or Badry, or Badly.

stands completely prepared to receive yourself and Suite. Otherwise I shall be happy to act under the guidance of Mr Maxwell. I have as yet sent no intelligence of this truly lamentable event to the Castle in Humeshire, since I think your Grace formerly expressed a desire to correspond on all subjects by autograph with the Lady Frances Millicent Hume, and doubtless the blow will fall lighter when received through your medium. Resting always

Your Grace's Most obliged, Humble and obedient servant,  
I am,

MILDERT O'SULLIVAN.

P.S. This morning I took legal opinion respecting the forms to be observed in case your Grace should think proper to change the title from Duke of Badhi to Duke of Alderwood, as you once intimated you would do. Sir Copley Lyndhurst informed me that the payment of five hundred pounds, into your Royal father's exchequer, and as much into that of Verdopolis is all that the law requires to complete such an alteration.

'Well,' said Zamorna when he laid down the letter, 'that's good news though it be of death, and very decently handled O'Sullivan. No congratulation—Right! What smooth tongues these Stewards have. That's as like what Maxwell would have written as need be. Hum, so His highness Alexander Badhi has at last smoked his final pipe, drunk his final pint, and cut his final subject. Old Doit, I am sorry he went with such little warning. Should like to have seen his deathbed—it would have been a sorry one. Scolding and cursing the attendants.'

'Well, Sir,' said my father, interrupting this very indecent strain of comment, 'is that all you have to say about a man who has left you two hundred thousand pounds sterling per annum?'

'Pretty near,' was the reply 'but father a curious question has entered my head. Where is he gone? upwards or downwards? He's not fit for heaven, and yet, dotard and Brute as he was, Lord Northangerland's master's fireside seems too warm for him. "I should be wae to think on it for his sake."<sup>1</sup> There must be an intermediate receptacle of Hades as I always said.'

Here he took out his pocket-book and wrote: 'Mem—to face Stanhope next after-dinner sitting with a new argument on my favourite point. Badhi *imprimis* his Life and conversation, *secundum*: his death and Salvation—Beat him last time—shall crush him this.'

'Father,' he continued, 'How shall I order the burial? Splendid I suppose, he being one of the twelve?' And the royal scape-grace hummed significantly.

<sup>1</sup> Obviously meant as a quotation from Burns's *Address to The Deil*,  
I'm wae to think upo' you den,  
Ev'n for your sake

'As you like Sir, but be more decent I tell you. Come with me, I ordered the Maxwells to await us in your study.'

'I'll come. Good morning Mary. I know I shall not have time to see you again till afternoon. Curse business—get a mourning dress love as fast as you can. We must all go into deep, deadly funeral black for no earthly reason except that we have got a new title, and new fortune. However my Mary's fair face will look lovely in its black veil. There's a kiss, and again, Good Morning, Duchess of Zamorna, Duchess of Alderwood, Queen of Angria, and I know not what else besides.'

He left the room. 'Bless his noble heart,' murmured Henrietta.

'And his whirling brain,' added my father, who followed directly after.

As they entered the study they were greeted by the low bow and the muttered salutations of the Maxwells, Jun<sup>r</sup> and Sen<sup>r</sup>. Zamorna stopped in the doorway and fixed on them his sparkling and piercing eye, (rather different now to what it was twelve hours since, when his imagination had so taken the reins of his reason that both were nearly driven to death).

'Now most worthy crocodiles, alligators of house and land,' said he, 'which of you is best prepared to condole with me on the afflicting loss I have sustained? William, thy yellow face seems best prepared. Such immovable rigidity of muscle. Look at him father—the eyebrows gently corrugated, the face lengthened precisely to the measure of Paganini's fiddle—the corners of the mouth drawn down, the complexion more ochrey than usual, as if grief had produced a suffusion of bile—the black locks streaking the swarthy temples with Nature's own mourning. O thou art all comely to look upon—a dewy rose of Sharon, a weeping lily of the Valley! My dear William—my Jonathon, my Pythias, my Pylades, or rather my Joab, my Achates, my Patroclus, dry thy tears. Tomorrow for more melting thought, but now to business. Where's the Will?'

'Your Grace is aware that I have not the original,' replied M<sup>r</sup> William gravely, 'only the copy indorsed by M<sup>r</sup> O'Sullivan. Shall I read it aloud?' and he produced a huge parchment packet, tied, sealed, and folded with official scrupulosity.

'Don't read it at all Sir. Give it to your Father and let him read it to my father. As for you, come here, sit down at that desk and write what I shall dictate. Direct to Mildert O'Sullivan Esq<sup>r</sup>. Steward to the Alderwood Estates &c. Commence.

'“Sir, the Duke of Zamorna directs me to express the deep concern he feels in your intelligence of yesterday's date.”'

'Written that? It's every word true mind. I do feel very deeply concerned.

“He desires the funeral may be conducted on a magnificent scale suitable to the rank of the Illustrious Deceased and——”

‘Make haste. How you shuffle William. “and that invitations be issued to such of the surviving twelves as are not *non compos mentis*.”’

‘Craki, and our venerable Patriarch David Cracki, being by that proviso excluded. Write Sir. What are you bungling about? “So” —leave nothing out——“the carriages at Wellesley-House, those at Waterloo Palace, will make part of the funeral-train. A detachment will likewise be sent from Adrianopolis. I have my Lord’s command to intimate that he will himself take the post of Chief mourner as being Heir to the title &c. My lady will not attend. It is his Grace’s purpose to continue you in the Stewardship and the inferior Domestics will likewise remain unchanged. I am Sir, your obedient humble servant.

WILLIAM MAXWELL.”

‘Now have you finished? Aye that’ll do. There’s a more decent epistle than you would have concocted, and not an atom of falsehood. Vacate—the next epistle must be an autograph.’

Mr Maxwell left the Escritoire and his Grace, assuming the Steward’s seat, took another sheet of paper and wrote rapidly as follows:

Well Millicent love, I believe after all your kind little heart will be rather grieved when I tell you that he who should have been your father, died a day or two since of apoplexy. You must only shed one tear though and heave one sigh. More would be utterly superfluous. He has not even mentioned your name in his Will, which by a sweeping clause, throws every stiver of the property into my all-grasping hands, but I’ll see you well cared for my sweet cousin. Not a blast of cold wind shall come near you. Aye, Augustus is your father now, and your brother and Guardian too Milly. I know my little blind orphan will feel an added desolation when this news arrives, but if I could tell it with my own voice in my own person, not a tear should fall, or the hand that now writes should quickly wipe it away if it did. Where would you best like to live Frances? At the Castle or the old Lodge, or Mornington-Court, or the Palace, or Wellingtonstown?

Perhaps none of these please you. I remember a sadly intimated wish in your last letter that you were nearer to Zamorna, who employs far more of your thoughts than he deserves. Well then love, shall I build you a little Fairy Pavillion on the banks of a bright stream which I have christened the Arno, running through Hawks-cliffe-forest, along a tiny, green valley of its own? I see the smile with which you would welcome this proposal and it shall be done. Effie Lindsay will read you this letter. Tell her to be as good as she is bonny and get on with her music, so as to be able to sing me ‘Jessy

the flower of Dunblane' when I next see her and she shall follow her Mistress to the East. My foster-mother will sit upon the ancient threshold under the ancient Roof-Tree.

I remain Millicent

Ever Thine,

AUGUSTUS WELLESLEY.

Found the following on the Duke of Zamorna's study-table, between the leaves of a Greek-book which he had been reading. It is an odd, wild Fragment, Interpret it for me who can.

SCENE—*Moonlight, a Palace-Balcony—Adrianopolis in the distance—ZENOBIA solus*

ZEN—'Fair! placid! tranquill such are the epithets commonly applied to moonlight. At this moment I do not feel them to be just. The moon looks strangely wild to-night. Red as blood, though she is ten degrees above the horizon. She hangs over the city threateningly, with her large dim Halo portending a storm ere long. Yonder is a bark on the Calabar out-ward bound as I think. Let the mariners beware. Hah! I saw the ship, but now, where is it? Gone, the shadow of a cloud obscured its white twinkle, and that cloud, having darkened the glancing river, now floats above Adrianopolis. It passes—passes—passes—one tower, one Dome, one Palace and street and square after another lapse in the gloom, are hidden, look out again, pallid as sheeted Ghosts. The cloud has flitted on, or is that it lying like a black dim line along the horizon. No, no, only its shade pallling the Zamorna Hills. But it rolls up. Their sides are bathed in silver, and both sky and earth are once more clear.

Why have I watched the course of a wreathed pile of vapour so intently? I know not. My mind has been in a strange mood all day and is so still at eventide. I would fain fix it on somewhat, but it will remain steady nowhere. Detached fragments of the past, the long-past, the never to return, have since morning been gliding through my memory like that cloud. And still as they vanished one haunting fancy remained behind and what is it? A foolish one but I cannot think it unfounded—that I had something to do before midnight, some important and solemn duty to perform. I know not its nature. I only feel the impression, and that at times is so strong that I have started from my seat in urgent horror.

Once I thought the fleeting mystery was caught. When walking in the picture-Gallery at noon, my Alexander's portrait caught my eye. It vivified, as it often does when I am alone and thoughtful, into Life, flesh and existence. Though dead he yet lived. The eye looked at me so strangely. A melancholy, a warning, a commanding light,

filled it and inspired it, till I trembled with the marvellous reality of the likeness. Then a recollection rushed on, of what I had said, what I had promised, long, long since. I tried to keep and unfold it. I gasped with eagerness. I gazed again and again on the picture that it might enlighten me, but vainly, all died off. Alexander's form was no longer the one I had known and loved but only its faint representation, and for the remembrance, that became more vaguely indefinite then ever.

Hush! I hear a step.

(Enter ALPHA.)

ALPHA: 'Zenobial you here! and alone. It is cold, dark and wants but half an hour of midnight.'

ZEN: 'My lord, may I not say the same to you?'

ALP: 'Ayel but then I have a reason for coming—a reason such as night and solitude best suits. The wind sounds doleful this evening Zenobia.'

ZEN: 'It does, but what is your reason Alpha?'

ALP: 'A strange one. Carry your thoughts twenty-one years back Countess. On such a night, at such an hour as the present, did you promise nothing to one now dead, buried, and it may be mouldered away?'

ZEN: 'Ah! are you come to solve the enigma? Since morning-light I have been pondering on that promise but what it is I know not.'

ALPH: 'I will tell you. Looking over the papers in an escritoire which had long remained closed, I this day found a memorandum to the following effect:

Sept<sup>er</sup>, 30<sup>th</sup> 1834—Spent the evening at Ellrington House—Zenobia, Percy and I had a singular conversation, concerning death and its sequents. We (i.e. Z and myself) promised in case North-angerland died before us to visit the vault and uncloze the coffin where he lay twenty years subsequent to his dissolution.

Now what say you to that Countess?'

ZEN: 'What I sought is found. The truth falls on my heart like ice. Yet now I would fain turn my eyes from so ghastly a light—Ghastly did I say? Aye so it is, but sublime likewise Alpha?'

ALPH: 'Zenobial I can read your thoughts—you doubt and tremble. The proposition is very awful, yet fear nothing, I am with you. We must pay that we have vowed.'

ZEN: 'I consent—few things can shake me long. I'll see Percy once again though I should never smile more.'

ALPH: 'Well resolved. You were always the very Empress of Women, Zenobia. Nature in your case mistook and placed a masculine soul in a feminine casket. There—clasp my hand and come.'

(Exeunt)



Here the dramatic fragment breaks off and the subject is continued in some lines of lyrical poetry.

The Crypt, the Nave, the Chancel past  
His burial Aisle is gained at last:  
His burial Aisle! Oh! what a moan  
Comes mingled with that simple tone.  
No proud roofs rise for Percy now;  
For him no gleaming arches bow.  
The bright saloon, the columned Hall  
Is changed for shroud, and vault and pall.  
The Palace, lit with sunshine clear,  
Has passed for rayless grave and bier.  
The Hearth of his Patrician-Home,  
The concave of his gorgeous Dome,  
Have long forgot his voice, his tread.  
They like himself lie stilled and dead.  
    Pass on; the Hush is mournful,  
And the air is faint and dim,  
And we know that earth is tombed in sleep  
And we feel that midnight's shadows deep  
Brood round us brown and grim.  
Yet, fear not, lady! fear not.  
Why dost thou tremble so?  
I hear the beatings of thy heart,  
I see thee at each murmur start,  
    However faint and low.  
    There is nothing here to harm thee.  
    The dead are stilled for aye.  
And many a year has glided by  
In calm, and storm, since living eye  
    Shed on that bier its ray.  
Let's stand awhile; all is most still,  
Save when the vault dew, dank and chill,  
Settled in drops on arch and wall,  
Down tinkling, to the pavement fall,  
And save, when some strange, transient sound  
Just echoes far and faintly round,  
Then dies away as it was born—  
Vague, nameless, drearily forlorn.  
The creaking of a coffin lid,  
A tressel, 'neath its burden slid,  
A louder blast of the night wind swelling.  
The distant clock from its tower knelling,

Though feeble sounds, yet shrill and deep  
They fall, in these lone cells of sleep  
Where, void of motion, vision, breath,  
Our Fathers lie, at rest, in death!

And is this Percy's dwelling-place?  
Is *this* the Goal of his proud race?  
After the mighty path he trode  
Is this his fixed, and last abode?  
Great Spirit! hast thou slumbered here  
While round and onward rolled our Sphere?  
Still measuring out the marks of time  
With custom'd change of light and clime?  
Hast thou lain stirless in this cell  
While Kings and Empires rose and fell,  
And War's shrill trumpet-blast has rung  
So many startled lands among,  
While anguished wail, and heart-wrung moan  
Have followed that arousing tone  
From those its parting echoes left  
Of all they loved, for e'er bereft.  
Sometimes that noble storm of sound  
Burst almost o'er the hallowed ground  
Where, Percy! thy cold ashes lie  
Beneath their marble canopy;  
Where, journeying from their far-off home  
The wandering feet of pilgrims come,  
And worshipping, their forms they bow  
To greet thy urn with lip or brow.  
Sometimes it murmured far away  
As distant thunder peals decay.  
Land unto land in answer spoke,  
Defiance sounded, War awoke,  
The very billows of the sea  
Took up that awful harmony.  
The roar of thine own element  
Was with its chords of thunder blent.  
Great Rivers running to the deep  
Its voice bore onward in their sweep,  
Yet thou didst not awake!  
A hundred plains were strewed with dead,  
A thousand Hills grew gory red:  
Morn saw them blushing when she rose  
And still they blushed at twilight's close.

The moon her rays of silver threw  
 To shine on drops of crimson dew,  
 And sleep and silence fell no more  
 As night looked down on wave and shore,  
 And battle's dogs of slaughter yelled,  
 Rolled her dread drums, her clarions swelled,—  
 Naught could thy slumber shake.  
 No more thy voice the senate stilled;  
 No more thy taunt its victims chilled:  
 That voice was hushed, the harp unstrung  
 Where once its deep, clear accents rung,  
 And the taunt, the stern denouncing word,  
 Forgotten, lost, in death, unheard.  
 But years the while have ceaseless flown;  
 Each after each has come and gone.  
 Thy crimes, thy deeds, thy glories be  
 Recorded themes of History.  
 Thy tomb has grown a mighty shrine,  
 Thy name a feared, yet worshipped, sign.  
 The clouds that once around it lay  
 Frown faintly through the mellowing ray  
 That, still from lapsing ages stealing,  
 The Grandeur, not the gloom revealing,  
 Has given a due solemnity  
 To every line that speaks of thee.  
 Oh Percy! can I now behold  
 The face that pall and shroud infold?  
 O can I raise that coffin-lid  
 And look on what is 'neath it hid?  
 Can I the awful forehead see  
 That cere-cloth hides so jealously?  
 And see it as at last it lay  
 When the sun went down on thy dying day;  
 When myself beside thy pillow bending  
 Felt the dim shade of death descending;  
 And knew by voiceless sign and token  
 That the Pitcher at the fount was broken,  
 That the cistern wheel had ceased its turning,  
 And the lamp of Being quenched its burning,  
 That the golden cord, just loosened, quivered,  
 And the silver bowl lay crushed and shivered.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> See *Ecclesiastes*, Chap. XII, 6.

Thy death, it was so calm and still  
That, but for the silence and frozen chill,  
I should have thought a blessed sleep  
Had fallen, thy pangs in rest to steep,  
But, gathering shadow on shadow told  
That nothing lay there save an ashen mould;  
That soul from the eye and the forehead was gone,  
And the seal of its grandeur left lingering alone;  
The streams were exhausted in Life's deep well,  
And gone was the mighty INFIDEL!

Bride of his living breast draw near,  
Bend Lady o'er thy husband's bier:  
For ere the night-lamps farther wane  
We'll look on Percy's face again!

*(Lifts the coffin lid, curtain drops.)*

C. BRONTË Oct<sup>br</sup>. 8th 1834.

138 lines

Well the Duchess of Zamorna has done it at last, and in right, good, dashing Angrian style. Her subjects are delighted—they absolutely worship her. It comes so properly up to their ideas—somewhat out of the common line—the thing accomplished, and a trifle to spare. Angria will have nothing trite. There must be flash and bustle and rising sunism about all her affairs, especially where the King is concerned. Well they have it.

On the 5<sup>th</sup> of October 1834, about twelve o'clock high-noon, I was sitting in the front drawing room of Julia Place (General Thornton's new residence in Adrianopolis, gallantly christened after Lady Sydney) and watching the bright and fervid sun burning on the arrowy Calabar and the white marble or freestone buildings that line its banks, and the busy vessels that swung at anchor or bounded at full sail down its full deeply rushing stream.

All at once without any sound of previous warning, the window before which I sat was shaken by a strong iron thrill of sound, at first too stunning to admit of comprehension. After a moment's intermission it burst or rung out again, and then I knew it to be the united peal of all the bells in the Cathedral of the Holy Trinity, in the Churches of St Abdiel, St John, St Cyprian, and of the Apocalypse. Twelve times was that mighty crash repeated. Then the bonds of sound seemed loosened, the chain of union apparently burst with the violence of the concussion, and they rung abroad through the sunny and cloudless sky, filling its echoes with so sweet, so exulting, so

inspiring a strain, that instinctively I shouted Hurrah! and rushed from the house into the street. It was full of people. How they had gathered so quickly I know not. All were talking as fast and loud and elbowing their way as vigorously and unceremoniously as if each man was charged with a matter of life and death. Bets I heard were going fast, and all seemed to hang on the alternative 'Son or daughter, Daughter or Son,' for such was the key-note that ruled the chaos of sound around me.

'What is the matter?' asked I of a stout able-bodied Angrian who happened to stand near.

'Matter,' he replied, 'Why man our bonny Queen—God bless her—has been doing her duty to her husband, her King and her country—unto us a child is born. Whether it be son or daughter we can't tell yet, but two soldiers of the Horse-Guards have just ridden full gallop down Parliament-Street in the direction of the batteries, with orders about the artillery. Ten salutes will be fired if it's a boy you know and only five if it be a girl—if do I say? There's no if about the matter—it must be a boy.' And with this characteristic asseveration he turned on his heel.

The Batteries on the East bank of the Calabar are distinctly visible from the end of Julia Place. In that direction all eyes were anxiously turned. Ere long a flash of fire, a cloud of smoke, a long loud deepening roar belched from the bristling line of Cannons and rolled over the water—gave the first welcome to the royal stranger. Another, a third, a fourth, a fifth came and went. All the city rested in expectation. When the red balls of the sixth discharge at length fell and rebounded on the river's breast, Julia Place spoke in a shout to Parliament Street, Parliament Street roared Huzza to Adrian Road, Adrian Road called to Palace Square, Palace Square sent the news in thunder over the Quays, the Strand, and Northangerland Terrace. Adrianopolis, in short, rose in a living Earth-quake of Exultation. Ten was numbered by the East battery—the appointed number, an interval of six or seven minutes ensued and to the astonishment of all the West Battery caught up the dying echo. Crash after crash rattled round the city till ten more salutes were numbered.

At this moment a gentleman on horseback dashed through the throng. It was General Thornton. His face full of glee and his eyes sparkling with pleasure. 'Bravo Angrians!'—exclaimed he waving his hat round his head.

'Fling up your caps, and your wigs, men. Here I am fresh from the Palace—such news I never heard the like for good, Twins! my lads, Twins! and both thriving, handsome, healthy boys. There's for you.'

The crowds were actually convulsed with enthusiasm at this intelligence. I left them, darkening the sun with their head-gear, leaping,

roaring, and Hurrahing like mad. During that day I visited the Palace, but could find no rest for the sole of my foot. All except the left wing where the Duchess lay and which was closed against every one but her immediate attendants, revelled in a storm of glorious confusion; messengers returning and going forth; orders issuing for universal rejoicings; for the opening of Hotels and Inns and Ale-houses at his Majesty's expense.

Maxwell whose grave face and solemn eyes sparkled on this day, walked about as if on springs. 'I have written letters to the West' said he in answer to some remark of mine, 'and all that country will I am certain, kindle into one great bonfire at the news. Alderwood must rejoice. The Castle there is to be crowded with the tenantry and gentry of Humeshire. It's many a year since it had such a warming. Hawkscliffe here in Angria will spread light through the Forest from end to end. I understand from M<sup>r</sup> Steighton that Lord Northangerland has given him general orders for the regaling of the Percy tenantry on the occasion of his Grandsons' birth. M<sup>r</sup> Warner and M<sup>r</sup> Kirkwall have done the same and so I believe has Enara, for the country has now another two more stays to rest on. The Grand Chamberlain swears that Arundel shall reel to its very foundations. Castlereagh answers for Zamorna, and as to Adrianopolis it's already in the seventh heaven of triumph.'

'What does the Duke think about the matter?' asked I, 'Is he glad?'

'Why, Lord Charles,' returned Maxwell, 'my master you know is rather difficult to fathom sometimes. All last night and this day has he been shut up in his study, and nobody but the Earl his father-in-law, Lady Helen Percy, and Doctor Alford, have been admitted to speak with him until about half an hour after his children were born, when he sent for me, to give some written orders. I found him walking very restlessly up and down the room—Lord Northangerland sitting near the mantle-piece as sadly thoughtful as if Death instead of Life had been added to the House. Zamorna smiled at me as I entered and very condescendingly put his hand into mine. It trembled and felt cold. I offered my humble congratulations with heartfelt sincerity.'

'Thank you William' he said quickly. 'I hope the Country will be as pleased as yourself. Quite in the Angrian style—two instead of one. Well I am glad the matter is over at any rate.'

'He talked to me about five minutes longer—rather hurriedly and his eyes shone as he spoke, with that fitful kind of light they always have when his feelings are much excited. His right hand never left the eye-glass chain and scarlet breast ribbon a minute. On the whole I believe he is well pleased.'

I remained at the Palace till night-fall, watching an opportunity to

see the Duke of Zamorna, if it were only for a minute, but in vain. I heard his voice and step once in the corridor. His person however had vanished before I could obtain a glimpse of it. Yesterday my influence with Miss Sophia Graham, and Miss Amelia Clifton, two of the Duchess's ladies, procured me a sight of the young princes. I entered their nursery on tip-toe. It is all hung with white and silver damask, and their cradle is veiled with white satin curtains silver fringed and tasseled.

I saw the little fairies through a thin web of point-lace suspended above them. They are just like the Duke of Zamorna's other children—delicate and beautiful as if made out of modelled wax, with tiny ringlets of pale brown hair on their small snowy foreheads, and their Father's eyes gleaming, large, full and dark underneath. It is strange that hereditary feature should (like Northangerland's nose) be transmitted with such exactness. Ernest, Julius and the present pair of whelps all precisely alike in that particular. I understand they will be christened with much pomp and splendour next week. M<sup>r</sup> Maxwell, an unerring authority, gave me their intended names, titles and those of their sponsors male and female.

The eldest, that is the Heir Apparent of Angria and Wellington's land by right of four or five minutes seniority, will be called, Victor Frederic Percy Wellesley, Marquis of Arno. Godfathers—John Duke of Fidenia, the Earl of Arundel, Edward Percy Esq<sup>r</sup>, and General Thornton. Godmothers—Zenobia Countess of Northangerland and Edith Countess of Arundel.

The name of the youngest is Julius Warner di Enara Wellesley, Earl of Saldanha. Godfathers—Viscount Richton (by personal request of his Majesty) Viscount Castlereagh, Warner Howard Warner Esq<sup>r</sup> and Henri Fernando di Enara Esq<sup>r</sup>. Godmothers—Lady Maria Percy and Harriet Viscountess Castlereagh. Dr Stanhope Primate of the Kingdom will christen the Princes, assisted by Dr Porteous, Primate of Northangerland, and Dr Warner, Primate of Angria.

CHARLOTTE BRONTË Oct<sup>br</sup> 9th 1834.

The following song is the production of that same unknown to whom we owe, 'Sound the loud trumpets,' and 'Welcome Heroes.'<sup>1</sup> It is entitled

#### HURRAH FOR THE GEMINI!

Hurrah for the Gemini! Blessed be the Star!  
That shone on the stream of the blue Calabar  
When the Hills of the East and the woods of the West  
Bore light for their banner and flame for their crest,

<sup>1</sup> Henry Hastings, the Poet of Angria. The other two poems here mentioned are contained in the manuscripts of Branwell Brontë (see Vol. I, pp. 435, 440; 463, 467.)

As the wind its glad tidings exultingly blew,  
That if Rome had one monarch, our Angria has twol

Sons of an imperial line!  
Welcome to your land and home.  
Not at daylight's dark decline,  
Princes! is your advent come;  
Not as the orb of Nations fades,  
Not as the deepening evening shades  
Gather in starless gloom;

But at morning's primal flush,  
Angria's bright, uprising day,  
When her hills have caught the blush  
Of the earliest, fairest ray,  
And the path of the untravelled skies  
Before, in crystal clearness, lies  
A wide, a trackless way;

When her gilded woods are bending  
To the morning's wind of might;  
When her mountain floods descending  
Catch the sunbeam, dazzling bright,  
Flash the golden lustre given  
Backwards to the breaking heaven  
In richer rays of light.

Princes! then to life you woke,  
Then your father clasped his own;  
Then the shout of welcome broke,  
Harp was swept, and bugle blown;  
Then the deep Atlantic rung  
As its flashing waters sprung  
To thunder back that tone.

Angria's glad and bracing breeze  
With your earliest breath you drew,  
All her mightiest energies  
Round and o'er your cradle blew.  
Drink the children of a King!  
Up to noble beauty Spring  
In heaven's fair light and dew.



With your God-like father's form,  
 Catch his spirit, catch his might.  
 Then, albeit the battle-storm  
 Gather round us black as night,  
 Still its blasts we may defy,  
 Still our flag aloft shall fly,  
 Still shall Angria's burning sky  
     Smile its living light.  
 Conqueror, Ruler, shall she be;  
 Sovereign Queen by land and sea,  
 Her watchword shall be 'Victory,'  
     Her glory, ever bright!

Hurrah for the Geminil blessed be the star!  
 That shone on the streams of the blue Calabar,  
 When the hills of the East and the woods of the West  
 Bore light for their banner, and flame for their crest  
 As the wind its glad tidings exultingly blew,  
 That if Rome had one Monarch! our Angria has two!

53 lines

Charlotte Brontë  
 October 14th 1834.

### CHRISTENING AND PRESENTATION

Yesterday was the christening and presentation day. I witnessed both ceremonies. The former took place at noon in Trinity Cathedral. A grand imposing spectacle it was. The Aisles and Nave were filled with the Nobility and Gentry of Adrianopolis. The area round the font was kept clear by a division of the Horse-Guards. The entrance of the Great Procession at the North Door was announced by the Choir and Organ bursting out with 'Lord now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation.'

Up, two and two, came the mighty dazzling train, headed by their Royal Highnesses, the Duke and Duchess of Fidena, the rest of the Sponsors following in due order. As they advanced, the military unfolded to the right and left. The Prelates drew towards the Font—the organ swelled louder and deeper and the voices of the choristers rose with an harmonizing increase of power.

They slowly arranged themselves in their appointed places. Zamorna and Fidena stood side by side. The former looked almost as solemn and thoughtful as his friend. By degrees the deep hum of sound subsided.

Stanhope's fine emphatic voice commenced the Baptismal Service.

Then Zenobia Countess of Northangerland, and Lady Maria Percy, approached, both richly, resplendently attired, bearing in their arms that day's youthful candidates for admittance into the bosom of Holy Church. Those two magnificent women kneeling on the marble steps of the Font, presented their charges to D<sup>n</sup> Porteous and Warner.

All at that moment was quite still, the Organ hushed, the multitude silent as death. I cannot describe what an impression was produced on me when, as Stanhope sprinkled the consecrated water, I heard amid that vast edifice, the faint, feeble cry of an infant, and then the soothing hushing whispers of the Ladies as each received back her startled lamb—it was indescribable but very solemn. The twelve Sponsors, having pledged their awful vow of renunciation and adoption, all knelt down in the concluding Prayer—the gentlemen bare-headed, and the Ladies' plumes bowed in supplication. The rustling sweep of their arising was lost in the modulated thunder with which Greenwood rolled out 'We praise Thee O God! We acknowledge Thee to be the Lord, all the Earth doth worship Thee etc.' As that died away, the re-arranged procession glided along Aisle and Chancel. They passed out at the South Entrance and the congregation broke up.

Five o'clock in the afternoon was the time fixed for the presentation, and SALDANHA-PARK that immense Green Plain stretching behind Zamorna Palace, the place in which the ceremony was appointed to be performed. Before half past three, the whole slope downward to the Calabar presented one vast crowded amphitheatre, and the Calabar itself, where it rolls past the Palace, was blackened with boats and barges. Sentinels were stationed at the Park-gates, and a troop of light horse attended to keep the populace in order, which regulation was the more necessary as his Majesty had ordered twenty eighteen-gallon casks of strong ale to be broached and distributed.

Bands of Music, scarlet flags, ribbons &c., were not wanting and more than once did those two favourite National Anthems, 'Sound the Loud Trumpet' and 'Welcome Heroes' swell in tumultuous chorus from the grounds.

It was a bright, clear day. The sun shone with autumnal softness and brilliancy. The wind breathed just freshly enough to wave the glorious red banners and sway to and fro the grand groups of trees which towered isle-like above the fluctuating ocean of mortality. The roar of the Calabar was hushed in the louder roar of those who thronged its banks and darkened its waters. Nothing appeared silent, nothing solemn save the marble abode of Royalty and that had only the external aspect of peace. Within all was flashing splendour, exhilarating bustle, princely festivity. The whole aristocracy of Adrianopolis were gathered in its saloons, and they shone as brightly

as patrician beauty and more than eastern magnificence could make them.

Five o'clock came ringing from the city-towers. It was echoed by a real Angrian roar of impatience. At length the Palace Portals unfolded, and, far within, the great Hall of Audience was seen stretching, crowded with Rank and loveliness. Edward Percy and his radiant bride appeared in the very threshold. A little behind, the Countess of Northangerland's tall figure arose like an impersonation of female grandeur. Lady Helen Percy stood beside her, then the Viscountess Castlereagh, the Countess Arundel, Julia Montmorency, Lady Cecillia Percy and many, many others.

Amongst the gentlemen I looked in vain for Lord Northangerland. He was not there. Shaver afterwards told me that during the whole of that day he remained shut up in the regal gloom of Northangerland House, a prey to profound melancholy.

But as the gates of the great entrance rolled back, a side door also unclosed. Two tall dark-haired Ladies, Sophia and Frances Graham glided out and, passing among the pillars of the vestibule, paused between the two huge central columns. Each, as she stood still, stretched to the full view of the multitude a small beautiful image clad in sweeping white robes, with great, brown sparkling eyes, whose light shone from under the shade of ostrich plumes drooping over them in snowy pendency. The unusual size of these orbs communicated a strange, rather wild expression to their faces whose features were otherwise delicately sweet.

The Angrians welcomed their infant Princes with a shout loud as from numbers without number numberless. The Bands struck up and the banners waved exultingly. And now somewhat darkened the Door of the Palace—a crested Figure 'in stature taller than the sons of men.' It had risen on a sudden and, with a quick impetuous gesture, it descended the flight of steps and advanced to the lawn-like space kept clear in front.

'Well Angrians, that's what Heaven has sent you!' exclaimed Zamorna, pointing to his children. 'They are yours as well as mine. I dedicate them from their birth. Being born for Angria's good, they must live for her glory, and die if need be for her existence. I rejoice in their creation for your sakes. I love them as much for their connection with the land whose sun is now shining on them, as I do for the blood that runs in their veins and the flesh which covers their bones, though that blood and flesh be my own or dearer than my own. If I could, Angrians, I would permit every individual man here present to bless my children with his embrace and benediction, but since that may not be I will place them in the arms of your acknowledged representative, and in his person all Angrians shall salute her princes.'

He turned and approached the nurses, I think his little scions had scarcely seen him so near before, for as the lofty shade drew nigh, they clung, without screaming but with a scared and astonished look to their female Guardians. He smiled, and bending his head and proud mourning plumes over one of them, Victor Frederic I think, kissed it, and saying something in a very soft voice, gently took it to his bosom.

The small creature yet gave no note of disapprobation—its tiny cheek even dimpled with an answering smile.

‘Let Mr John Kirkwall advance,’ said the Duke. That gentleman came forward.

‘Since,’ continued his Grace, ‘you are the true epitome of Angria, the concentrated essence of her feelings and sentiments, I commit to your arms my son and successor. Let him imbibe his country’s noble spirit with the kiss that her elected Gentleman shall give.’

Sorry I am reader to announce that I can give no further description of the Presentation. Just as Zamorna was delivering up his child, I unfortunately in stretching out of a window of the Palace where I had established myself and whence I had hitherto viewed the affair, lost my balance and fell down a perpendicular height of twenty feet. I was taken up for dead, and till next morning I continued in a state of utter insensibility. Excuse this hiatus.

C. A. F. WELLESLEY

OCTOBER 14<sup>th</sup> 1834.

C. BRONTË

# A BRACE OF CHARACTERS

CHARLOTTE BRONTË

The MS. is signed 'Charlotte Brontë October 30th, 1834.' It contains a description of two children who appear occasionally in the cycle of Angrian stories. They are: (1) John Augustus Sneachie, Marquis of Rossendale, aged six years; born at Elm Grove Villa near Zamorna, 1828; son of John Duke of Fidenia. (2) Edward Ernest Gordon Wellesley, Baron Gordon, aged four years; born at Alderwood; eldest son of the Duke of Zamorna; his mother, Lady Helen Victorina, died at his birth.

From *The Scrap Book*, bound with *The Spell* and other MSS. British Museum (Add. MSS. 34255, Leaves 36, 37).



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# AN HOUR'S MUSINGS

PATRICK BRANWELL BRONTË

This poem, which has the signature 'By P. B. BRONTË,' at the side of the title, is written in the author's natural hand. It purports to be 'Written by Alexander Percy on the North Atlantic in A.D. 1818,' and is signed and dated at the end, 'Alexander Percy, 1818. P. B. Brontë, November 10th, 1834.' It is contained in a MS. book of poems of 24 quarto pages, size 9" × 7½", which is in the Brontë Parsonage Museum, Haworth.

## AN HOUR'S MUSINGS WRITTEN BY ALEXANDER PERCY ON THE NORTH ATLANTIC IN A.D. 1818 295 lines

BLOW ye wild winds wilder blow;  
Flow ye waters faster flow.  
Spread around my weary eye  
One wide waving sea and sky!

Aloft the breezes fill my sail  
And bend their canvas to the gale  
'Mid their own ethereal swelling.  
See the billows round me now  
Dash against my cleaving prow!  
Far and wide they sweep away  
O'er the rough and roaring sea.  
By Heaven! my heart beats high to-day,  
Lord of such a realm to be,  
Monarch of the fierce and free!

But I'll turn my eyes toward the skies,  
And view the prospect there,  
Where broad and bright the noonday light  
Sheds glory round the air.  
I see yon mighty dome of heaven  
In deep cerulean hue,  
The white clouds o'er its concave driven  
Till lost amid the blue,

Then I'll turn my forehead to the blast  
And think upon the sea,  
That chainless, boundless, restless waste  
Which shines so gloriously.  
Thou only Lethe for the past,  
Sole freedom for the free!

The winds are whistling in my hair  
As I gaze upon the main,  
And view the Atlantic from his lair  
Aroused to rage again;  
And view the horizon stretched afar,  
Wide round the ambient air;  
One mighty water weltering there  
Where I gaze and gaze again.

Waves of the ocean, how nobly ye roll!  
Endless and aimless, nor pathway nor goal;  
Proudly ye thunder, your white crests on high  
Shaking their foam to the spray-beaten sky.  
Winds of the Ocean, your voices arise,  
Shriek in my canvas and storm to the skies;  
Ye tell me that life is an ocean of woe  
Where the fierce blasts of passion eternally blow.  
Man's bark may be shattered, or ride through a storm  
To rot on its anchor, a feast for a worm,  
Yes, battle may peal in its glorious thunder  
O'er the young warrior's closing day,  
Yet if he lie the wet sod under  
Age must rot in dull decay.

Well! Here I am, and Afric's shore  
Hath sunk beneath old Ocean's roar.  
It seems as if but first even now  
Had set Leone's azure brow;  
That hardly yet yon bounding line  
Conceals fair Gambia's shores divinest  
Not so—a thousand leagues away  
I ride upon the raging sea,  
And long long leagues of Ocean roar  
Between me and my native shore.  
Oh, all the scenes of a lifetime past

Far, far behind me lie;  
There tossing o'er a stormy waste  
Oh, who so lone as I  
I heard the wind; it sighed to me  
Like memory of feelings gone;  
Black blast! my heart responds to thee  
With mourning bitter as thine own!  
And my own voice with hoarser tone  
Now strikes upon my startled ear;  
It seems 'mid these wild waves unknown—  
A thing I should not hear.  
'Tis the very voice of my infancy;  
The voice of my morning young and free;  
But what's that voice to do with me,  
A wasted wanderer here!

Oh, Afric' Afric' where art thou?  
Even I can sorrow o'er thee now,  
Though ere I left thy smiling shore  
I knew my joy of life was o'er.  
Yes, I had seen my evening sun  
Set in a sullen sea;  
Had seen his course of daylight gone,  
Gone lights and shadows, hopes and fears!  
Yes, I had seen my day decline,  
Never again to rise and shine;  
And it was not pleasure blighted,  
It was not hope destroyed,  
It was not for love slighted  
That made that dreary void.  
And yet my pleasures all had flown;  
All my hopes were dashed and gone;  
And though none scorned the love I gave,  
Yet—THOU! the loved wert in thy grave.  
Yes.—Yet all these formed but the storm  
Which blackens o'er even morning's sky.  
My misery was of darker form,  
Of deadlier dye.  
These were the various streams that flow  
Into my deep deep sea of woe.  
The shrieking blast, the pelting rain,  
May strike the shattered oak in vain.  
Storm, can yon scathed trunk yield the victory!  
Go, spend thy fury on the young green tree!

Oh, when I was a little child  
Upon my mother's knee,  
With what a burst of pleasure wild  
I gazed upon the seal  
I stretched my arms toward its face  
And wept to meet its proud embrace.  
And when amid youth's earliest day  
I paced the foam white shore,  
I smiled to see the wild waves play,  
And joyed to hear them roar.  
But now, where am I?—On that sea  
Where I so often longed to be.  
Now!—But away with bitter pain,  
Shall Percy's heart so oft complain!  
The waves around my vessel sweep  
And cover her with foam,  
Yet though they shake the shattered ship  
They still shall bear her home.  
The sleep which shuts the watchful eye  
'Mid dangers threatening near,  
Though helplessly the sleeper lie  
Still quiets all his care.  
The night which darkens o'er the earth  
'Mid daylight's deep decline,  
Shall give a glorious morrow birth  
In morning's light divine.  
But thou, stern midnight of my soul  
With thy dread darkness closing round,  
Ye storms of strife which o'er me roll  
Where have ye hope or rest or bound!  
Well! roll ye waves of ocean, roll;  
Close clouds of sorrow o'er my soul;  
I care not if your fatal blight  
Shall shade this mind with lasting night;  
Yet, while one streak of sunshine lies  
Behind the far dim twilight skies,  
Permit the wanderer's lingering gaze  
To fix upon its fading rays.  
The wretch whom naught from death can save  
Still grasps the grass around his grave;  
The Lion 'mid the Hunter's toils  
Glares madness from his eye,  
And nets and dogs and lances foils,  
Though lost to liberty.

Even through life when we look back,  
We see some sunshine o'er our track;  
They falsely speak who say we spy  
Naught but joys before our eye,  
No, all the future path to me  
Seems beat by storms of misery;  
And scenes alone long past away  
Can struggle through with distant ray;  
For through his short and hurried span  
Pleasure only *follows* man.

Yet still, when weariedly he dies,  
He dreams *before* him in the skies  
He sees its happy Paradise!  
Oh what is MAN? A wretched being  
Tossed upon the tide of time,  
All its rocks and whirlpools seeing,  
Yet denied the power of fleeing  
Waves, and gulfs of woe and crime;  
Doomed from life's first bitter breath  
To launch upon a sea of death,  
Without a hope, without a stay  
To guide him upon his weary way.

See that wrecked and shattered bark  
Drifting through the storm;  
O'er the ocean drear and dark  
Drives its shattered form,  
Where those sails which late on high  
Swelled amid the shining sky?  
Where those masts which braved the gale  
Towering o'er the swelling sail?  
Where the glasslike deck below?  
Where the gilt and glorious prow?  
How that vessel lately shone,  
Heaven and ocean all its own!  
Where are they? Sunk in the surging sea,  
Shivered and shattered and vanished away.  
Where are they? Saw thou the shrieking gale  
Tear from the yardarms the swelling sail?  
Saw'st thou the mast in the strife of the storm  
Bend to the billows its stately form?  
Hark to that crash as the foam and the spray  
Force o'er the deck in a boiling sea;  
Deep in the waters the curling prow

Bursts on rocks that lurk treacherous below;  
 And there, then—its glory all vanished and gone—  
 There then it drifts with the tempest alone;  
 And now as they cling to the shivered mast,  
 As, sinking, they shrink from the shrill screaming blast,  
 How do the hearts of the mariners brave  
 The heaven and the ocean, the wind and the wave?  
 Aye, how have the hopes and the sunshine of life  
 Stood 'gainst its darkness and dangers and strife?  
 And what thinks fond man when, these dangers all o'er,  
 Stranded he lies on death's desolate shore?  
 View him thus sickened, palsied and lone,  
 Where is his strength and his beauty gone?

I am a MAN. Yes, I have seen  
 Each change upon life's changing scene;  
     I launched upon life's mighty sea  
 As free, as fair, as proud as thee;  
 And I am on the track which thou  
 And thine and mine are drifting now.

Well, when I first launched from Eternity  
 Upon this undiscovered sea,  
 Hope shone forth with glorious ray  
 Blazing round my dawning day;  
 Expectation's eager gale  
 Swelled and sounded in my sail;  
 Ambition's ever-rousing power  
 Urged me on in morning's hour;  
 And Love, thy wide and welcome light  
 Ever shone before my sight;  
 Beauty, strength, and youth divine  
 With all the heaven of Mind were mine;  
 And when I saw the expanse before me.  
 When I saw the glory o'er me,  
 Oh how little did I dream  
 Heaven and glory all a dream!  
 Life alone with its midnight sea  
 Howled on me in stern reality.  
 Sleeper awake! Thy dream hath gone;  
 Now thou art on Ocean all alone.

I did awake, and round the sky  
 Wild I cast my frightened eye.  
 Where is the love and hope and light?

Vanished, vanished from my sight!  
And now I am on the wild, wild sea,  
Not a hope to shine on me.  
The winds arise, and the stormy skies  
Snatch my daylight from my eyes;  
Ambition's sails which bore me on  
Shiver in the blast they seemed to have won.  
And Glory!—Aye, thou welcome wave  
Dash *that* illusion to its gravel  
But save, O ruthless Ocean, save,  
Save love alone, that only flower,  
Which can, amid this glorious hour,  
Like one mild star amid the sky  
Beam comfort on my misery.  
No! Life, though all its oceans roll,  
Can never part thee from my soul!  
Thou quenchless in this heart shalt lie,  
With this heart alone to die.  
Well! be it so—the pealing blast  
Howls wilder 'gainst the quivering mast;  
With what a sweep the surge and spray  
Thunder o'er the billowy sea.  
A gloomier tempest darkens down;  
Love survives—but the LOVED is gone!  
Gone—one hopeless endless sea  
O'er me beats unceasingly.  
Severed cordage, masts and sail  
Drive before the slackening gale.  
The storm has passed, but the shattered oak  
Has fallen before the storm,  
Trunk and branches cracked and broke,  
A black and blasted form.  
O Mary! when I closed thy eye,  
When I beheld thee slowly die,  
When thou before me silent lay,  
A loveless lifeless form of clay,  
When I saw thy confined form  
Decked out to feast the gnawing worm,  
When the dull sod o'er thee thrown  
Hid thee from my tearless eye,  
When they laid the marble stone  
Above where thou must ever lie,  
'Twas then my Mary, then alone,  
I felt what 'twas to die!



Oh! Long long years may lie before me,  
A thousand woes may darken o'er me,  
And ere I lay me down to die,  
Old age may dim this anguished eye;  
Yet through this wide wide waste of years,  
This channelled gulf of burning tears,  
Aye, if I live till Earth's decay  
Is crumbling in its latest day,  
If thousand winters' wintriest snow  
Fall blighted o'er my stricken brow,  
Still, through yon vast Eternity  
I know that Thou canst never be.  
Lost, for ever Lost to me!  
That all thy woes and joys are o'er;  
That thou art dead, gone long before,  
And I shall *never, never* see thee more! <sup>1</sup>

ALEXANDER PERCY 1818

P. B. BRONTË,  
November 10th, 1834,  
aged 17  
FINIS.

<sup>1</sup>See the prose fragment relating to the death of Mary Percy, c. September, 1833 (Vol. I, p. 296).

# CHARLOTTE BRONTË

Prose MS. beginning, ‘“ Well Etty ” said I . . . ’ This MS., which is dated December 5th, 1834, records a visit to the studio of William Etty R.A. (Angria). This is followed by an extract from the *Northern Review* containing an attack on the character of Zamorna King of Angria which is answered by him in the *Letter* on page 66.

From *The Scrap Book*, bound with  
*The Spell* and other MSS. British  
Museum. (Add. MSS. 34255,  
Leaf 32.)





Letter to the Right Honourable  
ARTHUR, MARQUIS OF ARDRAH  
CHARLOTTE BRONTË

Zamorna's reply to the preceding 'malignant attack' on his character by the Marquis of Ardrah. Signed and dated, 'December 6th, 1834. Zamorna. C. Brontë.'

From *The Scrap Book*, bound with  
*The Spell* and other MSS. British  
Museum. (Add. MSS. 34255,  
Leaves 33, 34.)

Letter to the right honourable Arthur Marquis of  
ANDRASE.

[illegible][illegible]







# THE MASSACRE OF DONGOLA

PATRICK BRANWELL BRONTË

Prose Manuscript, the supposed writer of the story being Henry Hastings, the poet of Angria, who here describes his meeting with Zamorna, and his adventures as an Ensign in the Angrian army during the war against the Ashantees, after the Massacre of Dongola.

Dongola, a city on the east bank of the river Etrei had been stormed by the Ashantees, and all the inhabitants put to death. Zamorna led his army against the blacks who fled into the marshes on the banks of the river Benguela. A dire battle ensued, ending with a hand-to-hand fight between Zamorna, and Quashia, the King of the Ashantees. Quashia escaped, though badly wounded, and fled northward up the river. Zamorna ordered his men to follow him as far as Loango, and there to encamp.

The beginning and end of this manuscript have not been traced, though it is highly probable that the continuation of the story, describing the Battle of Loango, is contained in a fragment in the possession of Mrs H. H. Bonnell of Philadelphia, bound with a long manuscript written in the summer of 1835, describing events which followed the Battle of Loango.

8vo, 10 pp. Dec. 1834-Jan. 1835.  
(Brotherton Collection Library.)





[illegible]







vide forwards also attended by 8 brass trim from captured Bloodhounds, who were all crawling in company and from houses of the Atlantians. His interest in the long celebrated Thruway Severn a Cigarette and heavy headed Russian with a face like human was the strongest of his wish. He was mostly dead in the storm mostly ~~dead~~ covered by terrible snow of a solar wound - the fragment of Bloodhounds (human) Three trim follows tilted past me and I saw their swaying faces like whips and heavy cutting - the Bloodhounds I felt a sort of - massive like quiver for the bloody work in value I was to join them

[illegible]









# A L A T E O C C U R R E N C E

CHARLOTTE BRONTË

Records the marriage of Lady Julia Wellesley to Edward G. Sydney and the circumstances which led to their divorce. Lady Julia afterwards became the wife of General Thornton. Written c. 1834-5.

From *The Scrap Book*, bound with  
*The Spell* and other MSS. British  
Museum. (Add. MSS. 34255,  
Leaves 38-40.)











[illegible]



THE LIFE OF FIELD MARSHAL THE  
RIGHT HONOURABLE ALEXANDER  
PERCY, EARL of NORTHANGERLAND

In two volumes. By John Bud. P. B. Brontë. 1835. The present location of this MS. is unknown, but it appears to follow in continuation of the preceding MS.

# DUKE OF ZAMORNA AND EDWARD PERCY

CHARLOTTE BRONTË

A short sketch of the relations between the Duke of Zamorna and Edward Percy is followed by the description of a procession along the Verdopolitan Road through Zamorna. Signed and dated, 'June 24th [18]35. Charlotte Brontë.' Continuing the same MS. is an extract from the *Verdopolitan Intelligencer* which contains the Duke of Zamorna's denunciation of the Earl of Northangerland in the Verdopolitan House of Lords. Signed and dated, 'C. Brontë March 16th 1835.'

From *The Scrap Book*, bound with  
*The Spell* and other MSS. British  
Museum. (Add. MSS. 34255,  
Leaves 41-44.)











was used, no one member of that House had a right to  
 business over the rest in the manner the Duke of  
 horns appeared inclined to - in Lord St Clair followed  
 spoke nothing more, offensive & overbearing than the  
 receive they had just heard, if we repeated the previous  
 of the House were at an end. A general movement  
 dissatisfaction now also began to become prevalent amongst  
 "The Duke" - a loud cry of order, order, were heard from  
 several quarters. The Duke of Zamorna interrupted again in  
 voice of absolute thunder - "What is all this about?" he ex-  
 claimed - "I am not out of order. There you sit all of you  
 100 the holders of the Constitution, of the Federation of  
 the Conservatives the sticklers for the reigning  
 - You are not Kingpins, not a member of the Great  
 Federation, is not Austria, an integral part of it. I have a right  
 to speak my sentiments as I choose. If any one  
 of the six members occupying those chairs were to stand  
 standing in this hall would you hinder him? would you  
 draw out that the privileges of the House were at an  
 end. If Alexander for instance were to call you a pack of  
 miscreants, would you howl 'order' 'order' if William Edward  
 were to call Ardrak to sit down? You would not, a yet  
 this is all I did & I have as bright a crown as Alexander  
 has high a throne as William Edward. Percy, listen to  
 me - I want to speak to you & not to them. I said they  
 might be spectators of our controversy, but they are not  
 stupid to be grateful to this is what is required of my  
 goodness - Heaven help me! I am but a man after all and  
 at this moment I feel a very desolate man. Here I stand  
 continually & really a supporter of the Apostate Aristocracy,  
 in whose eyes I am as it were, worse than a traitor. They  
 hate me & they are apprehensive of me. I do not know what  
 their first-born, they cannot see that I did it to murder.  
 I know a great nation, & how when the Duke's which under  
 my banner to the aid of their Fathers how easily I could  
 crush them & they received - Here I stand nominally a  
 the friend of John Duke of Edin - I believe me every one  
 of intimacy which I make towards him, approaches him  
 with precisely the same sensation that would attract a man  
 whom who was in cordial league with the Prince of Orange  
 - He is afraid of the mark of the Horse - else will he  
 in his hand if I clasp it. Here I stand nominally & really  
 the son-in-law of yourself Percy & what do you do? you  
 that I may love you & still yourself my feet you lay the train, to  
 the too die a mine under the spark whose kindling is to  
~~propagate a fire which will sweep away the whole of the  
 British Empire & the whole of the British Constitution.~~  
 Now mind, those same  
 friends I do not represent my self as a dove in the midst  
 of serpents, as a lamb compassed by wolves. No I too am  
 a serpent & it was the infliction of my own hand on  
 a serpent. The utterance of my own threatening hiss  
 which called all my brother dragons to hunt me. I too am a  
 wolf & it was my own running up a formidable forest which  
 made the whole horde of wolves single me out as their  
 prize of combined attack. This night you heard me fully  
 prove of Oligarchy & Royalty of our land & what of that? It  
 is my nature - I was justified in doing so I should have been  
 & tomorrow if I had succumbed. However they turned a new  
 one - that was as it should be, I do not complain - I do not  
 use it - Percy, that is not what comes in my heart & feeling  
 of mixed passions which has no name in language, when chosen  
 whom I have injured injure me, I never quit my battle in  
 the name of sorrow (no - not sorrow, I will not say so) but  
 of bitter disappointment, of keen rage of unquenchable desire  
 for revenge. that of my open enemy - it is reserved black  
 by any act of which reveals a cold, empty, radically black  
 the traitor which reveals a cold, empty, radically black  
 traitor in the man whom I thought my right  
 and councillor - my Lord your look now says "I have  
 set hated you Zamorna" I follow that insinuating mean-  
 ing of mouth & eye. O Percy, cast of that word in  
 it carries me blind to see it, what I have most in  
 all your conduct, that I shun more than the language with  
 Russia with Ardrak with Berindor is the tone of your  
 faded colour, & probability you have chosen  
 to assume towards me - Am I not alone my Lord that  
 the man never betrayed whom you could regard with  
 the feeling of friendship - Do I not know that you are used





have told me you were so black so hollow a traitor as  
 I now ~~believe~~ <sup>know</sup> you to be. But it racks not mourning at  
 over the past where the broken fall so it must lie  
 I once dreamt (it was but a dream) that we might not  
 gather have done something that which historians  
 pause over in wonder before they recorded it, that  
 might have raised a nation, they recorded it, that  
 grand symbol of the cedar, fit to be described by the  
 Assyria - "Behold the cedar, Xingdon was a cedar of Lebanon  
 with fair branches, and within was a cedar of Lebanon  
 of an high stature, the waters made him great, and  
 deep set him up on high, with low rivers running round  
 about his plants - the cedars in the garden of God  
 not hide him, the fir trees in the garden of God  
 & the chestnut trees were not like his branches, nor any  
 tree in the Garden of God was like unto him, in his  
 branches for his root was by great waters, in his  
 Your aid had I hoped to do this without waters. With  
 I still hope to be it. The sand are out in your aid &  
 monuments of grace are departed, we must receive now  
 shall I extend the olive or draw the sword? I know  
 I know whom at this instant I defy, I am now  
 that your power is equal to mine - perhaps superior &  
 measured your vast talent, I have sounded your profound  
 capacity, I have translated your hundred resources, I have  
 numbered your enlisted myriads & I tremble not. I have  
 augmented my cause is better than yours, for North-  
 is not on my side, I have not associated with the hand  
 what I abhorred in the spirit, my lips have not spoken  
 what my actions belied. no a thousand feelings may  
 to be wronged my revenge is now we will be  
 as bitter as I can make it. I'll strike from under your  
 the only prop left to support your exhausted world -  
 weary heart. Now may the God of Battles the God who  
 existence you deny a whose law I daily transgress may  
 that mighty & merciful Being defend with his right arm  
 arm the justest cause, we are both darkly spotted in  
 his holy sight, but in the dust I confess my sin, in the  
 ashes I acknowledge my iniquity - in hope of imple-  
 forgiveness, in ~~humble~~ <sup>humble</sup> I look on him as the rock of my defence  
 sincerity I worship at his Altars, & what can I move  
 would kindle the fire of Christianity on the shining of  
 the mightiest temple & you would quench it on the heart  
 if the humblest cottage - true I cannot spread the Gos-  
 pel, but the dispensation of the world mediator who  
 speaks in the new Covenant, but the old is equally saved  
 the stern Avenger who who threatened from Sinai, the  
 Lord & Captain ~~who who~~ <sup>who who</sup> the troops now run-  
 ning under the banner whose ~~name~~ <sup>name</sup> is the shadow of Death  
 & the Children of Man. My lord I demand the  
 seals of office in your possession, you have asked to be  
 Governor of Angria.

The Duke was silent a moment, he then  
 knew quite - close to Lord Northumberland, & taking the Duke  
 and in both his and accompanied speaking in a very low  
 but emphatic tone, he seemed to be much highly excited  
 the blood mounted into his cheeks, his eyes glittered, his  
 the whole house was so still & hushed that a rapid  
 as his tongue were the following words could be heard distinctly  
 "I have the warning, I will do as I have said, & at least I shall  
 have the immediate consequence my resolution would ven-  
 der in vengeance. I think Percy - think much longer in the  
 next five minutes - all that go if we part, not one drop of  
 the blood not one remnant of the race shall remain. I'll  
 make as if from a long dream a forest of tall, straight  
 trunks & every occurrence be which they gave birth - this  
 I not capricious, it is not a change of feeling, there will be no  
 reaction - you may obtain simple vengeance, you may have  
 after with out your head I am not to commit in my  
 blood, you are powerful, older & able than me & I know  
 not the future, but I have already determined I spend what  
 I can so, vengeance your own substance & that of all you love  
 in the world.

E. Ross - March 15<sup>th</sup> 1835

# THE HISTORY OF ANGRIA. I

PATRICK BRANWELL BRONTË

A Prose Manuscript, in which Captain Henry Hastings, who has now become famous as the author of 'The Campaign of the Calabar,' continues the account of his adventures.

Since his rise to fame, Hastings had become acquainted with many of the noble lords and ladies of Angria, and the present story opens with his account of a dinner party at the house of the Earl of Richton, at which the Duke of Zamorna, King of Angria, suddenly appeared and informed the guests that he had decided to enter into alliance again with the Earl of Northangerland, his former Prime Minister, who had now returned to Angria, though much broken in health. Warner Howard Warner, Zamorna's First Lord of the Treasury, warned the King against such an alliance, as he did not trust Percy. The King considered Percy too weak in health to be able to do much harm, and a coalition was formed.

On June 17th, 1835, Northangerland delivered a long speech advocating Navy Reform. He was strongly opposed by his old enemies, Montmorency and the Marquis of Ardrah. A portion of the manuscript containing the conclusion of Northangerland's speech is missing.

The story continues with Hastings's description of his visit to the Duchess of Zamorna at the Royal Palace. The Duchess congratulated Hastings on his writings, and invited him to tea, at which meal they were joined by Zamorna and the Duchess's father, the Earl of Northangerland.

In the last chapter of the story, dated July 25th, 1835, Hastings gives a report of the Debate in the Angrian House of Commons on the subject of Naval Reform.

There is no doubt that Branwell Brontë based his account of the political upheavals in Angria on the actual happenings in England at the time he was writing.

On the dismissal of Lord Melbourne's Administration on November 14th, 1834, William IV sent for the Duke of Wellington who advised him to ask Sir Robert Peel to form a

Government. Peel's administration only lasted a few months, and in April, 1835, the Government resigned, and the King recalled Lord Melbourne, who reformed his old Ministry, with Lord John Russell as Leader of the House of Commons.

Charlotte and Branwell followed these events very closely. On March 13th, 1835, Charlotte wrote to her friend Ellen Nussey:

'What do you think of the course Politics are taking? . . . Brougham you see is triumphant. Wretch! I am a hearty hater, and if there is anyone I thoroughly abhor, it is that man. But the opposition is divided, red hots, and luke warmers; and the Duke (*par excellence the Duke*) and Sir Robert Peel show no sign of insecurity, though they have already been twice beaten; so "courage, mon amie."

Again in May, 1835, Charlotte writes:

'The Election! The Election! That cry has rung even amongst our lonely hills like the blast of a trumpet; how has it roused the populous neighbourhood of Birstall? Under what banner have your brothers ranged themselves? The Blue or the Yellow? . . . Oh, how I wish Stuart Wortley, the son of the most patriotic Patrician Yorkshire owns, would be elected the representative of his native Province; Lord Morpeth was at Haworth last week, and I saw him . . .'

It is highly probable that the young Brontës attended some of the election meetings in the district, and no doubt the excitement caused by the Election campaign of 1835, and the visit of Lord Morpeth to Haworth, incited Branwell to introduce a similar upheaval in Angria.







723.573

MEMEN OF AFRICA

24. 1947 NORTH H. EARL OF NORTHAMBERLAND

NAVY

REFORMERS OF AFRICA.  
I Play: Music.

Signed: J. M. M. Montemurro  
June 1973  
1973.

[illegible]















determination to avoid this, will does not ~~plunge~~ plunge them into another  
far more terrible both to them and their Country for it, what is visiting  
their Country? Africa. What is in store for it, what is visiting  
in its horizon or rather gathering together? I already  
heard the first two claps of thunder. The first I heard was the words of Zoro-  
aster and Noah, "The Flood".

We will read and comment upon what we read of  
In a very short time I shall have to leave Verdugo for my  
the government on the remote banks of the Benue. From there  
and my faithful duties I shall not be able to return till  
the beginning of winter. But shall — when I do return I  
shall I behold. Even then what will the Nation in Africa have  
said or thought or done?

Truly there lies a fearful cloud before us and every man  
who calls himself an African has now come to terrible fore-  
bode of his Country. But what ever may happen however we may  
be cast. However things may develop we shall whatever comes may  
divide us still let us look my fellow countrymen up to  
one standard & rally round the one Pole Star to guide us.

Let us rally round the Great Flag of Liberty  
And fight under Zambura and Northampton.

Henry Hastings  
July 24th 1836.

P B V. n. 18 July

Twenty Fifth.

• 18 2 S. A. D.

# THE HISTORY OF ANGRIA. II

PATRICK BRANWELL BRONTË

In the summer of 1835 there must have been a great change and upheaval in the Haworth Parsonage. Charlotte and Emily went to Roe Head School and Branwell took up the study of painting with Mr William Robinson of Leeds. The History of Angria appears to have been left for at least six months, as the next MS. is dated January 7th, 1836, and much as though he were calling himself back to work on this history, Branwell starts off with recalling Captain Hastings to duty.

This portion of the story of the History of Angria had become very much disarranged and many of the pages of the MS. have been bound up in different volumes and are distributed in many collections. However, an effort has been made to reassemble the leaves relating to this section of the history. The pages here in replica are pages 1, 2, 25, 26, 11 and 12 of 'A New Year Story,' in the Ashley Library. Another portion containing the first lines of the Angrians' Battle Song is from part of a MS. (254) in the Brontë Parsonage Museum, and the remaining pages of the MS. are found in the Bonnell Collection, Haworth (150 and 152).



[illegible]

THE hearty manner in which the General held forth his hand admitted of no ceremony. I was proud to shake it. But, when I showed an intention to withdraw:

'Nay, do not go yet. Why, I've scarce seen ye, man. Stay, and we'll all go down to the Bridge together to see how they get on. Hartford, how are the French?—That's the point.'

'Why, General, Massena is within twenty miles of us, at Linwood, with 26,000 men, and he seems bent upon getting straight up to us and breaking our centre. Marmont is at Twelveston, 24 miles off. What he is going to do is not so clear.'

'Isn't it? Stop, I'll tell ye. We've made it ast, for they've sent for Kirkwall to tell us. He's aiming fair for thither, and in two marches he'll be at Danceton. Now he's on our back and Massena on our front. But, we'll tent him. The Duke is coming down on Danceton. Enara steps into his shoon in Adrianopolis. We's be on his flank and Kirkwall at Doverham on his rear.'

'Is the Duke coming?'

'Aye, marry he is!'

'Then we shall have hot work of it—when?'

'To-morrow, lad.'

'Hey presto! We must be quick.'

'Nay, stop, have ye a bit of something for a body? I've gone the forty miles in four hours and I'm fair. . . . We's like let 'em see what we're made of e'now, and, as for death, if he take the foremost, why, Deil tak the hindmost—so we're quits like. But, how's all wi you, Hartford, and how did you leave your lady?'

'Oh, well enough, considering the circumstances of parting, and how—'

'Now, tell's here howye've gotten on at the Brig?'

'Certainly—and how's—'

'How many men say you you've in the town, Hartford?'

'Really—Why, two regiments—and how's Lady Julia, General?'

'How can I tell? I haven't second sight.'

And the General set himself assiduously to taking off his boots with his face averted in a peculiar expression of uneasiness.

'Hey, what? Something wrong? Surely you did not quarrel and at such a time.'

'Yes, but we did, man!'

And the bell was rung violently for the servant.

'Really, that was too bad, General, when, for anything her ladyship knew—'

'She might be married again in a two months. But it doesn't mean—it's all reight!'

'It's well it is, but I should not think so.'

But the servant's entrance stopped the dialogue, and the General gave him directions to bring him his 'shoon' and get him his dinner.

A conversation upon the awful state of Africa and the atrocious proceedings of the Ministry was then entered into, in which I joined until the period of my visit.

The whole of that evening was employed by me in regimental duties, and at night I and a dozen brother officers celebrated our meeting at a rattling and hope-inspiring mess-table.

It was well into morning before I went to rest, and well into day before I woke with a curious feeling, to find myself in the thick of my profession before I knew almost that I had entered it.

At mess that day, nothing was talked of but speculation upon the news of sundry Aide-de-camps and messengers who had kept arriving in hot haste from Adrianopolis to headquarters. But at night the coaches came in from the capital, and that brought the newspapers which contained important news.

The Ashantees, under their infernal chief, Quashia, along with a horde of allies under the King Alanna of the Inward tribes, had suddenly made an irruption from the N.E. and Enara was detained on the Common with all his troops in the business of keeping them back. Five regiments of Southern cavalry had crossed the frontier at Edwardston, and Sir Jehoram MacTerrorglen was at Verdopolis with 20,000 ready for marching. Moray was falling back upon Hartford, evidently to cover Adrianopolis—and it became evident to the military man that it was the grand point of contest. Of course all saw that the 30,000 under Enara failing we must have . . . retrograde upon some point nearer the capital for the smaller the circuit of defence the stronger it would grow, and besides, if a large space was left behind the advance of the enemies the more room the people would have to rise in Guerilla—the truth of these conjectures was made evident at midnight for then after orders sent from the commander-in-chief the troops came in from the Bridge, having vacated their entrenchments, and orderlies from the same quarter waited upon the Colonels of each Regiment.

In bed, I lay awake listening for the trumpets, and before dawn their sound broke upon the silence. Up I sprung and hurried out as soon as ready. The regiments were getting under arms and General Thornton and Lord Hartford with their staff were on horseback in the market place. Lord Molineux first rattled past with his regiment of cavalry. The troops to which I belonged started next. Soon, 3,000 soldiers were clear out on the march for Danceton with a melancholy . . . behind them, leaving their town to the mercies of the ferocious invader.

It was a dark, dreary morning when we set out, and the roads were

bad and cloggy, but with some exertion the guns were dragged over them and we moved gradually on in two divisions, the first under Hartford, the second under Molineux. But that young spark received orders to lead it off about noon where the roads bent northward, nor did he join the main body again till two to three hours when all were within eight miles of Danceton. Here there seemed indications of something particular but I knew not what, being stationed with my company in the rear and employed keeping the ranks clear of the distracted and distracting people. It was announced through the ranks that General Thornton had received intelligence from Danceton, but to what purport was not so certain. However, the drums again beat up, and we shouldered our bayonets once more, and as the day was both cold and densely misty I fired my spirit by keeping a steady face upon the banner of my company, the one I had erewhile borne through the fire and smoke of Benguela and Loango. There it was, waving its magnificent folds of gold and scarlet above us, the 'ARISE' opening and closing upon it while flags behind flags in front lessened the distance.

Two miles farther passed, and now in the village of Winston the cry was heard 'Halt! Halt!' and each man stopped. Then an order for an opening for the guns. A lane parted and the black engines filed successively forward. Then our Lieutenant Colonel Howard led us into a great wet field. Two more foot regiments followed, and Thornton next rode up accompanied by his staff, but I started to hear the drums beating to see the other regiments hasting on in quick step along the road and the cavalry spurring their horses to a trot ahead of all.

'My lads,' said the General, 'we are like to have a spot of work at Danceton. I received news that there's a fight going on there as far back as noon, and now I tell you that you'll have to take part in't. You mun use your bayonets weel this evening for it's them that will decide the difference atween a regular bred Angrian and a frog-eating Frenchman. You'll recollect who it is who sent the rascals here and for what business they came; but, please God, we'll teach them another story before they turn their backs to straggle homeward. I must hurry on myself wi them that's gone on the road. And I expect if I live to meet you to-night on the Bridge at Danceton. Hartford you'll head 'em smartly. And, A Merry New Year to ye all!'

We answered with uncovered heads and a mighty shout as the gallant Thornton turned round, and Hartford putting himself at our head we strode at a great speed over the meadows through the steaming vapours.

Storms are waking to inspire us  
Storms upon our morning sky  
Wildly wailing tempests fire us  
With their loud and God-given cry.  
Winds, our trumpets, shrieking come;  
Thundering waves, our deeper drum.  
Wild woods o'er us  
Swell the chorus  
Bursting on the starry gloom.  
What's their Omen? Whence the doom?

Loud those voices, stern their pealing;  
Yet, what is't those voices say?  
Well, we know, when God revealing,  
All his wrath their powers display,  
Trembles every child of clay:  
Still we know  
That blow on blow  
O'er us bursting day by day,  
Shews that wrath as well as they.

Oh! 'tis not a common call  
That wakes such mighty melody;  
Crowns and kingdoms rise or fall,  
Men and nations, chained or free,  
Living death or liberty  
Such your terrible decree,  
And yonder skies  
Whose voices rise  
In such unearthly harmony  
Through ages round  
Shall wake a sound  
A voice of victory,  
A thundering o'er the sea  
Whose swelling waves  
And howling caves  
Shall hear the prophecy.

Storms are waking  
Earth is shaking,  
Banners wave and bugles wail;  
And beneath the tempest breaking,  
Some must quiver, some must quail.  
Hark! the artillery's iron hail



Rattles through the ranks of war:  
Who beneath its force shall fail?  
Must the Sun of Angria pale  
Upon the Calabar?  
Or yonder bloody star  
O'er Afric's main  
With fiery train  
That wanders from afar?

No, O God! Our Sun its brightness  
Draws from thine eternal throne  
And come what will  
Through good or ill  
We know that thou wilt guard thine own!  
'Tis not 'gainst us that Thunders roar  
But, risen from Hell  
With radiance fell  
'Tis the Wanderer of the West whose power shall be o'er-  
[thrown.]

Tempest blow thy mightiest blast  
Wild wind sound thy wildest strain,  
From God's right hand  
O'er his chosen land  
Your music shall waken its fires again;  
And over the north now and over the ocean  
And whoever shall shadow these storm covered skies  
The louder through battle may . . .  
'Twill only sound stronger OH ANGRIA ARISE!









# REFLECTIONS AT ROE HEAD

CHARLOTTE BRONTË

Personal reflections after a day's teaching at Roe Head School, followed by an Angrian fragment giving a picture of Quashia in drunken sleep in the conquered palace of Zamorna. Dated 'Friday afternoon, Feb. 4, 1836.' The MS., which is in microscopic writing, consists of 3 pages and contains 1400 words. It is in the Bonnell Collection, Philadelphia.

'Well, here I am at Roe Head. It is seven o'clock at night; the young ladies are all at their lessons; the school-room is quiet, the fire is low; a stormy day is at this moment passing off in a murmuring and bleak night. I now assume my own thoughts; my mind relaxes from the stretch on which it has been for the last twelve hours, and falls back on to the rest which nobody in this house knows of but myself. I now, after a day of weary wandering, return to the ark which for me floats alone on the billows of this world's desolate and boundless deluge. It is strange I cannot get used to the ongoings that surround me. I fulfil my duties strictly and well. I, so to speak,—if the illustration be not profane,—as God was not in the fire, nor the wind, nor the earthquake, so neither is my heart in the task, the theme, or the exercise. It is the still small voice always that comes to me at eventide, that—like a breeze with a voice in it over the deeply blue hills and out of the now leafless forests and from the cities on distant river banks—of a bright and far continent; it is that which takes up my spirit and engrosses all my living feelings, all my energies which are not merely mechanical. . . . Haworth and home awake sensations which lie dormant elsewhere. Last night I did indeed lean upon the thunder-wakening wings of such a stormy blast as I have seldom heard blow, and it whirled me away like heath in the wilderness for five seconds of ecstasy; and as I sat by myself in the dining-room, while all the rest were at tea, the trance seemed to descend on a sudden. Verily this foot trod the war-shaken shores of the Calabar, and these eyes saw the defiled and violated Adrianopolis shedding its lights on the river.'

The continuation of the above is an Angrian fragment of about 800 words, which ends as follows:

‘While this apparition was before me the dining-room door opened and Miss W. [Wooler] came in with a plate of butter in her hand. “A very stormy night, my dear,” said she. “It is . . .” said I.’

Following this is another Angrian fragment of about 350 words, dated Friday afternoon, February 4th, 1836, beginning:

‘Now, as I have a little bit of time, there being no French lessons this afternoon, I should like to write something. I can’t enter into any continued narrative: my mind is not settled enough for that; but if I could call up some light and pleasant sketch I would amuse myself by jotting it down . . .’

# THE HISTORY OF ANGRIA III

CHARLOTTE BRONTË

## PASSING EVENTS

The first part of the MS. is signed 'C. Brontë, April 21st, 1836,' (page 139). The frontispiece to the present volume is a facsimile of the first page of this MS.

EVERY man to his trade, the blacksmith to his anvil the tailor to his needle. Let Richton take his seat at the council board of war or peace, let him paint to the life, the members gathering round that table of heavy and dark honduras whose large circle groans under the piled documents of state, let him describe the mood of ire or thought or pride or scorn, that contracts the brow of each haughty councillor—let him detail with graphic skill the imperious bearing contrasted with the civil garb of one, and the martial dress and grave deliberative aspect of another, let him with magic power show the whole room haply adorned with mirrors where are seen the reflected figures bending over the table, now in deep consultation, now in fierce dispute; let him scribe so well that each separate voice shall speak out of the page in changeful tone, the word passing from mouth to mouth, the flexible lip and the rapid tongue of Edward Percy answering in raised bass, the energetic silver diction of Howard Warner. Let him shew us even those details that give truest life to the picture, the pocket-handkerchief drawn out with a floutish as altercation kindles, the snuff-box hurriedly produced and replaced, the gold repeater glanced at while the preoccupied aspect of the speaker's eye testifies that he has derived no information from its enamelled plate. Castlereagh's involuntary adjustment of chain or stock, his unconscious recurrence to the habits of the coxcomb when his whole soul is truly absorbed in the duties of a statesman. Arundel's hand run through his fair locks arranging them as he does at the toilette when meantime he enforces with fluent power and reckless self-abandonment, some favourite measure of his party. Thornton warmed to the discussion of serious danger, forgetting his beloved Doric and launching into the very voice and accent, deep, pure except a momentary whistle of the North wind, of his abhorred and abhorring brother. Let Richton do this and astonish us and let Hastings familiarise us with the terms and tactics of war, let him stir us up with the sweet and warlike national airs of Angria, let him lead us along her many and splendid streams, not through green pastures or by still waters, but through the haunts of herons and curlews and water-ouzels and lamenting-bitterns, fringed with sedges and canes



and long-jointed dog-grass; let him reveal to us the Calabar or the Etrei (the wild eerie Etrei a battle stream, whose pitchy billows ever more carry a vein of negro blood to the ocean—) by moonlight, the first a royal river washing the white walls of the capital, the devoted young and beautiful capital of the east, and rolling between the guardian forts, that on either side watch its broad and profound torrent, as if jealous of the very light of heaven cast on its white foam and on its magnificent sheet of bounding flashing water.

The last, Ah! the last is all black with the shade of its brakes and morasses, and when in the storm or in the calm summer-midnight we bivouac with Hastings beside it, we strive in vain to sleep: thoughts of the concealed man Alligator of the African hid in the giant-rushes will not let us. Let Hastings speak of Gazemba, shew the armed household and bandit vassallage of Enara, the rendezvous of regiments, the head-quarters of General officers, polished, brave, intriguing, ambitious, scoundrelly, sagacious men. General Lord Hartford smoothed by travel and knowledge of the world, a frank cultivated gentleman, an impetuous daring skilful soldier, a dark aspiring Aristocrat, of liberal and bland though lofty bearing towards the world at large yet arrogant and insolent to the last degree in asserting the claims of Angria; a thought dissolute as his under lip and marled face shew, yet a man of honour and of his word, feudal in his ideas of birth and caste, firm and soldierly in his allegiance to the King, generous when obeyed, oppressive when opposed, kind to submitting inferiors, jealous of equals, acknowledging no superior except in the single article of rank when he yields with a good grace and ungrudgingly; handsome, but for a distorting scar on his forehead, of cheerful and noble demeanour—a sort of Angrian Great-heart in the field and in the council. One who wherever he went would be of consequence and high consideration. Let Hastings shew us Hartford and such as Hartford for Angria has not a few like him, let him unveil to us the chambers where they walk and converse together, the courts whose flags ring to the tread of the iron shod boot, as alone or in leashes those men walk, the Nobles and Esquires of the East, all born of Earth's first blood and expressing their strong thoughts in language as strong and in the sonorous tones bestowed by Health and energy. It may be the eve of battle, the sun perhaps is setting calm and glorious, the possible Death of war near at hand, the solemnity of the evening sky, has hushed the riotous mirth of some amongst those gallant Gentlemen, they lean on the coping of the fortalice and listen silently while the bands of their regiments play along the Etrei. Yes Hastings we hear that wild music in thy page most distinctly. National melodies that neither private nor officer would exchange for the fine opera of

Italy. Each of the seven provinces has its air, mostly triumphant but now and then inspired with a thrilling wildness that might touch the nerves of a nation!—'Sound the loud trumpet o'er Afric's dark seal' sublime!—but stop, my recollections of Hastings have led me too far astray, let the Earl and the major I say dilate on these things, let them rush upon that noble quarry, they are eagles, let them travel that broad road, they are mounted on chargers of the Ukraine. For me I am but a crow, so I must dwell content in the rookeries that shade Africa's ancestral Halls, I have but my own shanks to go on, therefore I can travel no farther than the grounds and park-gates of the magnates. While Thornton far off, wrapped in his furred roque-laure, sits by the bivouac fires and as he discusses the viands his canteens supply, and hears the sounds of the encamping army, the wail of the wind and the hissing of the rain as it falls on that unquenched flame before him, thinking meantime of his young gude-wife, his bonnie Julia, and wishing that her warm and soft white hand were now resting in the grasp of his own vigorous fingers and that her dark bewitching eyes were now laughingly eluding his hawk-like glance. While he I say muses thus, I stand by Julia in her chamber, I watch her as she sits alone on a low stool before her glowing hearth, her ethereal spirits ebbing low and her lovely head declined upon an arm of marble. The hearth-light suffuses her with its glow, her raven curls are dishevelled upon her knee where the forehead rests upon the clasped hands and her robes of bright silk are spread over the purple and green and crimson dyes of the carpet. She too wishes that Thornton, her falcon-eyed and bold and frank Thornton, were there. Could he be restored to her at that moment she would even let him repose his head if it ached on the lace pelerine that shades her neck and shoulder and veils the lustrous silk of her sleeve. She might touch his brow hard-looking and daring as she remembers it to be, with her coral lips; but then she would torment and tantalize him to the farthest limits of endurance too. But Julia's lightsome and proud heart beats in the breast of a true Wellesley: she cannot droop long; this momentary dejection is succeeded by an elastic spring; starting from the foot-stool she is in a moment seated at that splendid instrument in the recess, her fingers wake like lightning the satisfying and rich melody of its tones and the voice, not of seraph but of a beautiful woman with clear, silvery utterance, steals through the tumultuous sweetness, like a sunbeam through bright and confused clouds.

I've a free hand and a merry heart;  
I dwell in gay Madrid;  
My hair is like a night-cloud, when  
Its veil the moon has hid.

My blood is not the high Castile:  
The Moor has breathed his flame  
Through every blushing artery  
That leads the crimson stream.

And yet I am of noble birth:  
My fathers, long ago,  
Were mighty lords ere Granada  
Quailed to the Christian foe.

But what care I for noble birth?  
I'm young and gay and free;  
I've jet-black eyes and coal-black locks  
And brow of ivory;

I've a quick hand and a sweet guitar  
And a light foot for the dance,  
And many a mystic reel I know,  
And many a blithe romance.

When I see the clear blue skies of Spain  
And feel her glad warm sun,  
I've nought to jar the harmony  
They breathe my soul upon.

I'm happy when the early light  
Looks through my casement panes;  
I'm happy when the sun's farewell  
Their hue with amber stains;

I'm happy when the moon uplights  
The green vine's leafy veil,  
And smiles as I lie wakefully  
To watch her lustre pale;

And oh! when far beneath my bower  
A wild, sweet air is played,  
My soul leaps up to bless the hour  
Of star and serenade.

This is a song that suits Julia, and she sings it in a style that even relaxes the critical severity of her awful and fastidious cousin [*Three lines erased in MS.*] He thinks her a pretty woman, one of the prettiest in Africa, and I've seen him regard her with a very indulgent

and gratified smile when she has been singing this little ballad. Reader, as yet I have written nothing, I would fain fall into some regular strain of composition, but I cannot, my mind is like a prism full of colours but not of forms. A thousand tints are there brilliant and varied and if they would resolve into the shape of some flower or bird or gem, I could fling a picture before you; I feel I could. A panorama is round me whose scenes shift before I can at all fix their features, first a saloon in Ellrington-Hall with wide sash-windows through which flashes a gleam of the sea thundering in sunshine, the Countess by one open casement seated and leaning thoughtfully back in an arm-chair, the breeze from a garden playing over her face and fluttering her sable plume and tresses. An open letter lies on the carpet at her feet, which has dropped unconsciously from her relaxed hand. Over this scene of daylight rolls a gloomy mass, which the eye cannot at first comprehend: by and bye it is discovered to be a court in Waterloo Palace, a pile of grey shade silvered with moonbeams: it is silent, I hear nothing: it is lonely, I see nothing but the walls and arches, the statues of stone and flags of solid granite, an aimless picture, yet now and then a light waving object like a lady's veil, glints uncertainly through that dark row of pillars. A scarcely audible step flits along the hidden recesses, and my mind feels a vague impression that some incident is transpiring though I know not of what nature. The court and moonlight are gone; it is high noon and I am conversing with Greenwood Peascod in his own apartment at Wellesley-House; a round table covered with newspapers, a cold chicken and a pleasant bottle of French wine are between us. Her Grace's gentleman regales me with a thousand anecdotes of court-scandal, boasts of his own importance and points out the paragraphs he has furnished to the papers. A bell rings, Greenwood knows his summons; he and his parlour both vanish. Go to the first scene on my list: it is Ellrington Hall, let us dash at once into it.

It was night, the clocks had all chimed twelve, the saloons were fireless and lampless, no company had enlivened them that night or for many preceding ones. Zenobia as she glided past their portals thought how lonely their silence and darkness was. With a less inceding and slower tread than was customary to her, she ascended a private staircase and sought her chamber with the intention of retiring to rest, for she was weary of sitting up alone and struggling against thoughts that tamed her pride and lowered her soaring spirits. She had been by herself all day; solitude is not the nurse of haughtiness, and the very imperial expression she usually wears had faded gradually from her face, her hair was uncurled a little and drooping on her neck. She wore no plume and no gem, chain or

crosslet. A fine woman she looked with a solemn but not sad aspect in her eyes as she opened the door and crossed the threshold of her dressing-room. Why does she stop? what means that look of astonishment changing quickly into one of a different and inscrutable meaning, that parting of the beautiful lips and that sudden erection of the splendid bust? Her sanctum is as it should be—the wax tapers are lighted, the fire burns red and clear, there is the mirror on the polished toilette, there are the dressing-cases open. Velvet draperies shroud the windows like palls and light, perfume, and silence fill the chamber. But it is not empty of more substantial tenants, a tall shadow quivers on the walls and ceiling, look yonder! that is a human being! a man! a gentleman! Yes! one in a black dress with a white forehead and fine nose leans against that cabinet with folded arms and eyes directed straight, daringly and unflinchingly towards the awful Countess. The first petrifying effect of this apparition over, Zenobia closed the door; then she moved to the fire, and mutely gazed on the ascending flame. In a moment she turned and glanced again on the intruder as if to be certain he was still there: he was indeed but he had changed his place and stood close beside her. The word Percy burst from her lips and flashed from her eyes, into which black and spirited as they were, at the same time gushed a lustre that told some warm almost resistless feelings were impelling her to forgiveness and cordial welcome, forgiveness without a hearing and welcome before it was asked. The Earl coughed and looked at her and then said, ‘Why, my dear Zenobia, this excitement makes you look very interesting, almost as much so as—’ he paused and then said, while his lip curled and a low laugh escaped him—‘as Louisa Vernon.’ The trembling light in Zenobia’s eyes ran over—but Oh! how it was dashed away. And how she snatched her hand from the aristocratic fingers that were enclosing it in their grasp. ‘My Lord, I am a Western! and the Heiress of Henry Ellrington of Ennerdale and the Grand-daughter of Don John Louisiana. I will not be insulted—by my life,’ continued the Countess using unconsciously her husband’s oath; ‘I would have forgiven you and loved you again at that moment because you looked pale and weary; but I’ll not now—you did ill to speak of Louisa Vernon—I thought you were tired of your false rest and come back to lean upon your true one in adversity.’ ‘I am my Countess,’ said the Earl, gazing at her as she agitatedly paced the room; ‘and a most placid rest I’ve found; you look all repose, Zenobia.’ ‘He is possessed!’ exclaimed his wife; ‘he is sick at heart I see and satiated and utterly without hope, and yet there’s a light foam on his desperation that churns up the more wantonly and fantastically the more madly the torrent rushes.’ ‘An Evangelical truth!’ ejaculated Percy. ‘Verily your ladyship speaks

right. Satiated I was with the semi-Gallic semi-Italian and wholly Paradisaical graces of my delightful Louisa—with her elegance and her caresses and her lusciously sweet voice and her fastidious boudoir with its too perfect taste and luxury and her animated intelligent daughter (mine too by the bye), ennuyé utterly by her grasping monopoly of my precious self and her tiresome jealousy of my favours—frightened (you know I've weak nerves) at her violence and her propensity to scenes. I began to long for the dying scene as a relief but as it never came, I took my self off, and in a very queer mood of mind not at all myself, forgetting my partiality to close carriages, hotels bespoken beforehand etc., I wandered here I scarcely know how, actually without the company of James Shaver; and when I'm at last arrived, after an absence as they say in newspapers of nearly three months, my wife's first greeting is couched in a genealogical account of herself and family.' There was sorrow and even concealed alarm in the expression of Zenobia's countenance as in a tone of strange levity Northangerland ran on thus. He divined what her thoughts were and continued: 'I say, my Castillian Countess, are you quite sure that you are the Daughter of Henry Lord Ellrington? I've heard of the Donna Pauline in my young days. She was a court beauty, her contemporaries say, such a one as is never seen now; and that scoundrel of Grassmere, that Macarthy for a long time did homage at her shrine. You may be his daughter, and in that case you're a sort of left-handed aunt of Zamorna's.' Zenobia with a coolness unusual to her, stood at her mirror quietly arranging her hair for the night—she did not speak. The Earl went on: 'Talking of those times reminds me of one Alexander Percy that I used to know. It's long since, and I remember very little about him, except that his brains were less irretrievably cracked than those of the present most mighty Earl of Northangerland. Zenobial what did that glance mean! it meant that you thought me mad. You are frightened at hearing my jaunty desperation. Zenobia.' The earl drew near and laid his hand on her shoulder and looked at her with a kind of heart-broken expression. 'Zenobial I don't pretend to say I've lost my senses, or that I'm much wronged or in phrenzied despair; to speak truth I'm only horribly dissatisfied. But—but my lady that's the worst of all miseries. I've striven hard to get a moment's rest and content, and I cannot. Louisa sickens me and I hate France, and I abhor Africa; Eden Cottage, the villa at St Cloud, Alnwick and Ellrington house are equally loathsome to me.' 'Then,' said the Countess, turning quickly, 'lash your broken helmless bark wholly to myself, my Lord; I've enough firmness and fidelity to be a most steadfast anchor. Trust me!' Northangerland looked in earnest for a moment, then he laughed and swerved adrift again. 'That is to say

in other words,' he answered, 'tie yourself to my apron-string. I might have yielded, but another thought has just struck me—there's one quarter I've left untried, a project has entered my head shabby, despicable and contemptible in its nature and therefore the more in harmony with the whole state of my feelings. Good night, Zenobial' The Countess said nothing; she could not speak, but a deft and active crack and the splendid fragments of a shivered mirror told what she felt.

The Cross of Rivaulx! Is that a name familiar to my readers? I rather think not. Listen, then. It is a green, delightful, and quiet place, half way between Angria and the foot of Sydenham hills, under the frown of Hawkscliffe on the edge of its royal forest. You see a fair house whose sash windows are set in ivy grown thick and kept in trim order. Over the front-door there is a little modern porch of trellis-work, all the summer covered with a succession of verdant leaves and pink rose-globes, buds, and full-blown blossoms. Within this in fine weather the door is constantly open and reveals a noble passage, almost a Hall, terminating in a staircase of low white steps, traced up the middle by a brilliant carpet. There are no decided grounds laid out about the Cross of Rivaulx, but a lawn-like greenness surrounds it, and the last remnants of Hawkscliffe shade it in the form of many wild rose trees and a few lofty elms. You look in vain for anything like a wall and gate to shut it in—the only landmark consists in an old Obelisk with moss and wild-flowers at its base and a half-obliterated crucifix sculptured on its side. Well, this is no very presuming place, but on a June evening, not seldom have I seen a figure whom every eye in Angria might recognize stride out of the domestic gloom of that little hall and stand in pleasant leisure under the porch whose flowers and leaves were disturbed by the contact of his curls. Though in a sequestered spot the cross of Rivaulx is not one of Zamorna's secret howffs he'll let any-body come there that chuses. It is but a lodge to the mighty towers of Hawkscliffe, which being five miles distant buried in the chase are of less convenient access. The day is breezeless, quite still and warm, the sun, far declined, for afternoon is just melting into evening, sheds a deep amber light. A cheerful air surrounds the mansion, whose windows are up, its door as usual hospitably apart; and the broad passage reverberates with a lively conversational hum from the rooms which open into it. The day is of that perfectly mild, sunny kind that by an irresistible influence draws people out into the balmy air; and see, there are two gentlemen lounging easily in the porch, sipping coffee from the cups they have brought from the drawing-room, and a third has stretched himself on the soft moss in the shadow of the obelisk. But for these figures the landscape would be

one of exquisite repose. They break the enchantment of sun, sky, pleasant home, and waveless trees. Their dress is military: they are Officers from Angria, from the head-quarters of Zamorna's grand-army. Two at least are of this description. The other, reclining on the grass, a slight figure in black, wears a civil dress. That is Mr Warner, the Home Secretary and another person was standing by him, whom I should not have omitted to describe. It was a fine girl dressed in rich black satin, with ornaments like those of a bandit's wife, in which a whole fortune seemed to have been expended; but no wonder, for they had doubtless been the gift of a King! In her ears (she was not too refined for the barbaric magnificence of earrings) hung two long clear drops, red as fire and suffused with a purple tint, that showed them to be the true oriental ruby. Bright, delicate links of gold circled her neck again and again; and a cross of gems lay on her breast, the centre stone of which was a locket, enclosing a ringlet of dark-brown hair. With that little soft curl she would not have parted for a kingdom. It had been severed from the head of the Lord's anointed. Warner's eyes were fixed with interest on Miss Laury as she stood over him, a model of beautiful vigour and glowing health, a kind of military erectness in her form, so elegantly built, and in the manner in which her neck sprung from her exquisite bust and was placed with graceful uprightness on her falling shoulders. Her waist too falling in behind, and her fine slender foot supporting her in a regulated position, plainly indicated familiarity from her childhood with the sergeant's drill. All the afternoon she had been entertaining her exalted guests,—the two in the porch were no other than Lord Hartford and Enara, and conversing with them frankly and cheerfully, but with a total absence of levity, a dash of seriousness, an habitual intentness of purpose that had more than once attracted to her the admiring glance of the Home Secretary. These and Lord Arundel were the only friends she had in the world. Female acquaintance she never sought, nor if she had sought would she have found them. And so sagacious, clever, and earnest was she in all she said and did that the haughty Aristocrats did not hesitate to communicate with her often on matters of first-rate importance.

Mr Warner was now talking to her about herself. 'My dear madam,' he was saying in his usual imperious and still dulcet tone, 'it is unreasonable that you should remain thus exposed to danger. I am your friend; yes, madam, your true friend. Why do you not hear me and attend to my representations of the case? Angria is an unsafe place for you; you ought to leave it.' The lady shook her head: 'Never till my master compels me; his land is my land.' 'But—but, Miss Laury, you know that our Army have no warrant from the Almighty of conquest. This invasion may be successful, at least for a



time, and then what becomes of you? When the Duke's nation is wrestling with destruction, his glory sunk in deep waters, and himself diving desperately to recover it, can he waste a thought or a moment on one woman? You will be at the tender mercies of Quashia, and of the Sheik Medina—I mean of that detestable renegade Jordon—before you are aware.' Mina smiled. 'I am resolved,' said she. 'My master himself shall not force me to leave him. You know I am hardened, Warner; shame and reproach have no effect on me. I do not care for being called a camp-follower. In peace and pleasure all the ladies in Africa would be at the Duke's beck; in War and suffering he shall not lack one poor peasant-girl. Why, sir, I've nothing else to exist for; I've no other interest in life. Just to stand by His Grace, watch him and anticipate his wishes, or when I cannot do that, to execute them like lightning when they are signified. To wait on him when he is sick or wounded, to hear his groans and bear his heart-rending animal patience in enduring pain. To breathe if I can my own inexhaustible health and energy into him; and Oh! if it were practicable, to take his fever and agony, to guard his interests, to take on my shoulders power from him that galls me with its weight. To fill gaps in his mighty train of service which nobody else would dare to step into.—To do all that, sir, is to fulfil the destiny I was born to. I know I am of no repute amongst society at large, because I have devoted myself so wholly to one man. And I know that he even seldom troubles himself to think of what I do; and has never and can never appreciate the unusual feelings of subservience, the total self-sacrifice I offer at his shrine. But then he gives me my reward, and that an abundant one. Mr Warner, when I was at Fort Adrian and had all the yoke of governing the garrison and military household, I used to rejoice in my responsibility and to feel firmer the heavier weight was assigned me to support. And when my Master came over, as he often did, to take one of his general surveys, or on a hunting expedition with some of you, his state officers, I had such delight in ordering the banquets and entertainments and in seeing the fires kindled up and the chandeliers lighted in those dark halls—knowing for whom the feast was made ready; and it gave me a feeling of ecstasy to hear my young master's voice, as he spoke to you or Arundel or to that stately Hartford, and to see him moving about secure and powerful in his own stronghold, to know what true hearts he had about him, assured as I was that his Generals and his ministers were men of steel, and that his vassals under my rule were trusty as the very ramparts they garrisoned. And besides sir his greeting to me and the condescending touch of his hand were enough to make a queen proud (let alone a Sergeant's Daughter). That is an Irishism Warner. Then for instance the last

summer evening that he came here, the sun and flowers and quietness brightened his noble features with such happiness, I could tell his heart was at rest, for as he lay in the shade where you are now I heard him hum the airs he long, long ago played on his guitar at Mornington. I was rewarded then to feel that the house I kept was pleasant enough to make him forget Angria, and recur to home. You must excuse me Mr Warner, but the West, the sweet West, is both his home and mine.' Mina paused and looked solemnly at the sun, now softened in its shine and hanging exceeding low. In a moment her eyes fell again on Warner. They seemed to have absorbed radiance from what they had gazed on. Light like an arrow-point glanced in them as she said: 'This is my time to follow Zamorna. I'll not be robbed of these hours of blissful danger when I may be continually with him. My kind, noble master never likes to see my tears, and I will weep before him night and day till he grants what I wish. I am not afraid of danger. I have strong nerves. I don't wish to fight like an Amazon; and fatigue I never felt. I will die or be with him.' 'What has fired your eyes so suddenly, Miss Laury?' asked Lord Hartford, now advancing with Enara from their canopy of roses. 'The Duke, the duke,' muttered Henri Fernando; 'she won't leave him, I'll be sworn.' 'I can't, General,' said Mina. 'No,' answered the Italian; 'and nobody shall force you. You shall have your own way, madam, whether it be right or wrong. I hate to contradict such as you in their will.' 'Thank you General. You are always kind to me,' and Mina hurriedly put her little hand into the gloved grasp of Enara. 'Kind madam?' said he pressing it warmly, 'I'm so kind that I would hang the man unshriven who should use your name with other than the respect due to a queen.' The dark, hard-browed Hartford smiled at his enthusiasm. 'Is that homage paid to Miss Laury's goodness, or to her beauty?' asked he. 'To neither my lord,' answered Enara briefly, 'but to her worth, her sterling worth.' 'Hartford, you are not going to despise me? Was that a sneer?' murmured Mina aside. 'No, no, Miss Laury,' replied the noble General seriously. 'I know what you are I am aware of your value. Do you doubt Edward Hartford's honourable friendship? It is yours on terms such as it was never given to a beautiful woman before.' Before Miss Laury could answer a voice from within the mansion spoke her name. 'It is my lord!' she exclaimed, and sped like a roe over the sward, through the porch, along the passage, to a summer parlour, whose walls were painted fine pale red, its mouldings burnished gilding, and its window-curtains artistical draperies of dark-blue silk, covered with gold waves and flowers. Here Zamorna sat alone. He had been writing. One or two letters, folded, sealed, and inscribed with western directions, lay on the table beside

him. His gloves and cambric handkerchief with a crown wrought upon it in black hair appeared on his desk. He had not uncovered since entering the house three hours since; and either the weight of his Dragoon Helmet or the gloom of its impending plumes or else some inward feeling, had clouded his face with a strange darkness. Mina closed the door and softly drew near. Without speaking or asking leave, she began to busy herself in unclasping the heavy helmet. The Duke smiled faintly as her little fingers played about his chin and luxuriant whiskers, and then, the load of brass and sable plumage being removed, as they arranged the compressed masses of glossy brown ringlets, and touched with soft cool contact his feverish brow. Absorbed in the grateful task she hardly felt that his majesty's arm had encircled her waist, and yet she did feel it too, and would have thought herself presumptuous to shrink from the endearment. She took it as a slave ought to take the caress of a sultan, and obeying the gentle effort of his hand, slowly sunk on to the sofa by her master's side. 'My little physician,' said he, meeting her adoring but anxious upward gaze with the full light of his countenance, 'you look at me as if you thought I was not well—feel my pulse.' She folded that offered hand, white, supple, and soft with youth and delicate nurture, in both her own, and whether Zamorna's pulse beat rapidly or not his handmaid's did as she felt the slender grasping fingers of the Monarch, laid quietly in hers. He did not wait for the report, but took his hand away again, and laying it on her raven curls, said: 'So, Mina, you won't leave me though I never did you any good in the world? Warner says you are resolved to continue in the scene of war.' 'To continue by your side, lord Augustus, I mean my lord Duke.' 'But what shall I do with you, Mina? Where shall I put you? My little girl, what will the army say when they hear of your presence? You have read history; recollect that it was Darius who carried his concubines to the field, not Alexander! The world will say: "Zamorna has provided himself with a pretty mistress, he attends to his own pleasures and cares not how his men suffer."'" Poor Mina writhed at these words as if the iron had entered into her soul. A vivid burning blush crimsoned her cheek, and tears of shame and bitter self-reproach gushed at once into her bright black eyes. Zamorna was touched acutely. 'Nay, my little girl,' said he, redoubling his haughty caresses, and speaking in his most soothing tone, 'never weep about it. It grieves me to hurt your feelings, but you desire an impossibility, and I must use strong language to convince you that I cannot grant it.' 'Oh, don't refuse me again,' sobbed Miss Laury. 'I'll bear all infamy and contempt to be allowed to follow you. My lord, my lord, I've served you for many years most faithfully, and I seldom ask a favour of you.'

Don't reject almost the first request of the kind I ever made.' The Duke shook his head, and the meeting of his exquisite lips, too placid for the term compression, told he was not to be moved. 'If you should receive a wound, if you should fall sick,' continued Mina, 'what can surgeons and physicians do for you? They cannot watch you and wait on you and worship you like me, and you do not seem well now. The bloom is so faded on your complexion, and the flesh is wasted round your eyes. My lord smile, and do not look so calmly resolved—let me go!' Zamorna withdrew his arm from her waist. 'I must be displeased before you cease to importune me,' said he. 'Mina, look at that letter. Read the direction,' pointing to one he had been writing. She obeyed. It was addressed to, 'Her Royal Highness, Mary Henrietta, Duchess of Zamorna, Queen of Angria, Duchess of Alderwood, Marchioness of Douro,' etc. 'Must I pay no attention to the feelings of that lady?' pursued the Duke, whom the duties of war and the conflict of some internal emotions seemed to render peculiarly stern. 'Her public claims must be respected whether I love her or not.' Miss Laury shrunk into herself. Not another word did she venture to breathe. An unconscious wish of wild intensity filled her that she were dead and buried, and insensible to the shame that overwhelmed her. She saw Zamorna's finger with the ring on it still pointing to that awful name, a name that raised no impulses of hatred: far too high and blessed did the exalted Lady seem for that; but only bitter humiliation and self-abasement. She stole from her master's side feeling that she had no more right to sit there than a fawn has to share the den of a royal lion; and murmuring that she was very sorry for her folly, was about to glide in dismay and despair from the room. But the Duke rising up arrested her, and bending his lofty stature over as she crouched before him folded her again in his arms. His countenance relaxed not a moment from its sternness, nor did the gloom leave his magnificent but worn features as he said: 'I will make no apologies for what I have said, because I know, Mina, that as I hold you now, you feel fully recompensed for my transient severity. Before I depart I will speak to you one word of comfort which you may remember when I am far away and perhaps dead. My dear Girl! I know and appreciate all you have done, all you have resigned, and all you endured, for my sake. I repay you for it with one coin: with what alone will be to you of greater worth than worlds without it. I give you such true and fond love as a master may give to the fairest and loveliest vassal that ever was bound to him in feudal allegiance. You may never feel the touch of Zamorna's lips again. There, Minal' And fervently, almost fiercely he pressed them to her forehead. 'Go to your chamber; to-morrow you must leave for the West.' 'Obedient till Death,' was Miss Laury's

answer as she closed the door and disappeared. Four horses were now brought out on to the lawn. Hartford, Warner and Enara were already mounted; the Duke clasped on his helmet, assumed his gloves, and proceeded to the front-door, and was just crossing the threshold when a soft voice called him to stop, an elegant female figure clad in azure gauze was running down the staircase. 'The D—l,' exclaimed Zamorna when he saw her 'this is lax ward. How dared you leave your room?' It was chilling to hear his voice assume that tone to the fine pleasing woman of about seven and twenty who now stood at his elbow. She pressed close to him and looked up in his face with an affected expression of appealing languor. 'I am so weary of my chamber,' said she, 'and it is such a sweet evening—do give me leave to take a stroll along the Arno just as far as your own birch.' 'Take it and be D—n—d,' said Zamorna, fastidiously receding from her approaches, and his dark eyes looking most ferociously haughty from the shade of his curls and casque. A kind of momentary convulsion flitted over the lady's features, yet she seemed to notice neither his coolness nor his curse. 'Oh! how infinitely I am obliged to you, my dear Arthur,' said she;—'but how are you this evening? you do not look well.' And assuming an air of interest, she again drew near and looked into his face. 'Have done with your canting hypocrisy,' returned he, colouring deeply with annoyance and disgust, and making a stride from her on to the lawn. She followed and taking his hand hung tenderly upon it. 'Do bid me good-bye, my lord, before you go.' 'Begone,' was his peremptory mandate. 'I will,' she answered patiently; 'but just speak one kind word to me ere we part.' Zamorna shewed his teeth and scowled most threateningly. He pushed her slightly from him. She still retained his hand however, and bending her head over it seemed to press her lips to it. She let it drop. He had neither started nor spoken, but the blood was trickling rapidly from it, and there was a deep incision made by the teeth of the she-tigress. 'Louisa Dance, you may still have your walk,' said Zamorna coolly, binding it with his pocket-handkerchief,—'but mind a footman goes with you.' He touched the mane of the noble horse that stood proudly pawing the green-sward, vaulted into the saddle and touched its flank with his armed heel; and away cantered himself and his gallant staff.

Louisa Dance did go that evening to take a walk along the banks of the Arno, but she never came back. The moon had risen when she reached the splendid weeping birch called Zamorna's tree. She sat down and fixed her eyes on the high road through Hawkscliffe forest which might be seen from thence. Ere long there came an open carriage bright green and with a coat of arms emblazoned on its panels; the horses that drew it were four grey Arabians, and their

harness and caparisons were most sumptuous. It suddenly drew up. Louisa waved her handkerchief, and a tall slender gentleman in a cloak dismounted from it. Before the attendant footman was aware, he had reached Louisa and tucked her under his arm, while he himself was stunned by a blow from behind. I know no more but she has not since been heard of.

April 21st-36

C BRONTË

WHAT a queer disjointed world this is. No man can for a moment say how things will turn. All the body politic of Africa seems delirious with raging fever: the members war against each other. Parties are confounded, mutual wrath increases. It was not enough that the embodied forces of Ardrah, of the French and of the Aborigines, should assume the front of deadly contest against arrogant Angria; that the Northerns and the Westerns should threateningly possess themselves of the ground Debateable. But Northangerland must also begin to awaken motion amongst his undefined masses of followers. A fluctuating uncertain movement, which way tending none can yet say, the result of a wild impulse which they have seen in their leader. Signs he has given distinctly intimating that his rest is at an end, but mysteriously veiling the aims of the approaching turmoil. It is not for nothing he has dismissed Northangerland and recurred to Rogue. His late disreputable and eccentric proceedings are not a disease in themselves, but merely the symptoms of some grand latent malady. You see only the gyrations of the sling now round the head of David, preparatory to that final launch which shall fix the stone deep in Goliath's forehead. The tiger is crouched; he looks round; in what direction is he going to spring? Many ask themselves this question besides me, and some whose hearts throb agonizedly for an answer. Occasionally in the course of one's life one does see and hear things that make one doubt whether one's head or one's heels are uppermost. It is now said all over Verdopolis that Northangerland is somewhere in the City, living incognito with the lady whom his knight-errantry rescued from a prison. Northangerland! who erstwhile scintillated between Ellington Hall and Wellesley-House and would not for a Dukedom have stooped his head to enter a lowlier portal. Northangerland the husband of a woman who in her thirtieth year has waxed so imperially stout and high, that she will not even leave her own saloons for the benefit of the fresh air. Ochone! this world's but a vertigo and the best of us is but dust and ashes! A thousand rumours are afloat. Some say the earl has yielded himself to the fraternal embrace of Ardrah. Others that he has sought repose on the sympathizing bosom of Montmorency. Others that himself and Richard

Naghten, aided by the people are about to defy all Africa, and once more give to the winds the blood-red flag of Revolution. A fourth party affirm that he has opened a correspondence with Quashia and that the above-mentioned and respectable individual stipulates, that in case their mutual manoeuvres should be crowned with success, his share of the spoil should consist in the Kingdom of Angria and the hand of the Duchess of Zamorna. My readers are I have no doubt aware that on a Sunday evening I generally make a point of attending the ministry of Mr Bromley at the Wesleyan chapel, Slug Street. Accordingly last Lord's day after tea, Mr Surena Ellrington and myself accompanied by Lord Macara Lofty, who had called on us in the course of the afternoon, and whom in spite of his Voltaire sneers and insinuations we had easily persuaded to go with us, proceeded arm in arm to our accustomed place of worship. Being arrived and having taken possession of our usual pew in the gallery, each man after a private hiding of his face in his hands and a few internal groans sat quietly down. A devout set we must have looked, seated in that long front pew, which I forgot to say was also occupied by Mr Timothy Steaton. Surena, who was suffering from a cold, in a great coat and a large spotted blue and white shawl enveloping his neck and chin, from which peered the most insignificant physiognomy mind can conceive, crowned by a peak of hair surmounting the low mean forehead and hungry eyes. Macara, whose delicate health likewise required care, in a cloak with a high stiff collar and black silk kerchief centrally adjusted over his black stock, forming an exquisite contrast to the ghastly rakish white of his physiognomy in which all the lines of profligacy had been ploughed by courses of secret but delirious debauchery. Tim in his Sunday's suit of brown and drab with a coloured neckcloth, grey worsted gloves, and greasy hair of a dark mouse-colour combed straight over a brow invested with no expression but that of low scowling depravity. Myself in a jauntily cut costume consisting of dark-green frock-coat, pale buff vest and nankeen pantaloons, my locks singularly light in their hue brushed smartly on one side, my dandy primrose gloves laid across over my hymn book, on which rested my truly patrician hand decorated with a ring on the little finger, the habitual smirk of my face subdued to canting gravity and a preternatural groan every three minutes emitted from the bottom of my lungs. Mr Bromley's short broad Athletic figure having entered the pulpit and having delivered [*end of line cut away*] with suitable power and pathos, all the congregation joined in singing it in strains of such melody as was fitted only for the ears of seraphs. While the last stave was being thundered forth, I noticed that a lady came gliding up the gallery stairs, and as she stood still and seemed in

doubt where to go, lord Macara who sat at the end of our pew opened the door and signed to her to approach. She advanced without hesitation, bowing graciously to Lofty as she seated herself at his side. The sun being now set and the red glow it had left behind being greatly obscured by the oiled paper windows of the chapel through which it had to make its way, I could discern only the outline of the lady's form, which was graceful and prepossessing enough. Amidst the increasing gloom the hymn ceased, and Bromley knelt down to pray. As Macara and his companion inclined forward, I saw the former insinuate one of his sinister and revolting squints under her bonnet, and by the sudden biting of his under lip I judged he had made a discovery. I would have asked him what it was, but Bromley burst upon us in thunder. 'O Lord! A more infernal pack of defiled, depraved, bemired, besotted, bloody, brutal wretches never knelt to worship in thy presence!' Loud, deep genuine and heart-felt rung the responding Amen as Bromley paused to breathe after this first clause of his vesper. He went on: 'Filthy rags are we, potsherds wherewith the leper has scraped himself, bowls of the putrid blood of the sacrifices, sweepings of the courts of thy temple, straws of the dunghill, refuse of the Kennel, Thieves, murderers, slanderers, false-swearers.' 'Amen, Amen!' groaned every hearer from his inmost soul. 'Cheats, Usurers,' added I, looking at my right-hand neighbours Tim and Surena. 'Furniture and fuel for the D—l,' subjoined a strange voice from the body of the chapel. I started and looked over the gallery, but impenetrable obscurity covered the scene beneath. Mr Bromley proceeded: 'Were we to shew all that we have done, all that we have thought during the half hour we have been beneath this roof, the sun would turn black at its abomination! O shed thy grace upon us like a water-spout; wash us, scour us with sand and soap, heave us neck and heels into Nebuchadnezzar's furnace, bound in our coats and hosen, our garments, our shoes and our hat, our bed and bedding, our sheets, blankets, bolster-drawers and pillow-slips. In with our fish-kettle and warming-pan, our gridiron and our porridge-pot, our tureen and our soup-ladle; let nothing escape, for the plague of our iniquity is upon all. O! may we burn through and through—may we be as cinders and ashes upon the altar. Let us not come out like Shadrach, Meshech and Abednego without a hair of our head being singed or without the smell of fire having passed over our raiment. No lord! do thy work thoroughly when the fire is raked; let there be plenty of cokell!' A sharp and simultaneous shout of 'Amen!' again testified the flock's acquiescence in their pastor's pleading. The voice which had spoken before again contributed its appendix: 'And specially O lord shew forth thy mercy and thy power upon our brother Bromley; let him be as a heap of ashes and as



slates when the range is scaled.' This voice was different indeed from the rough bass of Bromley, calm and penetrating rather loud and intensely distinct, with a pure accent and an appalling twang. After an hour of morbid sufferance the prayer wound up, the Door-keeper bearing two mould candles (bought I have no doubt out of *our* shop) was now seen to step out of the vestry. These being elevated in brass sconces one on each side the pulpit dissipated the midnight darkness which had involved the Chapel and shed a light which though dim, was sufficiently clear to reveal to me the person of the lady occupying the further end of our pew. She wore a silk gown and was enveloped in a large and handsome shawl. It was evident a recognition had taken place between her and Macara, for her hand was lying in his, and they were talking in very low whispers. Her head being thus turned towards me, I had a full view of her countenance. In the regular pleasing features, the languid blue eyes, the wan complexion and light reddish hair which I saw suffused with sheepish coquetry and superficial meekness, it was no difficult matter to recognize my aunt, the ci-devant Marchioness of Wellesley. Not chusing however to acknowledge her at that moment and secure from remark in the thorough alteration that had taken place in my own person since she last saw me, I did not speak but again turned my attention to the pulpit. Lo! the scene was changed or at least the actor; two men now filled the little pulpit and seemed as if they would split its sides. One, the square lateral image of Mr Bromley, was seated; the other stood full in front, an exceedingly tall man, and as slender as he was elevated, with a peculiar face, thin and wasted, having features most finely and exactly cut, a shock of dark hair encroaching on his forehead, and eyes that wandered with an excited and disturbed glance over the congregation. His dress was plain and genteel, but the emaciation its close adjustment revealed about the waist and loins was frightful. He took his text without opening the bible: 'I came not to save but to destroy.' And as he uttered it, I knew his voice to be the same I had heard from the body of the chapel. A sermon followed, wandering and wild and terrible. Now it was all curse and denunciation, then it diverged into a strange political harangue, and again the speaker assumed an insane and preposterous tone of scoffing at what himself had said. He seemed to reserve his strength to the conclusion, and then he poured it out in a powerful exhortation to a religious revival. He descended from the pulpit amidst groans and cries and ejaculations. Mr Bromley had introduced him as our Dear Brother Ashworth, but ere two minutes of the sermon had elapsed there was scarcely one in the chapel who did not know Alexander Percyl! As our party, having reached the chapel door, were just beginning to feel the stream of fresh air and to catch a glimpse of the cool night-heavens and glittering starlight, a gentle-

man in a travelling cap pushed through the crowd round us. He laid his hand on Miss Dance's shoulder, who had put herself under the escort of Macara Lofty. 'Mrs Ashworth,' said he, 'a prayer-meeting will take place in the vestry. You must wait till it is over.' That was Northangerland, the exclusive, the ethereal, standing to be elbowed by the crowd of a suburban schism-shop! Macara and Tim and Surena and myself had some queer talk that night over a mutton-chop and a glass of gin and water.

WHILE listening to the talk of coffee-houses, hearing the gossip of news-rooms and reading the speculations of public-prints, amusing ourselves in short with the chit-chat and scandal rife in a great city respecting the characters, on goings and probable destinies of eminent men, we never reflect that the relatives, the wives and daughters of those men, buried out of our sight amidst the seraglio existence of palaces, hear the same reports that we hear, and feel as storms what we consider but light clouds, and as arrow-heads what seem to us only snow-flakes. We view their domes from a distance like shrines; we pass under them, nothing of life appears from their veiled windows, and the imagination will not stretch to the reality of human-beings dwelling within, subject to all the passions and distresses and hopes and fears of mortality. Now in this sweet April evening look at Wellesley-House! The morning was showery, but the clouds are all dispersed now; and the sun in its decline sheds so rich and mild a light that the white mansion seems absolutely to slumber in gold. Go close up to it, ascend the steps and stand under the vestibule. Not a voice is heard from within, the square lies silent and solitary, the vast murmur of Verdopolis rises all round and beyond that of the sea—but these far off sounds add only to the calm pervading this immediate neighbourhood. Do you think of sorrow and of turmoil now, of hearts which throb to hear the Nocturn of the great world, to read the columns of the daily newspapers, to receive the tidings of the morning and evening Post? You do not; 'mais allons, nous verrons davantage.' 'The Duchess will take tea in the west-drawing-room to-day, Greenwood.' 'Yes, madam, William has carried the equipage there—there is a card, madam, for my lady.' 'A card! Hah! this is right! bring that writing-case, Greenwood.' Mr Peascodd obeyed, and the lady who spoke, sat down at a table, and taking a sheet of satin note-paper began to write. She and the gentleman in waiting were the only figures in a large hall; the only figures I mean that had life, for silent forms in marble stood in many a niche, some reposing pallid and cold in the shade, and others kindling almost to animation, as the glowing sunbeams streamed on them through the windows. One level ray rested also on the lady above alluded to: it

suffused with warm light, a tall well-modelled woman of five and twenty with very black hair curling down on her neck, a sallow complexion, long face, Italian features, expressive and solemn dark eyes and a carriage of aristocratic dignity. She was attired in black silk having robings of some rich fur down the front and large hanging sleeves of white lawn. A full boa of the same fur loosely encircled her stately neck, round which also was clasped a collar of pearl and silver. Having finished her billet she called for a taper, sealed it and delivered it into the care of Greenwood saying, 'Let it be transmitted immediately.' She then rose and glided in to the west-drawing-room. Now the west-drawing-room is a very pleasant apartment, with windows that open on to a terrace of flowers and green sward, checquered whether by sunlight or moonlight with the trembling shadows of some slim young aspens. Away from these windows, out of sight of the sunshine and out of hearing of the whispering aspen leaves, the Queen of Angria was sitting close by a large bright fire. Her sofa was covered with many beautiful little volumes, bound in white and crimson and green and purple Russia. Some were open, displaying exquisite engravings, silver paper and fair type on a surface almost like ivory. One had dropped from her hand and lay at the footstool at her feet; and she was leaning back with her eyes closed and her thoughts wandering in day-dreams either of bliss or mourning. The opening of the door and the approach of Miss Clifton did not rouse her. 'This will never do,' said that lady in an under tone, looking anxiously at her royal mistress's relaxed form supported by the sofa cushions, and at her features, whose expression or rather whose want of expression intimated that her mind had slid into a voluntary syncope of exertion. She shook her gently. The Duchess unclosed her eyes and said with a faint smile, 'I was not asleep.' 'But you were unconscious, my lady,' answered Miss Clifton. 'Nearly so; but, Amelia, what time is it? are the mails come in? Are any letters arrived?' 'No, my lady, it is not yet seven o'clock—but your Grace will take tea now.' And Miss Clifton proceeded to busy herself with the silver equipage glittering on the table. The Duchess dropped her head on her hand. 'Is the sun shining hot this evening?' said she. 'I feel very languid and inert.' Alas it was not the mild sun of April glistening even now, on the lingering raindrops of the morning which caused that sickly languor; and so Miss Clifton thought, but she held her peace. 'I wish the mails would come in,' continued the Duchess; 'how long is it since I've had a letter now, Amelia?' 'Three weeks, my lady.' 'If none comes this evening, what shall I do, Amelia? I shall never get time on till to-morrow. Oh I do dread those long weary sleepless nights I've had lately—tossing through so many hours on a wide lonely bed,

with the lamps decaying round me. Now I think I could sleep if I only had a kind letter for a talisman to press to my heart all night long, Amelia. I'd give any-thing to get from the east this evening a square of white paper directed in that light rapid hand. But no—the rumours we have heard in Verdopolis have spread to Angria by this time; it is known that my father has seen Ardrah, and in that case I may go to Alnwick and hope no more. Would he but write two lines to me signed with his name.' 'My lady,' said Miss Clifton, as she placed a little silver vessel of tea and a plate of biscuit before her mistress, 'you will hear from the East this evening, and that before many minutes elapse. Mr Warner is in Verdopolis and will wait upon you immediately.' It was pleasant to see how a sudden beam of joy shot into the settled sadness of queen Mary's face. 'I am thankful to heaven for it,' exclaimed she. 'Even if he brings bad news, it will be a relief from suspense, and if good news this heart-sickness will be removed for a moment.' As she spoke a foot was heard in the ante-chamber. There was a light tap at the door, and Mr Warner entered closely muffled, as it was absolutely necessary that he should avoid remark, for the sacrifice of his liberty would have been the result of recognition. With something of chivalric devotedness in his manner he sunk on one knee before the Duchess, and respectfully touched with his lips the hand she offered him. A gleam of eager anxiety darted into his eyes as he rose, looked at her, and saw the pining and joyless shadow which had settled on her divine features, her blanched delicacy of complexion and fragile attenuation of [*rest of line cut away*] 'Your Grace is wasting away,' said he abruptly, the first greeting being past. 'You are going into a decline; you have imagined things to be worse than they really are; you have frightened yourself with fantastic surmises.' 'I wish I could think so,' said the Duchess. 'I wish I could believe that my apprehensions have been all fanciful, that I have distressed myself with nervous terrors. Prove it to me, Mr Warner, I will hold myself your debtor for life.' Mr Warner made no direct answer. He walked twice or thrice across the room, then sitting down began instantly to enter upon the business that had brought him there. It was to examine and re-arrange some state-papers which had been placed in the Duchess's custody when she was Regent during the last Etreian campaign. Having received the documents and acquired the necessary information, he sat for a moment silent. The Duchess was standing near the window, gazing on the alternation of silver and green and golden-sunlight visible on the play of the aspen leaves, but not thinking what her eyes rested upon. She was pondering how to bring forward subjects which lay bitterly at her heart. Warner had given her no letter yet, no verbal message, he had not so much as mentioned the name that ever

ring in her ears. While she waited in racking impatience, Mr Warner broke the silence. 'My Lady,' said he, speaking soft and low, 'may I presume to ask if you know anything of the proceedings of the Earl your father? if you have seen him since he arrived at Verdo-polis?' 'I have not, neither have I heard from him; the rumours of the press are all I have to depend on for information respecting him, and the press always belied him. But Mr Warner, what have you heard in Angria regarding his movements?' 'That he has opened two lines of communication, one with Ardrah and one with Montmorency,' returned the Secretary concisely. 'And what effect has that intelligence produced?' 'It has revolted the minds of the army and nation most utterly. The Angrians feel themselves to be men, and men of strong passions, my lady, when they hear that their nominal prime Minister is in alliance with their deadly foes.' Mary Henrietta turned from the window. 'Mr Warner,' said she suppressing her voice almost to a whisper, 'you know I have interest in this question; answer me without reserve; what does my lord, what does the Duke of Zamorna say to all these evil tidings?' Warner knitted his brows. 'I would have avoided this subject,' returned he, 'but since your Majesty commands me I must speak. The Duke says nothing!' 'But what does he think?' pursued Mary, eagerly following up the path into which she had struck. 'How does he look? You can read his countenance surely, at least I could.' 'His countenance is paler than when your Grace last saw him, and it expresses thought and mental disquietude.' 'And—and—' continued the Duchess, throwing off restraint and writhing with impatience as she spoke, 'have you no letter for me, Mr Warner; do you bring no message, no word of his welfare and no inquiry after mine?' 'My lady, I have not so much as a syllable for you, not so much as a scrap of paper.' 'Then his children,' said she, her excitement still increasing; 'he must have mentioned their names, Frederick and Julius, he must have spoken of his sons; they are his own flesh and blood, and my little Arthur, who was only two months old when he went, he must have wished to know whether he still promised to be as exact a copy as ever.' 'My lady, he did mention his children; he said, If you see the boys, tell me how they are; and he looked as if he would have said something more. But when I stopped to receive further directions, he dismissed me hastily. Do not doubt, however, that he was thinking of yourself.' 'And he would not mention my name!' said the Duchess. 'I am nothing to him. I am utterly surprised by my father's actions. Oh I used to be sinfully proud of such a father, and I am so still, but my pride is eating away my happiness like rust. Mr Warner, you don't know what I feel just now, a restlessness and trembling all over which I cannot endure. To let the Duke of Zamorna lose his

impressions of me, familiarize himself with dark ideas, and grow like rock in his resolutions to make me the atonement for his premier's awful wanderings!—and I cannot try one effort to soften him, separated by one hundred and twenty miles. He would think of me more as a woman, I am sure, and less as a bodiless link between himself and my terrible father, if I were near at hand. Warner this irritation throughout all my nerves is intolerable. I am not accustomed to disappointment and delay in what I wish. When do you return to Angria?' 'To-morrow, my lady, before day-light if possible.' 'And you travel incognito of course?' 'I do.' 'Make room in your carriage then for me—I must go with you. Not a word, I implore you, Mr Warner, of expostulation. I should have died before morning if I had not hit upon this expedient.' Mr Warner heard her in silence. He saw it was utterly vain to oppose her, but in his heart he hated the adventure. He saw its rashness and peril, besides he had calculated the results of the Duke's determination over and over again—he had weighed advantages against disadvantages, profit against loss, the separation from the father against the happiness of the daughter, and in his severe and ambitious eye, the latter scale seemed far to kick the beam. He bowed to the Duchess, said she should be obeyed, and left the room.

Morning was just awakening, but the hush of the dearest hour of night pervaded all the Palace. One room in the centre of the West wing nestled in especial shade and silence, and slumberous gloom, increased by the dark and rich dyes of its hangings and carpets, filled the air. Dawning dim and doubtful stole through the windows, but it scarcely as yet paled the light of an alabaster lamp suspended from the ceiling. This light shone full on two fair white beds placed side by side, small in size and exquisitely classical in design. The snowy curtains being looped up with white silk cords, there appeared buried in down and spotless cambric three sleeping infants. Their heads were unprofaned by covering, and the dark curls of one little rosy model and the golden ringlets of the two fair elder children, gleamed richly in the lamplight as they rested on their small serene brows. All had eyelids of beautiful form and polish and long romantic eye-lashes pencilled like dark fringes round the lid. They lay in happy slumber, symbols of tranquillity. Day kindled, and the lamp waxed dim. The changing light roused the youngest sleeper. It woke, and according to the custom of childhood, for it was a living baby and not a mere waxen image, it began a piping lament to find itself alone. Presently the others unclosed their superb eyes as dark as midnight. One of them rose and peeped with uncanny keenness over the side of his own crib into that of his little brother. It pushed its tiny hand upon the other's mouth, and creeping quickly to its

nest proceeded to enforce silence by manual discipline intermixed however with kisses and such expressions as [*word indecipherable*] Arthur! little [*rest of line cut away*]. Happy was it for the peace of the Royal nursery that at this moment there softly entered one to intercede. It was a lady dressed in a pelisse of grey silk with silver clasps down the middle, a small cottage bonnet of straw placed far back on her head and showing light auburn curls clustered over a brow of perfect parian, a large veil of gauze thrown over this and a muff of ermine in her hand. She was an elegant creature, a perfect lady. Not a queen or a duchess, not a conservatory plant, nor a wild rose, but a graceful garden Narcissus. She glided to the twin beds and bending over looked at her children, for they were hers. In the sweetest tones she chid the diminutive tyrant and took the small weeper warm and cozy in its muslin night chemisette to her bosom. It smiled, and was still the moment its cheek was placed to that sweet rest. Then reproachfully yet indulgently she looked at the other two, and a ray of pride kindled her glance as she saw the life and brilliancy of their aspects, and viewed their quick and healthy movements as they clung about her and pushed their curled heads into her bosom to share the pillow pressed by Arthur. It was a group worthy to be seen, and one that Mary felt even her Husband's haughty soul would have been gratified to witness. She was white as marble when she came into the room, but her cheek glowed animatedly as she caressed the King's children and remembered that they were the King's. 'Good bye, Romella; good bye, Hawkscliffe,' said she, proud to give her first-born their titles, and clasping the twin heirs of a military throne at once in her arms, 'And good bye, Arthur Wellesley,' she continued, dropping her tenderest kisses on the child that had least of her own pale refinement and most of its father's luxuriant and rosy beauty. 'Papa shall hear of you to-night, if mamma is well enough received herself, to dare to plead for others. I may draw a little on his kindness, since I am the mother of three such noble boys.' She laid them all in their nests, gently spread the covering over them, and committing them to the care of their nurses, who had now entered the room, she departed.

In an hour's time the disguised Queen and the outlawed secretary of Angria had left Verdopolis, and, safe in their own rebellious but beautiful country, were rolling eastward with all the speed six gallant bays could muster. The Queen's oppressed spirits rose as she felt the excitement of rapid motion, saw the lovely province of Arundel unfolding round her, and beheld the glorious, glorious Sun which, just risen, seemed advancing to meet them. 'May my lord shine on me as his symbol does now,' thought she. 'What am I? I am not an

atom in the scale of existence; I am the only daughter of Percy, who now troubles Verdopolis and beneath her foundations opens flood-gates which perhaps none may close. I am the wife of that military adventurer, that prince of my native West, who now heads this young country in its desperate resistance to old allied nations. I have a great stake in the Royal game now playing. If Northangerland and Zamorna make me the link between them, must not I, who have a separate existence, urge my separate claims, and still try to work for myself an even path in this vale of tears through which we are all travelling? Must I not be my own intercessor before Zamorna? Who else will step into the gap between the living and the Dead? None. Nil desperandum.'

Night closed on the holy city of Angrial the ecclesiastical city! now alas the depot of War. Formerly that ancient town rested quietly among the moors under the shade of its minster; now it seemed but one great barracks. The evening drum, the twilight bugle sounded from the band of many a regiment. Soldiers and plumed officers were parading the streets where staid civilians formerly walked. The peal of the minster-bells was drowned in the deep boom of the sunset gun. And the blue Guadimal the verdant lugs declining to its waters! they should have been asleep in the parting glow of day. Look! hundreds of cavalry men are washing and watering their horses in that clear river; some are caracoling their chargers along its banks and some are swimming them down the tide, while laughter and shouts and snatches of songs pass merrily from group to group. It was the 2d of April; I shall remember it, for standing on Richmond Bridge, I saw the scene above described. The heavens were gathering their sombre blue. In the quarter where the full and newly risen moon hung over the Warner hills that blue was softened by a suffusion of mellow gold, the Zenith was dark, and little stars were kindling out of its gloom. 'Is any one man amongst the scores that surround me thinking about that sky?' said I, speaking unconsciously aloud. 'No, why the d—l should they, Mr Townshend?' answered a voice close at my elbow. I looked. A young officer in scarlet and white, stood carelessly leaning against the parapet. As my glance encountered his light and rather reckless eye he laughed and said, 'You know William Percy, I dare say, so there's no need of introduction. You seem to think there is something very charming in that sky, Mr Townshend. I've seen far finer when I was a gipsy in the West. You know I had opportunities for star-gazing then, for the d—l a roof I had to roost under in the night time, and as the old ditty of Cecillia's goes:



Lanes were sweet at summer midnight;  
Flower and moss were cool with dew;  
There was neither blast nor breeze to chill me;  
Silent shade of solemn hue  
Stole o'er skies intensely blue.

I looked and thought the stars were piercing  
That gazed on me like eyes of light:  
So still and fixed they seemed to watch me,  
Ranked in myriads high and bright,  
Kindling, burning, through the night.

If the hazel waved above me,  
Or the wild-rose stretched its spray  
O'er the green and dewy coppice,  
I have shuddered where I lay  
At thoughts which never came by day.

Huml that's not true. I believe I was too stupid in those days to be afraid of anything.' 'Are you of a poetical temperament, Major Percy?' asked I. 'You be d——,' was the civil answer. 'No, the only poetical propensity I have is to prefer the smell of the earth to that of a cotton-mill, wherein I diametrically differ from that grubbing ear-wig at Edwardston. I say, Mr Townshend, whose cab is that coming? I'll be sworn the worm in that shell thinks itself a man of importance, he drives at such a rate.' A close carriage dashed past us as he spoke. It stopped at the toll-bar to pay. Change was wanting, and during the five minutes delay that intervened, there came galloping down from the city along Howard Road, eight splendid steeds each attended by a groom in scarlet, their pampered and glossy flanks covered with ample embroidered horse-cloths to keep them from the cold night-air. The shores and the stream resounded with their neighing and prancing, pawing when they were reined up on the river-side. More magnificent animals never neighed by the tent of an Arab warrior. They looked like spirit steeds as they stood bending their necks clothed in thunder to drink the moonlight waves and surrounded by the dark flitting forms of their attendants. 'Those are the Duke's horses,' said a voice within the carriage. The flutter of a gauze veil caught my eye as a lady bent from the window for a moment. Her form vanished instantly and the barouche drove on. The gas-light at the toll-bar had shot a strong clear beam on her features. Their divine beauty thrilled my heart. I felt as an Italian might feel on suddenly recognizing a head of the Vatican Aphrodite in a foreign land. 'That's a lovely creature,' said I, turning to William Percy. 'Yon'd's the secretary Warner's carriage,' he answered, 'though it does not bear his arms. It comes from Verdopolis, and by

my life that face was a bit like my own. I should not be surprised if my august brother-in-law get's a start to night. But, Mr Townshend, just keep a quiet tongue in your head; it will do no good talking of the thing. I guessed this up-shot when Warner was sent to Verdopolis. Now there's a sort of convenience in having little connection with my illustrious sister, I'm not obliged to distress myself about her welfare. But good-night, Mr Townshend, those Tom-fools of our mess-table are coming this way, and I'm not anxious for their company.'—We parted on the Bridge, and each went his separate way. As I strolled on, the pleasant soft air, the clear darkness of heaven, the sight of its moon and stars in the Guadima, and the sound of warlike tunes still swelling from the streets of Angria filled my mind I know not how with delicious yet vague associations of the West, and snatches of old long forgotten songs came gushing back—songs that I used to read from my mother's cahier of romances; Songs that I knew lord Douro had sung to the Baroness of Gordon far off in hallowed Glen-Avon.

The Chapelle stood and watched the way,  
Its Cross still mouldered there,  
But neither priest nor penitent  
Now bowed the knee in prayer.

The lamps around our Lady's shrine  
Were dimmed, were quenched for aye,  
But still upon her brow divine  
The moon-beams slumbering lay.

That night Maria thought her fair  
And pure, and meet to be  
The offerer of a fervid prayer,  
O God in Heaven! to Thee.

And for her fierce and faithless love  
Maria wildly prayed.  
St Mary, did'st thou smile above  
Thine altar's solemn shade,

As rose amid the eerie hush  
All through thy lone Chapelle  
Petitions breathed in agony  
For one beloved too well?

Maria, die before that shrine:  
Thy lord will love thee, then;  
When thou art gone, in bitterness  
He'll wish thee back again!

Amid a life of woes and tears  
 O Brightest! cease to stay.  
 Hark! the wailing wind in the rifted arch  
 Says, 'lady, pass away!'

The lake the Chapelle looks upon  
 Is calm and still and deep;  
 Maria thinks how pleasantly  
 She there might sink to sleep.

The Chapelle and the Holy Cross  
 Gaze calmly from the brae  
 On another shrine and crucifix,  
 As fair and clear as they!

It chanced upon that summer night  
 Dark Henry home did ride;  
 For ancient fondness, fitfully,  
 Came o'er him for his bride.

Dark Henry sought his lady's bower,  
 But his lady's bower was lone;  
 It was mirk midnight at that shadowy hour:  
 Oh! where could she be gone?

Dark Henry hied to St Mary's lake,  
 He hied to Madonna's shrine;  
 Not a whispered word does the silence break  
 That reigns where those wall-flowers twine.

A ripple curls on the placid mere,  
 Though there is no wind to sigh;  
 And a single foam-bell bubbles clear  
 Where the leaves of that lily lie.

Far, far under that fairy sea  
 Slumbers Maria placidly!

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Angria-House is a large simple stone-building perfectly unadorned in its architecture, but having a handsome door-way and a noble flight of steps in front. It is, as my readers know, the residence of Warner Howard Warner Esqr. and at this time the head-quarters of the King. On the night in question many staff officers and field-

Marshals of the Angrian army were gathered in the great Dining-room of this mansion. The guests were principally grouped about the large fires that glowed at each end. At either side of one mantle-piece stood two arm-chairs, wherein appeared the stately forms of General lord Hartford and Field marshal the earl of Arundel, leaning easily back with their lengthy limbs crossed and their heads of black and flaxen hair supported on hands sheathed in white gauntlet gloves. General Thornton and Viscount Castlereagh stood on the rug between, and the whole four were absorbed in an animated strain of conversation. 'I like this deepening of the plot,' lord Hartford was saying. 'A sudden dissolution might be followed by a sudden reunion. But this gradual aggravation, this slow heaping up of injuries on each side, will terminate in some lasting catastrophe, depend upon it.' 'Aye,' said Thornton, 'I'twa' nobbut an out-break of passion fra' th' Duke he'd repent on't, but he like gets blacker and blacker every day. Na' at dinner this afternoon, he niver smiled nor spak a word except to say something to Enara abaat picquets.' 'And he took no wine either,' added Castlereagh. 'I was quite scandalized at him for my part when he rose from table without even sipping his usual glass of champaigne.' 'But,' continued Arundel, 'he looks at us all with a very peculiar expression sometimes. Now yesterday when he was reviewing the troops with his whole staff about him, there was something in his face which seemed to say, "These are men worth their ears, and they can hold their own and fight for their honour and their country right gallantly. Are they not better to me than ten Traitors? A throne may be shaken that does not rest on their shoulders for support."'" 'It will be found that we are men whom it is dangerous to insult grossly and brutally,' returned Hartford. 'There was a speech made once in that Parliament-House at Adrianopolis by a bad man coming back from exile, which furiously and insanely assaulted men of high birth, of hereditary pride, of feudal ideas respecting aristocracy, of constitutional vigour and hardihood. Men that had never before received an insult without wiping it out instantly in the blood of the offender. And this atrocious speech was uttered under circumstances which entirely prohibited revenge. Blood which boiled, hearts which panted and thirsted for vengeance as theirs did on that memorable night can never either be cooled or satisfied, till the blast of the last Trumpet shall summon all flesh to a final settlement of accounts.' 'God knows I have a heavy book to lay open,' exclaimed Arundel. 'But there's the millennium, the thousand years of peace! "Ochone aril!" as we say in the West,—and that horrible battle of Armageddon to intervene before the Judgement-Day; and though such free Bachelors as you Hartford may not understand me, I can tell you, I've a ladye-love at

Mournly Crag in my own Savannah's South awa' whose black eyes I have more than once seen filled with tears when she read and heard the blackguard abuse vomitted forth by that Demon on her chevalier. I should like to get payment for those tears before that day comes when I may prefer my claims before the throne of the Ancient of Days.' 'Harriet never cried about me,' said Castlereagh, 'but the outlaw's a traitorous overbearing rascal with neither the feelings nor ideas of a man of honour; and it would do both my heart and my eyes good to see him hanged as high as Haman.'—'And mine too!' added Thornton. 'And if Edward Percy would let me kick away the scaffold fro under him, he sud knot the rope ower his jugular.' 'What is this revelation of a most unchristian spirit that I hear?' said a most dulcet voice in the back-ground. 'Gentlemen, did you ever read the bible or repeat the Lord's prayer in your lives? This blood-thirsty conversation will do much more harm to yourselves than to the sinful and miserable man against whom it is directed. The Arbiter of Heaven punishes Northangerland's vices by his own mind. The blighted Traitor's thoughts are the continual scourge of his actions. It would become you instead of anticipating revenge with the same kind of animal joy that your dogs feel when they are upon the traces of a deer: to take warning in silence from the unhappy criminal.' It was Warner who spoke. He had entered the room in his travelling-dress, pale and evidently fatigued, but with his indomitable soul flashing out from his unquenchable eyes. The military Gentlemen warmly congratulated him on his safe return from the perilous expedition to Verdopolis. As Castlereagh shook hands with him he said, 'Would you let the earl go then, Warner, if you were to catch him?' 'No, I would remove him from the world as speedily as might be, but decently and with all the privileges of religion at his command.'—'Have you seen the Duke since your return?' asked Hartford. 'I have not, and I wish to see him now. I thought perhaps he might be here.' 'Oh! no, he has never stirred from his own apartment this evening.' 'Hah!' replied Warner. 'Gloomy? that is right. I wished that mood to continue.' So saying he departed to seek his master.

Warner paused a moment before he entered the apartment where he knew Zamorna to be. All was silent. He tapped. A very, very light step was heard from within, and the door was opened by a slim fairy figure of about three feet high with a graceful head of brown curls. In a voice of childish treble but with singular sweetness and purity of accent, the little Porter animatedly welcomed Mr Warner. 'Come in,' said he, 'I'm so glad you've escaped from that kidnapping Ardrah, but tread softly for Papa is asleep.' The room was a library. Shelves and volumes formed the walls, and the few

other articles of furniture that appeared were simple and in fine taste. There was a sofa near the fire, and on that sofa lay the long, long figure of Zamorna with arms folded on his bosom and eyes closed. The aspect of the sleeping monarch fixed his minister in attention for a while. There lay a symmetrical, compact and imposing form, limbs all splendidly developed, head chiselled and moulded to imaginative beauty, dark profuse hair, finely relieving the brilliant tint of a complexion that, whatever it might be sometimes, was glowing enough this evening. But notwithstanding all this outside shew of rich vigorous health, Warner felt with startling force at the moment a conviction he had long entertained, that in the timber of this stately tree there was a flaw which would eat ere the lapse of many years to its heart. Turning his excited glance on Ernest, he said abruptly, 'Wake your father my lord Gordon.' The boy climbed onto the sofa and creeping to his father's breast, roused him by whispering softly in his ear. The Duke's eyes unclosed. He removed Ernest with a kiss and a slight expression of pain from him as if he could not bear the child's light weight on his chest. His glance encountered Warner's—it brightened. 'I knew you were come, Howard,' said he, 'for I heard your voice below a quarter of an hour since. 'Well, have you procured the Documents?' 'Yes, and I have delivered them to your Grace's private secretary.' 'They were at Wellesley house, of course?' 'Yes, in the Duchess's own keeping. She said you wished them to be preserved with care. Her Grace,' continued Warner after a brief pause, 'asked very anxiously after you.' The stern field-marshal look came over the Duke as he lay Giant-like on his couch, and the momentary mildness melted away. 'I need not ask you how Mary Wellesley looks,' said he in his deep undertone. 'Because I know better than you can tell me. She looks like one condemned to wish intensely for something she can never get, that is white and worn as the beau-ideal of a beauty in a shroud. I say, Howard, did she not ask you for a letter?' 'She did; she almost entreated me for one.' 'And you had not one to give her,' answered his Sovereign, while with a low bitter laugh he turned on his couch and was silent. Warner paced the room with a troubled step. 'My lord, are you doing right?' exclaimed he, pausing suddenly. 'The matter lies between God and your own conscience. I know that the kingdom must be saved at any hazard of individual peace or even life. I advocate expediency, my lord; in the Government of a state I allow of equivocal means to procure a just end. I sanction the shedding of blood and the cutting up of domestic happiness by the roots to stab a traitor to the heart. But nevertheless I am a man, Sire, and after what I have seen during the last day or two I ask your Majesty with solemn earnestness, Is there no way by which the

heart of Northangerland may be reached except through the breast of my Queen?" "Warner!" answered Zamorna, still not stirring from his recumbent position. "But two living creatures in the world know the nature of the relations that have existed between Alexander Percy and myself. From the very beginning in my inmost soul, while I watched his devious and eccentric course, I swore that if he broke those bonds and so turned to vanity and scattered in the air sacrifices that I had made and words that I had spoken; if he made as dust and nothingness causes for which I have endured jealousies and burning strife and emulations amongst those I loved; if he froze feelings that in me are like living fire, I would have revenge. In all but one quarter he is fortified and garrisoned. He can bid me defiance, but one quarter lies open to my javelin, and dipped in venom I will launch it quivering into his very spirit—so help me Hell!" "Hell will help you," returned Warner quite coolly; "and I fear my lord, God will veil his face from you for ever. Remember men may so tempt the Holy Spirit that it will finally leave us. I do not expostulate; I know you are decided; but I fear a man reprobate and d—d in this life is my Sovereign—I fear I serve [*Next line cut away.*] A sad smile, a sort of mournful reminiscence of what Zamorna is in his hours of sociality, softened the Monarch's eyes; and he held out his hand to his Secretary, saying, "Touch me, Howard; I am kindly flesh and blood yet." Mr Warner wrung that hand till the rings nearly entered the slender finger, and holding it fast clasped in both his own said with earnest emphasis, "O Sire, what am I to you? I am neither of your name nor your kindred. Neither are you of mine. You are above me in rank, and it is human nature to hate our superiors. I do *not* hate you. I have an interest in you, a deep interest—I who am a man under authority, having soldiers under me, and I say unto this man go and he goeth, and to another come and he cometh. I have condescended to grow attached to a stranger who has come from a distant country and over my hereditary hills has stretched a sway paramount to my own. And incessantly am I haunted by the certain knowledge that this man, who has his reward on Earth in superior gifts and more splendid endowments than other men, that he has no place amongst the elect of God. Long before the foundations of the world were laid, you were numbered with the everlastingly condemned; all your thought and your words, the whole bent of your mind prove it. When you die, Sire, and you are not formed for a long life, I shall bid you an eternal farewell. Your pulse once at rest, we never may meet again!" "There is a lady in the next room wishes to see you," continued Warner, hastily changing his tone and manner. "The wife I think she says of an officer in the Angrian army. She seems exceedingly anxious to have an audience. May I admit her here?" "As

you like,' replied the Duke, scarcely seeming conscious of what he said.

In about ten minutes after Warner's departure the lady in question entered the room by an inner door. Zamorna was now risen from his couch and stood in full stature before the fire. He turned to her at first carelessly; but his keen eye was quickly lit up with interest when it saw the elegant figure, whose slight youthful proportions and graceful carriage agreeing with her dress, the simple pelisse, the pretty cottage bonnet, and the costly ermine muff, produced an effect of such lady-like harmony. While dropping a profound obeisance she contrived so to arrange her large veil as to hide her face. As she did this her hand trembled. Then she paused and leaned against a book-case near the door. Zamorna now saw that she shook from head to foot. Speaking in his tone of most soothing melody, he told her to draw near and placed a chair for her close by the hearth. She made an effort to obey, but it was evident she would have dropped if she had quitted her support. His Grace smiled, a little surprised at her extreme agitation. 'I hope, madam,' said he, 'my presence is not the cause of your alarm'; and advancing he kindly gave her his hand and led her to a seat. As she grew a little calmer, he addressed her again, still in tones of the softest encouragement. 'I think Mr Warner said you were the wife of an officer in my army: what is his name?'

'Archer,' replied the lady, dropping one silver word for the first time. 'And have you any request to make concerning your husband? Speak out freely, madam; if it be reasonable I will grant it.' She made some answer but in a tone too low to be audible. 'Be so kind as to remove your veil, madam,' said the Duke. 'It prevents me from hearing what you say distinctly.' She hesitated a moment; then as if she had formed some sudden resolution, she loosened the satin knot that confined her bonnet and taking off both it and her veil let them drop on the carpet. His majesty now caught a glimpse of a beautiful blushing face; but in a moment clusters of curls fell over it, and it was likewise concealed by two delicate little white hands with many rings sparkling on the taper fingers. The Sovereign of the East was non-plussed, and he had an acute eye for most of these matters, but he did not quite understand the growing trembling embarrassment of his lovely suppliant. He repeated the question he had before put to the lady respecting the nature of her petition. 'Sire,' said she at length, 'I want your Majesty's gracious permission to see my dear, dear husband once more in this world before he leaves me for ever.' She looked up, parted from her fair forehead her auburn curls, and raised her mild brown eyes, tearful and earnest and imploring to a face that grew crimson under their glance. The King's



heart beat and throbbed till its motion could be seen in the heaving of his splendid chest. He seemed fixed in his attitude, standing before the lady, slightly bent over her, an inexpressible sparkle commencing and spreading to a flash in his eyes, the current of his life-blood rising to his cheek and his forehead dark with solemn, awful, desperate thought. Mary clasped her hands and waited. She did not know whether love or indignation would prevail. She saw that both feelings were at work. Her suspense was at an end; the thunder-cloud broke asunder in a burst of electric-passion! He turned from his Duchess and flung open the door. A voice rung along the Halls of Angria-House, summoning Warner—a voice having the spirit of a trumpet, the depth of a drum in its tone. Before it could possibly be answered, the invocation was repeated, with the impatient, haughty, terrible accent of a Despot driven to desperation. ‘WARNER!’ The Secretary was now in the dining-room with the staff. All heard the voice and were witness to the stricken look of Warner and the exclamation of ‘My God, what has come across him!’ which accompanied it. He went. In a minute he found himself in the library; he shut and bolted the double door mechanically. The Duke fronted him, animated, not with Promethean fire but with real lightening—‘How dared you do what you have done?’ said he at once. ‘How dared you bring my wife here, when you know I’d rather have an evil-spirit given to my arms this night? you must have been conscious, Sir, that I had wrought up my resolution with toil and trouble, that I had decided to let her die, if her father cut loose, and decided with agony, and what possessed you to ruin it all and set me the whole torturing task over again? You know this mental anguish shortens what you said here an hour since and what I knew before to be my very brief allotment of life on earth. You know what accursed way I tend after my Mother, and you know how I loved Percy, and what it is costing me to send him to the D—!!! Look at his Daughter! I’m to stand her devotion and beseeching, am I? but I will, though you’ve swept away all perception of the reasons why I should. I’ll go on the tack of blind obstinacy now. Leave me, Warner. I felt as if I could shoot you five minutes since. I was phrenzied, it was the rolling back of the stone: Sysiphus had got to the top of the hill, and his sinews being all cracked he felt as if he could never get it up again. I’m a little cooler now: leave me!’

Warner whose Angelic philosophy had been little shaken by this appalling hurricane would have stopped to give his Grace a brief homily on the wickedness of indulging in violent passions—but a glance of entreaty from the Duchess prevailed on him to withdraw in silence.

It was with a sensation of pleasurable terror that Mary found herself again alone with the Duke, he had not yet spoken one harsh word to her, he had even said what thrilled her with delight. Still it was awful to be Zamorna's sole companion in this hour of his ire. And how much better than to be one hundred and twenty miles away from him. She was soon near enough. The Duke gazing at her pale and sweet loveliness till he felt there was nothing in the world he loved half so well and conscious that her delicate attenuation was for his sake, appreciating too the idolatry that had brought her through such perils to see him at all hazards, threw himself impetuously beside her and soon made her tremble as much with the ardour of his caresses as she had done with the dread of his wrath. 'I'll seize the few hours of happiness you have thrown in my way Mary' said he as she clung to him and called him her adored glorious Adrian, 'but these kisses and tears of thine and this intoxicating beauty shall not change my resolution—I *will* rend you my lovely rose entirely from me, I'll plant you in your father's garden again. I must do it, he compels me.' 'I don't care' said the Duchess swallowing the delicious draught of the moment, and turning from the dark future to the glowing present shrined in Zamorna. 'I feel now as I did for one instant when we parted on that winter's morning—and I am far happier now, for you were to leave me before the sun was up and to-night I may stay with you for many hours—but if you *do* divorce me Zamorna will you never, never take me back to you? must I die inevitably before I am twenty?' The Duke looked at her in silence; he could not cut off hope—'The event has not taken place yet Mary and there lingers a possibility that it may be averted, but love should you take the crown off that sweet brow, the crown I placed over those silken curls on the day of our coronation—Should you be transplanted to Alnwick do not live hopeless in the old mansion. You may on some moonlight night hear Adrian's whistle under your window when you least expect it. Then step out on to the Parapet and I'll lift you in my arms from thence to the terrace—and from that time for ever Mary though Angria shall have no Queen and Percy shall have no daughter, yet Zamorna shall not be a widower though the world may call him so—' 'Adrian' said the Duchess 'how different you are, how very different when I get close to you; you never seemed stern yet when I was near enough to touch you and look into your eyes, but at a distance you appear quite unapproachable; I wish, I wish my father was as near to you now as I am or at least almost as near not quite, because I am to your creeping plant, I twine about you like ivy, and he is a tree to grow side by side with you; if he were in this room I should be satisfied, matters would assume a different aspect then.' What answer Zamorna made I know not but he [*corner of MS. torn away*] curtain

I don't know when the Duchess returned to Wellesley house but she is there now. Good-bye Reader.

April 29th, 1836

It is all up! I never thought to have seen this! What the Invincible! where's the use of a nick-name. Let no man henceforth be proud of a good leg it will not supply the place of brains. After all there is a shade of difference more important than plurality between understandings and understanding. Men are beginning to despise this hasty Sun which sets before nine o'clock in the morning, they ask was it but an overgrown farthing-candle? and that blade of Damascene steel on which they leant with such confidence, lo! it has crashed under them and they demand was it Harlequin's sword of lath? 'Gentlemen and ladies walk in, here's the modern Alexander sat there and chained, to be seen at the low price of six-pence for grown-up people and three-pence ha'penny for children and nurse-maids. There that's the Eastern Bonaparte, the Juvenile Caesar, the Hannibal, the Scipio Africanus, the Pyrrhus, the Pompey, le Charles douze, le Grand Frederic of the Levant, him you observe in the shabby-genteel black coat with the pepper and salt trowsers like a broken-down military chaplain; he's got a pipe in one hand and an old Gazette in the other and the liquor in that glass at his elbow is Gin. Come forward Ladies and Gentlemen, the young people need not be afraid, he'll do them no harm. "Now sir be as good as stir your stumps: stand up and tell the swells how like little wanton boys that swim on bladders this many summers in a sea of glory you've floated on till your high-blown pride at length broke under you. There speak out," his voice gentlemen is not what it used to be. Gin and bad-luck have cracked it. "So sir sing a little clearer, that'll never do, that's a mere asthmatic wheeze; d'ye hear me ball out smart or I'll" '—here a floorer concluded the scene. Ain't that pretty Reader? What a nice thing that we have the Gilded Globe on the top of St Michael's dis-severed from the cross and cupola by a thunder-storm to kick about as a foot-ball. The following is a paragraph from the Warning Binnacle. 'We really doubt whether much of the blame resulting from the late bloody proceedings in the East is to be laid on the head of the nominal leader of the Rebels. We learn from the most authentic sources that his Grace has in verity been for the last month non compos mentis, absolutely unfit to originate the slightest order, that his acknowledged tendency to insanity, having first declared itself in the most ridiculous and even disgusting, forms has finally merged into idiocy. The Duke's military counsellors have had hard work of it first to conceal and then to supply their master's loathsome deficiencies.' What succeeds is from the [corner of MS. torn]

Globe. 'We in our times have seen a representation of Alexander the Great [*imperfect*] Shakespeare's brutal and ignorant Athenian, clowns performed their parts in the Midsummer Night's Dream, the beastly blending with the comic checks our laughter but still we might have indulged in a little exercise of the cachinnatory organs, had not the spectacle of devastation so widely spread, blood so ruthlessly poured out, the Gates of war not only flung open but also chained back by hands that should themselves have been fettered to the oars of the Galley; had not these things we say brought the blood hot to our hearts and changed mirth into ebullient indignation.' The Freeport Hermes shall furnish our last extract. 'Should the defeated Rebel's fate be referred to the Marquis of Ardrah's decision we trust that noble individual will not allow just wrath against the convicted incendiary to overcome magnanimous clemency towards the wretched incapable. We believe in our hearts the ci-devant King of Angria is scarcely responsible for his own actions. With a disposition naturally mean and vindictive, a temper whose impotent violence and weather-cock caprice have averted from him the affections of his nearest relatives, and a foolish exaggerated vanity which it humiliates us to think of, and which leads to actions of Nero-like brutality, ferocity, absurdity and filth; with all these his Grace Arthur, Augustus Adrian unites a fatuity, imbecility, an obtuse Dutch stupidity, a gross, grovelling vacuity, a sensual swinish insensibility, which at once deprives him of the power of devising evil without suggestion and flings him prostrate at the feet of men of keener wits and nearly as depraved inclinations. The first part of his character would we know suggest to the pure and lofty mind of our Premier immediate Death, the latter part will we trust appeal to his humane and philanthropic heart to spare a being so degraded by Nature, and shielding him for life from the scorn of the world in some asylum where his support may be of the least expense to the nation, grant him space and opportunity for that repentance which he so greatly needs.' 'Above all things' proceeds Mr Haines 'We deprecate the idea, of merely depriving the Traitor of his property and then allowing him to go at large. "Will not the Dog return instantly to his vomit and the sow to her wallowing in the mire." Some of our fellow-journalists have insinuated that the law will not bear out the ministry in a severer course. Ought such an obstacle to be a moment allowed to block the way as our contemporary the Inquirer suggests; if existing laws won't do blot them out and make new ones. Nay in a case so urgent as the present we should think that Administration blameable which should pause for the manufacture of fresh statutes. Let the Premier exert his father's prerogative, the People will support

his conduct, the people and their Representatives of the lower House though the Asinine Peers should ever so fiercely bray against it.' I said this should be my last extract, but I have just one more to make. It is from an Angrian Print, the Zamorna Telegraph. 'What we predicted in our last is even now taking place. The forces on both sides are disposed. Mac Terroglen has taken up the ground between Edwardston and Verdopolis, and our own troops occupy the range of Country from Northangerland-Hall to Stuartville. The sword is drawn, the arm uplifted, in the space that will intervene before the impending blow falls. Let Zamorna listen to the voice of his shuddering country, we will faithfully speak what she breathes in the hour of suspense, her head on the block and the executioner's axe hanging over it. "Sovereign! I was fair and flourishing, the happy Province of a mighty mother state. You saw me and I kindled your ambition—though the apparent heir to another throne you would not wait till Death should take the Diadem from your father's brows, your father an old man who had nearly numbered all the years of mortality. You would not wait till his decease should make you a King but you sprung at the Empire I offered. You built a capital, you raised Towns, you encouraged commerce, you modelled an army, you made me splendid without; I was gilded by your hand from the crown of my head to the sole of my foot. To attain this magnificence I was laden with debt. Young aspiring adventurers vested in me the fruits of their industry. I became the repository of their hopes and fears, their high anticipations, the result of their heavy toil by day and night. In this state I stood, inspiring Sunshine on me and reviving Gales blowing round me. Now Zamorna you should have been my mantle and my shield and helmet for my head and a buckler for my bosom, you should have been my protector, my warder, my counsellor; have you been this? Where is my capital? besieged, stormed, taken, a broken wall, a dwelling for negroes. Where are my towns? ruined, my fields? barren, my commerce? annihilated. Where are the men who supported me, where are their labours? all shattered, overthrown, involved in the general wreck of the Kingdom. Lastly where is my army—I see it, there it stands, dispirited, enfeebled, wasted by disease and defeat, still rallying round your banner, still devoted to your cause, still obedient without murmur or mutiny, to him for whose sake their homes, and what has a man dearer than his home? are as lifeless and desolate as the fanes of the Indians in Peru. Still willing to present even life as their last sacrifice in his service, their last stake in the bloody game playing on his account. Waiting patiently, valiantly, to hear the word from your lips which shall send them to destruction or a gory victory. Pause a moment Zamorna—should that first event

rush on them without hope of the last, should the reprieve delay and the axe descend, how will you feel as my blood streams over the scaffold? For my part, I, yes I, your martyred Angria will curse you with my dying breath. I will curse you for your rashness, your cruelty your selfishness, your incapability, for the mean atrocity of hazarding a nation and the welfare of a nation, to satisfy the puerile ambition of a silly and inconsiderate boy who wished to play at Alexander—I will despise you and hate you and so will my children and their children to the third and fourth generation. You thought to be called the founder of a dynasty that should rule half the world. If to-morrow fate should prove adverse you will be called, the impious fool who aimed at Heaven slipped and fell into Hell!” It was after reading this and a hundred other long dark paragraphs similar to this, that I took a stroll last Friday evening up the valley leaving Verdopolis gloomy and shrouded in sullen calm behind me, though the evening was very wild and wet scores of Pedestrians and equestrians crowded the road. I just strolled on, following where the horse men and foot-passengers led and in about an hour found myself at the entrance of the Ashburnham estate. The people I observed all unceremoniously turned in at the open park-gates and I was not surprised at this, for numberless placards posted in the City had told me long before that on the 24th instant a Grand Auction was to take place by order of the Government of the ‘Goods and chattels of Douro Villa being the confiscated property of A. A. A. Wellesley prescribed outlaw and arch traitor.’ I shall long remember the scene that met my eyes, as after crossing the park by a short cut I reached the flowery knoll of velvet sward on which the Villa stands. The house had been gutted, the furniture, the statuary from the Halls and the plants from the conservatory, were piled in strange splendid confusion on the lawn. Throngs of people, in cloaks and great coats defending themselves from the incessant rain as well as they could by means of umbrellas, crowded thickly round. The finely-grown Orange-trees, and dense cypresses afforded shelter to some, and others had taken refuge in the empty saloons and Atria of the interior. The Auctioneer as I came up was disposing of his last lot of plants; a splendid tree stood before him bending in an arch from the deep china tub in which it grew, covered with large white bells as pure as snow. ‘Here’ said he, ‘is the magnificent Daitura Arbora, procured by lord Douro for his late marchioness at a costly price from India. Who bids? I must have a regal sum for this, behold how the flowers white as lady’s note-paper contrast with the broad emerald leaf. Here is an article that will shine like the sultan of shrubs in any Gentleman’s green-house, or in case of company may be introduced with advantage into the dining room and placed as a

grand natural épergne in the centre of the table. Ladies and Gentlemen what will you bid?' 'Sixteen shillings!' said a fat man in gaiters speaking from the depths of a cravat, whose points nearly met above his eyes. 'Seventeen and six-pence' counter-screamed an elderly woman in widows weeds—'Eighteen shillings!' responded the fat man. 'A sovereign,' shouted one whom I instantly recognised as Mr Ellington's young gentleman, alias apprentice. 'One pound' said the voice from the cravat who I afterwards found was a fancier of Green-house plants. 'Two pounds' ejaculated the widow, panting. 'Two pounds five' answered the apprentice with a laugh. 'Three pounds' roared the fat man looking fierce—there was a pause. 'Going, going,' said the auctioneer vibrating his hammer; another pause. 'Going, Going,' continued Mr Hobbins, 'what will no gentleman bid more than three pounds for the Indian Daitura Arbora, the unparalleled fine shrub brought from Delhi, the superb bridal present which Lord Douro made to his lady?' No answer. What did all those respectable cloaked and hatted people care for Marian's flowers?—'Going, going, going—Gone—it's yours Mr Prettyman.' The hammer fell and Mr Prettyman bore away his prize. 'She did used to like that plant' said a low quick feminine voice close by me, 'A bell of it lay on her pillow when she was dying and its leaves were scattered in her coffin.' I turned to the person who had spoken, a handsome young woman with two or three children about her. I knew Mrs Sherwood; I addressed her but she did not answer me, all her faculties were wound up in the interest of the scene before her. I cannot describe the expression of her face as she watched keenly and jealously the despoiling of the house to which she and her husband were such devoted vassals; her eyes glistened sometimes as if they would overflow but still she restrained her feelings and bit her lip and knit her broad forehead, rocking the baby in her arms and saying earnestly to a fine boy at her knee, 'Arthur remember this, never forget the sale at the villa; you can recollect the Gentleman who used to come on Sunday evenings to our lodge and hear you say hymns and read to him from the Bible, they are robbing his house and hunting him to death as your father's dogs hunt the stags.' 'Who mother?' asked the boy. 'The Scotch bairn, the Scotch, hate the Scotch Arthur as long as you live.' The day's business now drew to a close. But one lot remained to be disposed of, it was a picture, as I could see by the gilded frame glittering through its canvass wrapper. Mr Hobbins uncovered it, an open space was now cleared round him, the various lots had been removed by their separate purchasers. The crowd stood without the temporary palisading round his table. He placed the large painting, against a weeping cypress whose draperies fell over it like a pall. He stepped back, leaned his head on one side and

looked in silence; so did I, so did all present. Well Zamorna the lips of your very shadow seemed to murmur 'Ichabod!' at that moment. The painting was Lord Douro's portrait taken nearly five years since, at the age of nineteen. I remembered when De-Lisle sketched it, the scene, the place, all the attendant circumstances. It was at Mornington on the evening of the longest summer day. My Mother then not far from her death had that sweet warm afternoon been brought down into her drawing room, and lay on the sofa in a dress of white crape—her fallen wasted cheek suffused with the fever of her disease and the delicate glow of the crimson cushions she reclined on. The Duchess had called her son to sit by her—She was looking at him and perusing his features, where her own once divine beauty was so wondrously mingled with Wellington's severe Roman grace. She was thinking of her own early life at Grassmere before she ever dreamt of becoming the mother of that stately boy, when she was his father's young and recluse Ward—Also she was thinking of the hour now rapidly drawing near which she had seen far off for so long a time, the hour that was to separate her suddenly, perhaps eternally, from the being she had doted on from infancy to manhood. Often had Augustus wrung her heart with his crimes and follies; for many years she had stood a weeping intercessor between himself and his stern father, but all her sufferings for him melted from her fading vision and dying memory: deep fondness only remained shining in her mild earnest eyes that watched him as if he was the last object they wished to see on earth

I remember she made a feeble effort to change her position as she lay on the couch, but was now grown too feeble to move her limbs. Douro took her in his arms, he could lift her easily, tall as she was, for consumption had worn her to shadowy attenuation, and turned his mother's face to the setting-sun. The tears slid one after another from her long raven eye-lashes as she received this attention from her darling. 'Well but what has all this to do with the picture?'—nothing reader, only the atmosphere that always hung over the dying Duchess lingers about this portrait of her son [*Rest of line cut away*] I looked at the young face, the melancholy and dark eye, the long curls silken and luxuriant, I gazed on the fine features so pure so unsensual, on the brow full of pride but banishing by its even white expanse, by its deep shadow of thought every dream of mental deficiency—on the fresh youthful lips whose bright dyes and refined compression, seemed as if they never for one moment could be tainted or relaxed by grossness. Whilst I looked I thought on what I had read two hours since, and who could reconcile the mighty contrasts? The figure verily seemed to rise into life, it was represented leaning on a stone balcony beneath the library window—It mingled the air of the deep-



learned student with something more, awakening, a fiery dawn of the passions such as did I well remember burn at that time in every glance of the original, and the profound touching sorrow of his beautiful eyes, not flashing for the lids were dropped, but beaming with full clear darkness on the profanation of his shrine—that expression did not make me pity him or love him, but it made me look long at his picture. The rain now descended in drenching torrents and a gusty wind drove it aslant, beating against the tender foreign shrubs on the lawn and destroying the delicate bloom of the Orange-trees. Through the empty villa it moaned in tones of the wildest sadness, no other voice however but that of the wind lamented its disarray—Mr Hobbins commenced his slang—‘Now Gentlemen and Ladies here is a very valuable picture from the universally celebrated pencil of John Martin Dundee, a portrait as you will perceive of the former owner of this highly eligible residence.’ (His speech was here interrupted by a deep groan.) ‘Aye Aye’ he continued, ‘The subject is undoubtedly bad, the tenth transmission of a foolish face. Nevertheless the execution is fine and an ass naturally painted is considered by connoisseurs a triumph of the Art; what then will you bid Gentlemen for this highly valuable and superbly finished, delineation of the Greatest Donkey of this or any other age?’ No answer followed but laughter and groans, not a bid was made. ‘That last lot of yours is no go Mr Hobbins’ shouted one. ‘Turn it over as a present to the bloody Deil himself, he’ll like it next best to looking-glass’ suggested another—‘Aye and a flattered likeness always pleases ninnies’ added a third, ‘by the by if that was ever a good resemblance he’s grown grossly coarse since.’ I felt a kind of thrill pass through me, as I heard these words and then looked at the still, melancholy picture, so very unlike the portrait of a brutal sumph, with the cypress streamers waving round it and the gloom of that tempestuous evening stealing every moment darker over it. The contrast of past and present times stood bright as the sun and black as midnight before me. Could the Duchess of Wellington have foreseen this hour how miserably she would have died, but she thought her son a God whom all Africa and the world must worship. This picture could not be disposed of that night but I afterwards learnt it was bought by a publican, who had a fool’s cap painted on the head, a pot of porter in one hand and a pipe in the other, and as a good joke hung it over his door by way of sign.

There is something very congenial to my feelings in the present state of Verdopolis, the expectation of some mighty new event, we know not what. Of some vast change, we are ignorant of what nature. The relishing excitement diffused through all the relations of Social life—The Gloomy sort of holiday which all

ranks of people seem to be keeping as if they were determined . . . [*line partly cut away*] whether the labour would profit them. All this to a single Gentleman like me is pleasant, I have no wife no family to bother me, no Stake in commerce, no landed possessions no property in the funds to bother myself about, I laugh at the anxiety written on the brows of monied men who in the grand suspense know not whether to-morrow may not behold them bankrupts. What goods I have are portable, two or three suits of clothes, a few shirts, half a dozen dickies, half a dozen cambric handkerchiefs, a cake or two of Windsor soap, a bottle of Macassar oil and brush and comb and some other matériel of the toilet. The few sovereigns I have in ready money may be easily secreted about my person and in case of the worst what is there to which I can not turn my hand for a livelihood? Not an atom of pride do I possess to check me, I'd as soon be a shoe-black in a merry jovial servants' hall as heir-apparent to Wellingtonsland. I'm burdened neither by domestic ties, religious scruples nor political predilections. I never could understand what home-pleasures and family affections meant, the sect of which I am a member is sunk so low that nothing can degrade it further, my political lungs would have the freest play in such a current of air as a hurricane revolution might create. Rogue will never prescribe me, and if he does where are the policemen, the bailiffs, the blood-hounds that could catch me! the jail that can hold me, the holter that can hang me?—were the streets of Verdopolis slippery with blood they'd afford firm enough footing for Charles Townshend; were each member of society a police spy, a law sleuth-dog upon the other, Charles Townshend would out-do them all in treachery, in double-dealing, in blood-thirsty hypocrisy; were all the Ladies of Africa transformed into Rolands and Ninon de l'Enclos, Charles Townshend would still find a place in their Saloons and Boudoirs. Concitoyenne Julia with the Blood red scarf would as gracefully beckon him to the sofa at her side as Lady Thornton with the vermilion plume and sash and the ruby crosslet and bandeau, and what if the pressure of the fingers was harder in salutation and what if the dark western eye in lieu of its romantic Milesian softness shot the fierceness of a fury. What if the lips losing their natural music, cheerful and soft with a little, a faint uncertain touch of the accent, were to pour forth the rapid running discords of a Parisienne, what then? change will come in this world and she would be handsome and brilliant still. My Readers know what sort of a day Monday was, all yesterday lord Northangerland's heart was I know thrilling high in his bosom, and every pulsation of that energetic and malignant seat of life, beat in the farthest extremities, the suburbs and the environs of Verdopolis. The city, mad and racked with war without

and within, woke to the sound of the Tocsin as the world shall hereafter awake to the voice that shall rouse the Dead, and every one in that turmoil and strife knew that Verdopolis did not bound the conflict, that eastward as far as Edwardston, Zamorna, and men's minds are still moved by that name, they still remember how the clouded Sun once shone—That Zamorna was struggling for existence. Anxiously beset as themselves were, they inquired how the battle went at Edwardston. Some of the constitutionalists had still a lingering partiality for the Rebel, like that of an indulgent father for a prodigal son. But the wish prevailed through the city of annihilation for him and his. Tuesday told them it was granted, that the Angrian army was ruined, the Angrian nation [*end of line missing*] and the Angrian King [*end of line missing*] . . .

# THE HISTORY OF ANGRIA. IV

## EVENTS PRECEDING THE ANGRIAN REVOLUTION

Fragments of two Angrian stories dated May 4th and May 23rd, 1836, respectively. The first four pages are in the Ashley Library and the last four in the Brotherton Collection Library.

The following is a transcript of part of the MS. reproduced on page 176.

P.B.B—tē May 23 1836.

THE eyes of everyone are now open to the fact that our country, Africa, has just entered upon what will probably prove one of the most terrific intestine wars that have ever desolated the world. We know this because we see the fiery and daring character of our people. The embroiled and exasperated state of parties, their widely different and irreconcilable interests, and above all the bold, mighty, and remarkable men who at present act as their leaders. Who are these leaders?

Let me adjoin their names and the names of their factions.

1. The CONSTITUTIONALISTS. John, Duke of Fidena.
2. The ANGRIANS, Arthur Augustus Adrian, Duke of Zamorna.
3. The REFORMERS. Arthur, Marquis of Ardrah.
4. The REPUBLICANS. Macara, Lord Viscount Lofty, and H.M.M. Montmorency.
5. The DESTRUCTIVES. Alexander, Earl of Northangerland (or REVOLUTIONISTS).
6. The PEOPLE, Richard Naughten (or DESTRUCTIVES).

Fidena, Zamorna, Ardrah, Lofty, Montmorency, Northangerland, Naughty [?Naughten]: six men of whom, in point of talent, the world is not worthy, but save ONE, the first and best. How dark and suspicious are their good and trustworthy qualities! Does one of them act for or care about the good of our country? Are they bound by any ties, moral or political?—I am afraid, by none! Indeed, the best of them laughs at and scouts such things; the worst swears there is no such thing. Fidena alone holds up the standard of justice and religion, but he is allied to one who, I fear, cares for none of these things. But, we may hope still, provided Fidena be the most powerful. Is he so?—Not alone, and the Angrians can hardly be reckoned as friends, for every view of their chief is contrary to ours. Then which of the six singly is mightiest now?—The Reformers with their four Kings, the possession of Government the Navy and their ALLIES—these we have

not mentioned yet, but, if possible, their entrance on the stage forms the worst feature in our prospects:

7. The FRENCH. Napoleon Buonaparte.
8. The ASHANTEES. Quashia Quamina.
9. The NEGROES. Quacco Camingo (alias King Jack).
10. The BEDOUIN ARABS. John, Earl of Jordan.

All these leaders and followers, who hate and detest Africa with one undying hatred, have the present Ministry called into our land to murder its children. By this act they have earned the hateful immortality, a country's parricides. And though the deed may give them a little additional power for a time, yet in the end it certainly will bring down double and treble ruin over their impious heads. If they succeed these faithless and fiendish allies, crowned with conquest and flushed with slaughter of their countrymen, will be ready and able to turn instantaneously upon themselves. If they fail, Africa will not tamely spare those apostate children who thus horribly designed her death.

I know I write warmly, but what true heart can do otherwise when he sees his land about to be torn to pieces by bloodhounds called in from an alien and barbarous shore? Where was the accursed head which designed this plan?—It is yet among us, unstruck by lightning, and its unabashed though degraded forehead still fronts the world as a friend to Africa. It was the Earl of Northangerland who, during his short alliance with Ardrah, conceived the atrocious idea of calling in Quashia to harass Angria, and whistling on the French to aid himself. This I see he still keeps up and thus he forms another party: [?]

11. The FACTION DU MANEGE. Jean, Prince of Ponte CORRE.



Thrilling Voice  
 "Tell us why To the praise and glory of God - I sing, my voice, four efforts  
Million!"

- 1 Before Jehovah's awful Throats  
 Now let us trembling kneel in prayer  
 And justice ask and justice own  
 For we must pray that he may hear
- 2 And deep O land be our despair  
 And clear our consciences as this  
 Best from things evil our outside fair  
 Should strive to hide the evil within
- 3 We know that we are doomed in coming  
 And through our lives that evil we have done  
 Yet madly dreaming all the time  
 That mercy shields us from the storm
- 4 Or as long since in Sodom's plain  
 "Rebellious men their towers of pride  
 Raised up, in hope, by labours vain  
 That thus thy power might be defied"
- 5 So we by impious moral code  
 And creeds of ever changing faith  
 Think we may climb the heavenly road  
 And shun thy power and vengeance death
- 6 But Oh when once we reach the gate  
 And ~~there~~ and ~~all~~ ~~the~~ ~~way~~ ~~to~~ ~~win~~  
 In hope the eternal crown to win  
 Long must we knock and lingering wait  
 Ere you bright Spirit lets us in
- 7 "Hast thou repented from thy sin?"  
 And who Oh who can answer this!  
 "O lack, thy path again begin  
 And weep and watch and wait again"
- 8 But is returning to be denied  
 By death's grim portal closed behind  
 Where flows our Heaven and hope are hid  
~~And~~ ~~like~~ ~~chaff~~ ~~blows~~ ~~the~~ ~~wind~~
- 9 Lo! may we know our treacherous mind  
 And feel the bitterness of despair  
 Since travelling thus obscured and blind  
 We must not hope that you will hear

After he had given out the last stanza and while the congregation were singing it he ~~then~~ ~~spoke~~ ~~to~~ ~~the~~ ~~congregation~~ ~~completely~~ ~~and~~ ~~just~~ ~~led~~ ~~the~~ ~~prayer~~ ~~meeting~~ ~~that~~ ~~night~~ ~~a~~ ~~few~~ ~~words~~ ~~of~~ ~~his~~ ~~daily~~ ~~purpose~~ ~~passed~~ ~~between~~ ~~them~~ ~~at~~ ~~the~~ ~~foot~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~stairs~~ ~~and~~ ~~there~~.  
 the preacher disappeared among the crowd

## CHAPTER II

P.B.B.-16  
 May 1836

May day morning was over the plains of Edwinstown with a low sun  
 rising and desolate light showing as all to the circumstances and  
 scene as the Government and desolate of country beneath it could  
 do. It was stood upon the well known hill of view that  
 from vantage point the fine clear view of the Edwinstown  
 and Lonsdale and the Olympian plain. It was a world app-  
 ear to him of the recent prosperity of the most ~~prosperous~~ ~~wealthy~~  
 province of Anglia. Mr E. Pevey's Hall sat up its smoke-  
 stack as your but the young wood in the park was all killed  
 the greenward black with horse hair mounds the front back  
 and cut into a long quinc & Redoubt with greenwood-  
 sheds behind it and a dismal ditch before such another  
 and mass of earth occupied the place of the people's strong

The road and Edmonton itself with half its houses down -  
and not leave in the distance. The scene looking among the  
ruins showed that devastation including the houses of the  
past had not faded the steps between the summit and the  
base for all the time. The colour was dying forth on the plain  
way of great hills of Zouma. The yellow earth on the  
steep of the Cathedral and the profound crimson of the  
horizon on the demand of the Roof of Livingston Hall where  
park was covered with country houses and each Gate flanked  
by a couple of gnomes.

There was no stirring scene of armed warfare but a  
more depressing sight of a gallant country overpowered -  
and crushed to ruins by a tyrannical enemy 20 or 30  
000 men French and Southern were quartered here. Even  
upon the people but few of the people remained to give  
them quarter or almost every man who could bear arms  
was either a soldier in his monarch's ranks at Angers or  
fled to leave arms for his country as an insurgent on  
the Olympian Hills. But there was a hideous spectacle  
in the great market place of Zouma a monstrous pile  
of - and that was looked on as the final vest of these -  
tall and devoted men.

Edmonton this morning was filled with soldiers for they  
had been in the park a view of some of the troops -  
destined to march against Angers. The well known lines  
of the entrance of the village was crowded with officers  
and its common room filled in a study of tobacco and  
from the pipes of the officers and soldiers. There were  
no could be distinguished a cracked and drunken voice was  
constantly heard talking incessantly in a state of insatiable  
intoxication.

"Aw say Master Redcoat. Am em not drubben and Aw  
down there for saying so! - And were to that Aw was -  
downed Thursday 35 in old but ball and Aw cannot  
stand no more waiting on ye - He banged till ye for a  
thumping told for tonight D - wed - Aw say what the  
hangs are ye doing for noon sundown in me breakfast.  
Leave? - Aw'll be banged for an old lice bitten bug eating  
flax poisoned murtherer so er' light up nigh for ye  
murtherer - It's mean the way i which Aw've been used  
to be served by banged till ye! By Gums Aw'd sooner  
be that and a soap of hummer to drink of till Aw did  
know nother which way we hand now we get in now  
So get - And your Master Captain Corral you'll stay will  
ye ye - Am mean so busy but what you war so now -  
needn't sputter so fast for an old body - Aw wonder  
what you'd be doing on the dry land like a frog pat  
of water? - Aw know what o'clock it is 10 ye do  
not! - Aw know - and it's and mind had been a soft  
sin to let - Aw waddn't in and, scow it, be D -  
make way down and go in to the upper chamber -  
Aw'm as fast as them dash his buttons is Aw said

The wetland Old Fellow who spoke with his pipe in  
hand and his little birdlike eyes peering in his head was  
making his way against the crowd of surrounding soldiers  
though drunk almost past standing his legs went the  
legs and nervously as he sat in a dozen other directions  
then the soldier who had disappeared in the door were pushed  
in past preceded by several and to them each soldier doffed his  
cap with most wary haste and discreet silence they were left  
wreathed in military cloak and seemed obscure as distinction  
remained from the Review the landlord above them with his  
hand and showing them by the staircase. But Old Mr. Smith put  
at leave him and felt full sprawl upon the floor.

"Dash me Old Lord!" he cried with a frightful laugh. "Aw  
as have to downed and show me murtherer in this way but  
me own cocked gun as paid to you in -" he was. Truly  
pulled back by the soldier. One of the officers laughed a short  
laugh the other and further out merrily asked his own and  
then both proceeded up stairs there was something rather wildish





in no very scientific fashion gathering himself up he was for-  
saking a desperate hit at the stuporous physiognomy. But the  
voice of Proctorville thundered from above.  
"Cards take him to the Haller's!" then said Death.  
"Yes Yes Aw say soon Oh know that's the b-  
Don't to know him be sure!"

And Quashe likewise moved.  
"Come here John and be D-d!"  
The Butler of Angria was heard muttering sotto voce above  
and then he reappeared at the stairs top descending with  
Anger. An Aide-de-camp stepped down and requested the  
Stranger to follow him which request being complied with  
they both and Quashe disappeared above and Death set  
his servants fixed study twined in strange conversation with  
the soldiers and servants back to the kitchen.  
Proctorville took his seat at the head of a large room where  
were many officers of superior rank. Quashe stood with  
his eyes in a white frenzy. The stranger calmly looked at  
since a Cabinet.

"Well" said the mighty man with sweetly solemnity "Sp  
out and be banged ~~to~~ <sup>what</sup> ~~you~~ <sup>did</sup> you come kicking up  
dust here for Sirrah do you know of the Haller's?"  
The stranger stood ~~in~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~even~~ <sup>had</sup> ~~been~~ <sup>been</sup> ~~from~~ <sup>from</sup> his head both  
hot and hair and stood - the Ancient Form of Alexander  
Evel of Northumberland! - Not a man kept his seat for  
these even who recognized the vision felt the tremor and  
was the matter with the ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~light~~ <sup>light</sup> ~~of~~ <sup>of</sup> Angria. His  
immense and dusky form seemed ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> ~~be~~ <sup>be</sup> ~~in~~ <sup>in</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~air~~ <sup>air</sup> ~~for~~ <sup>for</sup> a  
supra. But with ~~his~~ <sup>his</sup> ~~hand~~ <sup>hand</sup> ~~clenched~~ <sup>clenched</sup> ~~on~~ <sup>on</sup> ~~arm~~ <sup>arm</sup> ~~of~~ <sup>of</sup> the chair  
and he could not take his eyes from the vision for his  
bire a terrible gloom overspread his face.

"By G-d" he said "hitch ~~him~~ <sup>him</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~chair~~ <sup>chair</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~let~~ <sup>let</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~room~~ <sup>room</sup> ~~down~~ <sup>down</sup> ~~where~~ <sup>where</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~chair~~ <sup>chair</sup> ~~is~~ <sup>is</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~let~~ <sup>let</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~room~~ <sup>room</sup> ~~down~~ <sup>down</sup> ~~where~~ <sup>where</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~chair~~ <sup>chair</sup> ~~is~~ <sup>is</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~let~~ <sup>let</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~room~~ <sup>room</sup> ~~down~~ <sup>down</sup> ~~where~~ <sup>where</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~chair~~ <sup>chair</sup> ~~is~~ <sup>is</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~let~~ <sup>let</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~room~~ <sup>room</sup> ~~down~~ <sup>down</sup> ~~where~~ <sup>where</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~chair~~ <sup>chair</sup> ~~is~~ <sup>is</sup> ~~and~~ 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Nobleman turned round throwing his stick on the lawn  
des a Robber - Zorro's rather than Simpson's!"

"IF he 91 like that" was the ironic answer  
And both galloped desperately on

POB-7i

May 23

1836

The eyes of every one are now open to the fact that our Country Africa has just entered upon what ~~may~~ will probably prove one of the most terrific Intellectual Wars that have ever delisted the world. We know this because we see the rising and daring character of our people. The ~~simple~~ uneducated and inexperienced state of parties ~~is~~ widely different and irreconcilable interests and above all the bold might and remarkable men who at present set as their leaders. Who are these leaders? — Let me adjust their names and the names of their factions.

- 1 THE - CONSTITUTIONALISTS.. John Duke of Piedmont
- 2 THE - ANGLICANS.. Arthur Augustus Adrian Duke of Zamorville
- 3 THE - REFORMERS.. Arthur Margate of Andros
- 4 THE - REPUBLICANS.. Mauro Lord Viscount Boby and HMTM Montmorency
- 5 THE - DESTRUCTIVES.. Alexander Earl of Northamptonland (or Revolutionists)
- 6 THE - PEOPLE.. Richard Noughton (or Destructives)

Fidens - ~~the~~ Zoroastrian Avenue Ziggy Montemorency Northwardland Naughty  
Six men of whom the points of Talent The world is not worthy but  
Save OFF the first and Best. How dark and suspicious are their good  
and trustworthy qualities Dear one of them act as an eye about the  
good of ~~the~~ country are they found by any tire master in political  
- I am afraid by none! - Indeed the best of them laugh at and  
scorn such things the worst swears that is no such thing Fidens  
alone holds up the standard of justice and Religion but he is blind to any  
who I fear cover for some of these things. But we may hope still -  
provided Fidens is the most generous - is he so? - Not alone and  
the Angles can hardly be reckoned as friends for every view of  
their class is contrary to ours - Then which of the six singly is the  
pathetic now - the R.F.ments with their four wings. The possessor  
of Government the Nags and their Abilles. - Here we have not  
mentioned yet but it is possible they their entrance on the stage forced  
the worst feature in our prospects

- 7 The - FRENCH. Napoleon Bonaparte  
8 The - ASIATICS. John Ford & Quasim Quasim  
9 The - NEGROES. Quasim & Quasim (alias King Jack)  
10 The - BEDOUIN ARABS. John Ford & Jordan

[illegible]

11. The - FACCION DU MANEGE. Jun Prince of Poets Court

which completes the list of clouds that have gathered over our Social Heaven

And this being the state of Africa no ~~part~~ of the land can be occupied by political party for the objects of each party are known and their efforts are begun. The ~~Constitutionalists~~ Anguines which to ravage themselves on those who have wronged them and to seize on their possessions. The Reformers which to wrest power and place to oppress Anguine and destroy its national existence. The Republicans which to alter the foundations of our Government and shackle the Royal Authority but to lay Reformers prostrate to go a little way with them in steering and ~~which~~ as they really join the Reformers in hate to Anguine whilst the leaders of the Republican party are completely ready opportunist now upon the existing Government in return for wages of place and profit. Hate to the Anguine likewise draws the French behaviour to their assistance through those especially Hate them and promise of booty from the dissolution of that devoted country. Hence in along with them the Anguine and Negroes who otherwise care for no one else. The views and proceedings of the Revolutionaries it is difficult to state for they are hardly formed yet. But they involve quarrelling and shooting. Their taken do no almost insane leader and impudently waiting for the word to lead them on to a general attack on every law and right and power that pretends to be established on any just basis. The Destructions naturally go along with these their only difference consisting in the fact that these last seem loath to respect of law and honour and lead their hate indulging maliciously on every thing of any kind about them through malcontent - every - nonsense the others do it from profligate Ambition. The CONSTITUTIONALISTS alone refrain from attack and only follow to defend. They have shown to preserve inviolate our Royal house and institutions and preserve and country from every assault and every foe - knowing the other possible way to forward many great men but in this only are collected. The good men

[illegible]

But I trust all with such as many many have done what are the Constitutionalists doing will they see America desolated and her Sons triumphant without moving a finger or hand to assist them I answer that the leaders of this party determined not to help till help would be available - they are wise and prudent men they that is the Duke of Wellington and Alexander the Great. - Yours

They would talk of assistance organized their forces recruited their Army, replenished their funds and moved themselves or their subjects this took 3 months to execute during which time Anglo was unavoidably left to his own struggle and as unavoidably defeated. — Then in April a communication was sent from the Courts of the West and North to the Vegetation Ministry with proposals for withdrawing foreign aid calling home the troops from Angola and submitting the Affairs of that Country to a Commission of the Royalists. The Courts of the West and North declined to accept these proposals — Then Earl St Clair and myself were dispatched on an Embassy to the Courts of the South requesting their Majesties to acquiesce in the dissolution of the present Ministry for with a majority of the Kings can call or dissolve our Government. But this likewise was refused — Now a Great Embassy was waited both on the Courts of the West and the Ministry presenting the Alternatives of Government without of the proposals or a declaration of Hostilities against Portugal and Russia and a refusal to acknowledge the existence of the Ministry. The promise was made and their Majesties adhered to their first resolution — The Die was now cast and the North and the West simultaneously published

## A DECLARATION OF WAR ! -

The feeling which this step has produced in all thinking minds is awfully impressive we know it has not been done in the heat of passion but wisely coolly and after the most careful deliberation. Therefore it appears a step which could not be avoided but now how doubtful the state of that land where civil war is inevitable. But all the crimes and blood must rest on the head of the Vegetation prime Minister for in him it rested to give peace and hope to Africa but he selfishly and stubbornly refused.

The very day upon which this declaration was received by the Vegetation Government and the Southern Courts that very day the advanced guard of 3000 crossed from a force of 30000 men under John Duke of Edina set forth from Sinterstown to the possession of Forttown on the Niger while two divisions of 9000 each moved from Slave Levee and the head of the John and in General Hill and Henry to direct upon Portugal and Russia Capital. The premier started perhaps at this energetic demonstration threw himself upon the people publishing an appeal or address to them calling them to rally round him and unite in defence of just laws and order of God and ending in a hope that they would join in an army to take and hold in support of their rights and liberties. Mr H Hill immediately likewise issued his manifesto wherein he declared with his accustomed unblinking efficiency that the present demonstration of war was a thing conceived by the Western North and Eastern Kingdoms for the purpose of establishing a Great Despotism over the whole Confederation and he too called upon the common men to "rise and whoso their hands in their blood" Next appeared a proclamation signed by the Duke of Edina and addressed to the "People of the Vegetation Territory" and adjuring them as they constituted the great Nucleus of Africa and believed not to "one crown but to All crowns" to rise up and stand in protecting their fellow countrymen the Angolans and in crushing the infatuated Ministry that ruled them. The paper coolly laid open Angola's designs showed how all his aim was to oppress his kinsmen and his own country pointed out the intimate connection between Vegetation and the West North and East showed how it had always turned round them and with what justice it had done so declared that men vigorous effort on its part might at once end the war and asked it would it spare all things consent to see Southwestern Angolans and Savage brought upon its soil to hunt down like bloodhounds the unfortunate countrymen?

All these things written together have produced a terrible sensation in Africa which from the Courts to the Courts to the Courts through 1600 miles of territory in one scene of confusion and confusion or dismay the problems first inflamed with hostilities and universal feeling the Angolans are now starting into activity with a hundred divisions of conquest and glory the Vegetation forces down from right to left at the fastest houses them and the possible and just look specially back on the 3 times and state just departed asking when shall we see them there between and forming across the country be full of exultation with a bloody and protracted struggle.

One of these I saw myself to be for I could not look on without covered even leaving my own concerns out of the question when I know what bold and manly now throw the hand into combat on the purpose of something each other and talking — on the purpose of the storm — But I saw myself a firm Courtist and to that duty I shall adhere in defence of my Country and its associated institutions we mean and to change or destroy

# THE HISTORY OF ANGRIA. V

PATRICK BRANWELL BRONTË

CHARLES WENTWORTH'S VISIT TO VERDOPOLIS

Prose MS. written in May, 1836. 8vo, 4 pp. Brotherton Library Collection.

This portion of the manuscript is incomplete, but the portion relating to the arrival of Wentworth in Verdopolis and what transpired is in itself complete, and this has been transcribed here as it gives some explanation of the details of the history at this period.







P. B. B.—tē May, 28. 1836.

WHILE Charles Wentworth leant over a parapet, with the sun shining upon him, and on one side a great merchantman just come in from Stumps's land, on the other the white, dazzling new erection piling up over the ruins of Grenville's Wharf (remember the two cracks of canonry on the . . . of December), and before, when quit of the boats, ships sails, and masts, the wide waving main. Then, on a sudden, the tears came starting into his eyes, and a feeling like a wind seemed to pass across his spirits, because now he felt that not even the flashes of glory which these streets and buildings had struck from his soul, not even these feelings which he had reckoned on as something to supply years of dulness, could preserve his thoughts from aimless depression. We cannot tell often what impulse it is which changes our mind from one state to another; nor could he tell why the sudden sight of the sea made him learn at once

'What shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue!'<sup>1</sup>

But somehow the view of the waters assimilating to his native scenes on the opening of the Cirhala being so widely different in their far off summer loneliness to the stir and bustle of Verdopolis that it too violently broke his current of thoughts, and from his mind being overstrained the relapse was as strong as the spring, yet it was long ere he quitted the spot, and then he turned, passing through many noble streets without hardly turning his eyes to look on them. He entered his hotel, stretched himself on a sofa, and listlessly dreamed away his time till dark.

Next morning found him wending his way toward the Central Square, shrinking from introductions and letting his letters slumber in his desk and his friends remain in ignorance of his arrival. Arriving at the vast expanse he beheld St Michael's Cathedral swelling its enormous dome into the cloudless sky, and round, but far apart, the great southern palaces and two Houses of the Twelves spread their storied and columned fronts, with the walls and bulwarks of the citadel above and the 'arches on arches piled' of the Tower of Nations beyond, all forming so sublime an assembly of our national glory that none beholding it could be other than constitutional. Wentworth wandered in front of the western towers long before he dared trust himself to enter the mighty temple, but after he had asked himself the reason of his hesitation and found it proceeded from instinctive fear of ending his pleasure by approaching reality, he dashed through the dread, walked up the grand flight of steps, and soon found himself with hat in hand pacing the marble pavement in the still, shadowy coolness beneath the vast expanding roof and glorious dome. Stand-

<sup>1</sup>From Edmund Burke's speech at Bristol on Declining the Poll, 1780

ing upon the pavement immediately beneath this enormous concave, and gazing upward through a wide uninterrupted void of four hundred and fifty feet, the effect to him was overpowering, for the air itself seemed to dissipate all harshness, and left him nothing but the sublime to gaze on. He looked till to his dimmed eyes it seemed to rise and soar beyond his sight. He lay on the pavement and still looked till he thought it would thunder down in ruins over his head. But that was a passing fancy. All was utterly still. The lonely mountain tops of Sneachiesland could not be more sublimely solitary. Men might be in the church but no one noticed another, and hundreds would not have dissolved the spell; and when the stunning crash of the great bell struck one at noon it did not so much break as yet more express that silence.

Wentworth lost the calculation of time while he was here gliding about as successively attracted to the cupola, the nave, or the aisles. Then he stepped beneath the organ screen and entered the choir, turning back upon the imposing front of gilded pipes above him, and thence to the high, dark, aged mass near the altar whose gloomy and mysterious form attracted a nearer gaze, upon which the warlike sculpture round the base, the cannon, the standards, and the martial bronze figure above, who kneeling on a dead barbarian seemed falling backward into the arms of Victory. All told at once what the inscription confirmed to him, 'FREDERIC the FIRST the King of the 12.'<sup>1</sup>

Next day found him still unknown and unvisited, without participating in the splendours of wealth no more than if he had not a pound in his pocket. Nor was he bent studiously on ransacking the great libraries or studying in the picture galleries. He was restlessly, aimlessly, and with the same anxious face feeding his feeling with 'little squibs of rums' as he called them to himself, since he was perfectly aware that they would only the more depress him afterward. But that evening while walking from the eastern dock he struck into a new line of streets in the fashionable quarter of the city, and ere long found himself in a great square, fronted by an enormous palace surrounded by columns which reached from base to pediment, while its grand portico stood out above a broad flight of steps as far as the lofty wings on either side.

The doors and windows of this stately edifice were nearly all closed and seemed to cast a chilly unsocial shade over all the square. As he turned back, Wentworth, through the long vista of streets opposite, caught a glance of the sea. Putting this to that, as the saying is, an idea burst on his mind. He asked one passing, whose residence was that?

'It's Elkrington Hall, to be sure then.'

'I thought so.'

<sup>1</sup>See 'The History of The Young Men.'

And forthwith he knelt upon the lowest step of the portico and kissed the stones. Rising with hat in hand he looked upon the steps which that great demagogue had so often trodden, the portico from whence so often he had addressed those famous speeches 'wherewith all Afric rings from side to side.' He strove to picture the Tail with their mighty head trooping up those steps, making the midnight silence vocal in the calm moonlight, these windows lighted with the glare of pompous festivity, the saloons, the halls within, the huge train of servants each possessing in his memory a history of crime, the august and noble lady of the mansion whose whole existence had lain on the summits of life, all whose actions had been interwoven in the consecrating and glorifying pages which hand down Douro and Percy, and Augusta, Mary, Victorina, Marian—names which shall be as the grand fountain of future poetry and imagination. Yes, he, Wentworth, was looking in the lordly dwelling of her whose everyday life was the paradise of his inward musings. He thought of this and broke out, 'Oh, when shall I arise to such a circle as that!'

Turning from Elrington Hall after looking and stopping to take in its *soul*, he hurried to Johnsons with feelings turned into a new channel by new impulses. Now Wentworth was in a manner a creature of impulses. He hurried and thirsted after impulses. So now he had got one that impelled him to come nearer to the glorious regions out of whose portals he had been contemplating that day. But at midnight there came upon his mind the word—Anticipation! And he remembered all his present feelings were those of anticipation. How anxious and impatient and incomplete was his present pleasure; and was it all that was to be? For those who possessed what he thought about, in reality, were they happy? Was Percy happy? And Zamorna?—Zenobia? If they were not, was there a hope of his being so?

At morning, he arose cast down and melancholy with these and such like reflections. Again the world looked futile and he spent that day without an aim till late in the afternoon, when at the east end coffee-house he noticed much bustle among those in the great room, and found them speculating upon the exact nature of some great news flying through the city, which some stated to be the capitulation of the Duke of Zamorna, others a great victory gained by him, and the rest either a dissolution of the Ministry or some great aim achieved by it; something in short as likely as the raging of Fidenia. Never mind the monstrous improbability of such reports. If they are wonderful, that is all which is wanted till certainty comes in to conclude the pleasant amusement of guessing. It is thought that what he heard sets the soul agog after something. Wentworth felt the infection around him, and his mind was instantly absorbed in the terrific politics of the day. But when the evening papers came out, The Banner, The Messenger, and

The Sun of Angria, sounded an alarm to Africa, exhorted her sons to rally round her constitution, and declared that most decisive steps, shortly to be divulged, had been taken with regard to the monstrous crime of foreign and barbarian aggression, concluding with an affirmation of momentous intelligence to-morrow. The Universe, The Lode, The Spectator, and The Reformer, on the other hand, fulminated all their thunders against the courts of the west and north, repeating assertions of the Ministry's steady resolution and exhorting the people to resist the interference of a tyrannical and corrupt Aristocracy. Both sides declared that St Clair and Richton had had an interview with the premier at the Home Office. And then night sunk on the suddenly aroused agitation of Verdopolis.

Next morning Wentworth found laid upon his breakfast table the yet damp Intelligencer, and on impatiently opening it beheld in large characters, over the leading article, 'WAR!' and next the declaration of instant hostilities issued by Wellington and Sneachie against the Ministry, Parry and Ross; afterwards, mention of two cabinet councils, and a great meeting at Waterloo Palace; then the military announcement from Fidena of the instant advance of 30,000 troops on Freetown, and General Hills' movement in the west; lastly, a nobly written and heart-stirring article, addressed to the men of Verdopolis in whom lay power to turn the balance for good or evil. Wentworth read, rose, and hurried forth with anxious looking brow and highly excited mind. All the world was excited, and men's hearts were blown into a fierce wild flame of civil rage and hatred. Now, thought Wentworth, what shall I do? He leant against a railing, ran over the misfortunes of Zamorna, the righteousness of Fidena, the cant of Reform and the mysteries of Northangerland.

'It shall be the last,' said he; 'it shall be the last. He is a glorious man. I do not know what he cannot do; and here is every pleasure of excitement. Zamorna is my deity, but he is on the black side of the hedge. I will see Sir John to-day—I will see him now! But to think—Africa in the flames of War! Why should I be surprised? However, farewell peace, and welcome glory!'

So saying, he hurried through the crowded and troubled streets, repaired to his hotel, dressed himself, took a coach, and drove to Lofty Square.

# THE HISTORY OF ANGRIA. VI

PATRICK BRANWELL BRONTË

Part of Northangerland's Address to the Angrians before the Revolution.  
The MS. (8vo. 2pp.) in in the Brotherton Collection Library,  
University of Leeds.

'KINGDOM is ranged against kingdom and nation against nation. Let men be ranged against both. Yes, o'er a sufficient time has Might ruled over Right, but now the time is passed by. The lion and the beaver are fighting for the fawn; let the fox come in between and deprive both of their prey.

Countrymen, I think you know what we have resolved to do, with two-thirds of the population of this city organised and arranged upon our side and under our banner. It is fixed that we erect upon some stated and favourable day the blood-red banner of Revolution, but, in hope of aid from others, suppressing for a moment the watchword of a Republic, though shouting in defiance of earth and heaven for LIBERTY! LIBERTY! Aye, this is our intention and must be our labour. But when is the dawning of that great and important day? Keep it in your hearts but bar it from your tongues—Monday, the 26th of June. Now shrink not from the near approach of so mighty a contest, but listen to my reasons for bringing it near.

The hideous mass of corruption which though dead yet speaketh, and though abhorred by all yet rules over all—the Reform Ministry—has called Parliament together on that day in order to avert the threatenings of Wellington and the Tyrant of the North. Now, likewise, on that day the poor fool Fidenia will be near the city with 30,000 men. Then mark me.

There is a glorious but mistaken man now struggling with a hundred adversities, one hundred miles distant in the East. There he possesses yet an army of 50,000 well trained soldiers, and his enemies are now striving to get round upon his flank and rear so that his van toward Verdopolis is comparatively open. I will now send a person to him with this letter:

Arthur: We are mutual enemies perhaps, but united against one power. That power will be desperately attacked upon Monday, the 26th of June. At all risks be you there to destroy it. Then, if you and I should contend over the prey, d—I take the hindmost.—Yours offended, and offending,

NORTHANGERLAND.

That man has a most quick and fiery mind. He will grasp at the matter and improve on it. Aye, he will take his seat with his peers and commons upon that glorious day!

Let us hear no more, but arrange our forces. Let everyone set his shoulder to the wheel, and the carriage of the state shall topple into the mud. An end now is approaching to all old institutions and authorities and opinions. They who were founded by the sword shall have a military funeral, with banners of red and scarlet, and garments rolled in gore. But for you, my enslaved countrymen and fellow-workers in the work of salvation, though a night must close upon despotism and idolatry a morning shall arise upon you. Liberty, LIBERTY, like the Sun of Righteousness, shall rise with healing under its wings!

What passed besides at this meeting of the heads of the revolution I cannot tell. But as I must now conclude this column let me remark that should Zamorna turn round upon the city to take his seat, there will be all the great parties again drawn to fierce contest within our metropolis, and nothing but a dreadful commotion rears in the clouded and stormy future. Heaven preserve Africa from revolutionary tyranny. But our prospects are terrible indeed. And now in the words of Lord Byron:

Hark! through the silence of the cold, dull night,  
 The hum of armies gathering rank on rank!  
 Lo! dusky masses steal in dubious sight  
 Along the leaguer'd wall and bristling bank  
 Of the arm'd river, while with straggling light  
 The stars peep through the vapours dim and dank,  
 Which curl in curious wreaths:—how soon the smoke  
 Of Hell shall pall them in a deeper cloak!

Here pause we for the present—as even then  
 That awful pause, dividing life from death,  
 Struck for an instant on the hearts of men,  
 Thousands of whom were drawing their last breath!  
 A moment—and all will be life again!  
 The march! the charge! the shouts of either faith,  
 \*‘Reform!’ or ‘Angrial!’ and—one moment more—  
 The death-cry drowning in the battle’s roar.

DON JUAN, Canto vii.

P. B. BRONTË

June 22,

1836.

\*‘Hurrah!’ and ‘Allah!’ in ‘Don Juan.’

# THE HISTORY OF ANGRIA. VII

PATRICK BRANWELL BRONTË

Further Events Preceding the Angrian Revolution. Illness of Mary, Wife of Zamorna and daughter of Northangerland. The MS is in the Brotherton Collection Library, University of Leeds.

P. B. Brontë, June 24, 1836.

To relate the awful scenes which I must here describe, preface is unnecessary, and therefore, without delay, I shall begin.

On Thursday, the 22nd, a rumour reached everyone in Verdopolis of some dreadful confusion as certain to attend the Opening of Parliament.

On Friday, The Mayor of the City, General Grenville, issued orders for the instant calling out of the Metropolitan Volunteers.

On Saturday, proclamations were sent from the Treasury Office, directing a General Arming of the Police, and commanding all doors of every house to be closed at 8 in the evening.

On Sunday, five thousand cavalry under Sir John Fenton, and seven regiments of foot in three brigades, entered the west of Verdopolis from Edwardston and Zamorna, while one hundred guns were drafted from the Island Fleet and ranged under guards at Parliament Square, St Michael's Square, and on the Citadel Hill. The gates of Twelves Bridge, with every other in the city, were closed and guarded, while regular patrols of cavalry sallied forth after evening service and commenced at dusk to parade through all the chief streets of the city.

And through all that three days of portentous warning Verdopolis exhibited the aspect of dull, deep, threatening composure: no gathering in the streets, for the police directly cleared them; no insults to the authorities, but an anxious, serious intensity of thinking on what might come.

ON MONDAY, at three 'clock in the morning, the Earl of Northangerland entered his breakfast-room in D'Aubigne's Hotel, and while Shaver himself was engaged in making ready the accustomed beverage of hot green tea, dry toast, and brandy, his master walked about, silent and thoughtfully, stopping now and then at the large window to notice the still, dull grey of the city, and the utter solitude of the streets below. In heaven a few stars still twinkled, though the wind, rising from a bed of clouds to seaward, was bringing a hazy grey over the dawn. As he stood gazing a sound of hoofs clattered onward, and a troop of horse appeared passing down the square,—the patrol making its round, a sight which produced in his face a sort of sneering smile. They passed, and quietness returned till the approaching wheels

of a carriage rattled on the ear, and one drawn by four horses drew up at the door of the hotel, and from which, after the porter had appeared, a footman handed a lady in a travelling dress. Percy muttered something, among which 'She d—ls' was alone distinguishable, and then remarked quietly, as he sat down to breakfast, 'It's only three o'clock, James, and I don't rise till six.'

The Earl's gentleman appeared to understand his master, and departed from the room. But in less than five minutes he returned.

'My Lord, the arrival is not what you expected; it is my lady from Alnwick.'

His master relinquished the bottle, which he held, with a frown, saying 'She might have known this no time—But don't keep my mother waiting, sir!'

So James withdrew again, after placing a chair and ushering in Lady Helen, who entered as her noble son arose respectfully to receive her.

'Alexander,' she said, 'what is this you are bent upon? Is it what I dread to name, and must I again see my son the curse not only of himself but of his country? I cannot think that, amid all the silence I for the last hour have driven through, there exists a latent fire, engendered by you, which may—but you know when and how it is to break forth. I saw you enter upon the preliminaries of 1829, and I saw you in consequence ruined and imprisoned. I saw you carry through the insurrection of 1831, and you were forced to fly from society to regain power through robbery. I saw you raise the rebellion of 1832, and then you narrowly escaped death by the confiscation of a noble fortune. Will you tread the same ground over again, or, Alexander, is it untrue, this frightful——?'

'True, madam, every inch of it—every word and letter!'

'I cannot change you, I see. But I must wait calmly, as I have by this time learnt calmness from necessity. Alexander, is it your intention to throw this city into horrible confusion, and ruin the ancient order of things?'

'In six hours, your ladyship!'

'I have borne long with you, my son, through forty years of unceasing vicissitudes; I have seen you a murderer, an outlaw, a rebel; and now I see you without one single friend, of the first half of your life, but myself. And I—I feel my affection for you as if a guilty one, as if a crime to my country. You know, Alexander, that my character is one which clings most firmly to one I love, through good report and evil report, sacrificing everything to the object of my affection. But there is a point beyond which I dare not go. I feel that I have been the cause of dreadful evils to Africa, and yet that I have never mourned over those evils because the hand which inflicted them was



the hand of my son; but a gulf meets me now, wider than any I have yet passed, and at a time when the exertion of overcoming others leaves me less power to pass it. I dare not, I must not acquiesce in your present designs.'

'Madam, I seek the acquiescence of none but those who have hands and energies!'

This mean and wretched taunt Lady Helen firmly overlooked, though her dark and reproachful eye showed that she understood it.

'Alexander, I once hoped that I should not have to detest you as a monster. But I, at last, have in some moments doubted of my hope; for, know that the cause of my journey made to you was not to attempt to dissuade you from your aim, for that I felt and feel to be impossible; not even so much to expostulate with you as to show you a view, perhaps not yet taken, of those whom you were accustomed to love: I have visited you because your daughter is dying!'

The Earl, who hitherto stood, hastily resumed his seat, seeming to wince under the gloomy sentence.

'She saw that reconciliation between yourself and her husband was humanly impossible; she feared or rather felt the final separation of herself from Zamorna; she beheld round her a present of desertion and could see in the future only, for Arthur, hate and strife and power overthrown and life hunted by those who thirst for his blood; while you, she knew, though you might attain momentary greatness, could not and would not feel its effects, and might be certain of an utter overthrow. It looked, and still looks, as if, ten years hence, all that she cares for must either be no more or more wretched than if they were buried in their graves. Zamorna is too splendid in mind and person to be loved otherwise than with all the heart, and she thinks he has cast her aside between carelessness, weariedness, and revenge. She cannot hate him for an instant, and she cannot bow to fate. Her heart is far too warm, her resolution too much lost in her feelings to admit for a day the comfort of resignation. I know she is so much like you as to care for father and children when she thinks of him, that she would lose all the world for him, and yet she knows she is nothing to him, and when the vision crosses her mind, of Zamorna ruined and persecuted and deserted, remembering her only as the troublesome cause of his downfall, the agony is only exceeded by that of Zamorna victorious and mighty, with herself forsaken and forgotten! Mary Percy was not formed to bear such evils coldly or resentfully from such a being as Arthur. When she arrived first at Alnwick she passed through the bright summer days most miserably different from what Mary Percy was before. Silently abstracted, till thoughts and scenes and visions so overwhelmed her, that she would burst into long and passionate fits of weeping; she would lie for hours on a sofa, at a great window

that looks over the woods towards the east, with her face leaned on her hand till, as she caught the feeling of the noble prospect of sunshine and stately verdure, mingling with ideas of the magnificent being now struggling with fortune beyond the eastern horizon farther, far farther from her than those bright clouds which rose and changed above the trees, with pictures of hours in his halls and his arms, which he had forbidden to recur, and which war and ruin might make impossible to return, she would look hurriedly round, while her breath faltered with the stifling suppression of despair till those large eyes, which used to look so cheerfully, shone suddenly with the agony that burst in a flood of tears. But of late, Alexander, your daughter, sitting alone in the cold stately drawing-rooms, or wandering aimlessly through the park, alike looks wan and pale and wasting, yet alike fevered with inward misery. If you saw the wearied look of her eyes seeing no rest or comfort, but so unnaturally dark and bright and unrecognising, with neither a sign nor a smile for anything or anyone till Zamorna's name is mentioned or his actions spoken of; and then she breaks out into wild impatient questions and enquiries, devouring with her soul the intelligence she hears about him, forgetting herself in examination of its bearings and probability, till the constant darkening of his face brings again miserable ideas, and, one hour after, she is more hopelessly melancholy than before. But—again mention his name, and the clasped hands, the upraised face, the excited rapture of the glance, show that all her heart is with that ruined but mighty man.—But now, Alexander, Mary is fast sinking and cannot possibly sustain her agony long, though the idea, could she receive a letter from the duke, one line, one word, will yet bring all the former brightness to her eye. If she could see him, if she could hear him speak, I believe she would rejoice to die! Your name she hardly mentions, for she must know that her ruin is owing to you. But she loves you far too strongly to dare to murmur at you<sup>1</sup>. . . . bear to behold his power and prospects dissolving in such confusion before him; but ere he could give utterance to his harsh northern voice an orderly man was brought into the room with despatches from headquarters at Zamorna.

These Ardrah took, opened and glanced over. His teeth fixed, and he settled into his chair, fastening grimly on the contents of the papers. Montmorency still continued standing, grinning at his superior, and Macara silently watching both sides of the room at once, but likewise keeping an unapparent observation on the fiery features of the premier. Strafford was beginning to give tongue, but the High Admiral got up and rapped again on the table in his general gun-room fashion.

<sup>1</sup>There appear to be a few missing leaves of the manuscript here, but another leaf of two pages giving details of events which led to the revolution follow.

'Gentlemen, I have received intelligence which ought to bring a blush of shame to your faces, wrangling among fires like these. Hearken!

ZAMORNA,

June 27th,

6 o'clock a.m.

My lord Marquis,—Arthur Wellesley, with the van of his army of rebels, after suddenly breaking up from Angria, have made their appearance on the hill sides above Castle field and Church hill, near 13,000 strong. Four divisions follow, comprehending all the insurgent forces. So I have arranged my own men in such a manner as to prevent further progress toward their aim, Verdopolis. A general action is expected this noon. Send me in as many men as you can spare.

Yours faithfully,

J. J. H. de Bruce Maclarrin Macterrorglen.

P.S. While I write the affair begins in a brisk fire beyond Girnington I'll take them and roast them and eat them before we've done with them, begad! Yours, J.M.

Edwardston Hall is buttered to purpose. Battered, I mean. J. M. Now then, dare you give in further now?

'Aye, aye, man. Aye will we. What the d—l; is not this a yet strong argument in favour of concession; with an enemy without the gate, who would think of fighting within? We must close with the Earl, and then have at the rebels!'

'Mr Montmorency, I know you; you're a traitor; you have always been a traitor. You have betrayed Northangerland; you have betrayed the Tyrant of Angria; you would now betray me; but you shall not, you shall not, Sir, you are a traitorous wretch. I will keep terms with you no longer. You are a desperate disappointed man. You would barter your Sovereign and your government for a mess of pottage. Sir, you are no longer among us. I will speak to the Kings—Harlaw, silence! I will hurl you forth!'

'Heighol Where are we now? I suppose I am to hear all this from a great raw-looking, dishonest, avaricious scamp, a sort of seal on the scurvy service he professes. Aye, a Lowlander indeed; low as his father was before him. Ha, you base, bloody, brutal——'

'My dear Montmorency, be in order. His lordship certainly expressed himself with unbecoming severity, but that is hardly a pretext for you to launch beyond the bounds of decency!'

'Baw! Nonsense! D'ye think I care for decency? No, no, man; never an inch more than you do. But I care for my own life, and it is handsomely jeopardised by the conduct of such a ragamuffin, itch-be-scratched beggar as——'

Such language became unendurable to the council. Bad as it was

Elphinstone and Douglas jumped over the table to seize the speaker, and his own side were none of them fighters, but Mont had stood many a storm. He still kept his arms folded, with Ardrah fronting him in a paroxysm of silent hate, and Haines wiping the perspiration from his forehead strove to calm the overwhelming confusion.

‘Cock-a-doodle-dol! Haines, hold your cant there, and d—n our friend of the helm here with all his hypocritical crew. It’s much you care for the nation when your slender wits cannot provide for yourselves. But Gad hush!’

Montmorency held up his hand, and Ardrah dashed his on the table.

‘Yon’s ten St Michael’s is tolling. Oh, the time is past, the time is past!’

That was all that Ardrah said, for each man stretched for his hat and the chairs were overturned upon the carpet. Ten o’clock was the hour appointed for opening Parliament. They were thus yet in Council, and now while the servants were opening the doors they heard the bells of the churches peeling up with a deafening clangour. All rushed forth to the open street where their carriages were drawn up and each hailed the breezy wind which met him as a cooler of their fiery agitation. A regiment of cavalry was drawn up down the street to accompany them to the House, and several Ministerial peers’ carriages drew up to accompany them, but the premier, ere he mounted his steps, glanced round for Montmorency and Macara. Neither was present; both had stayed behind. So had Strafford and Goat and Luckyman. Turning to his carriage he entered with features as white as a sheet, then called to Colonel Milner, the commander of the cavalry.

‘Milner, be ready for disturbance; the bottom of the street looks doubtful.’

‘Yes, my lord,’ exclaimed the soldier; and the marquis pulled his hat over his gloomy brows, giving the word ‘Forward!’ His cavalcade drove off, and the horsemen closed in around it.

The marquis is a stern, iron man, of inflexible courage, but of an ambition so intense, and passions so deadlily excitable, the present situation of his affairs was dreadful beyond description, and none need envy the feelings with which the prime minister of Africa rode down Georges Street to open the Houses of Parliament. He saw Fidena with a powerful army nearing him on the one hand, Zamorna driven to desperation assaulting him on the other. He had just parted from a fierce personal quarrel, and in a moment half his Ministry had deserted him. Then the design he was bent on was most uncertain in its results, while all the city round him was known to be the nursing place of some dreadful plot against the existence of his government.

And with Northangerland for its mover he knew not but it might be bursting forth that moment. Most certainly that day was to meet a fierce political contest in the House, unless he met before a dreadful warlike one out of it. Ardrah only testified his feelings by repeated commands to drive faster and hasty glances cast on each side of him. But as they were turning round to St Peter's Church, where the pealing of its bells and the waving of flags and the hurrahs of according multitudes looked every way happy and prosperous, something like the sound of trumpets came wafted from distant streets, and, presently, long hoarse shouts rising like wind one after another taken up and prolonged into the remotest distance.

Many of the cavalry and most of the carriages stopped for an instant, but those who saw say that the marquis jumped from his seat, clenched his hand, and shouted,

'Drive on you villains!'

So they pressed forward with ears straining with affright. They passed the regiment and guns on St George's pavement. All there were still staid and ordinary. They saw the multitudes stealing along in their wake. All looked eager, inquisitive, and noisy, but when they drew up near Twelves Street the music burst on them most audibly and every beat of the drums made each heart knock against its owner's ribs.

'Oh,' said Lord Farnham, 'it's the military band in the square.'

Ardrah replied, 'No,' and as he spoke they turned round into Twelves Street itself with the Parliament Square in advance nearly half a mile. Everything halted, for the advance was a sea, an ocean, of human beings. Pikes, muskets, red flags, and ribbons fluttered till they nearly hid the rows of houses round. Drums thundered within the masses and the blasts of trumpets, and broke by gusts upon the ear. Here was no mistake. The noblemen in the carriages sought for their firearms, and the premier drew himself erect in his seat. Then the cavalry pressed to the front, and Milner rode up for Ardrah's commands. The latter, rising to overlook the crowds said,

'Force a passage.'

'Must we not rather send for fresh troops, my lord?'

'On your peril, sir.'

Ardrah believed this to be a deceptive mass of people, and that they should soon get through them. The captains of the different companies, forced upon their unwelcome business, began to sign for the people to part, which they began to do, but in a while, for hitherto the idea had not entered their minds, many began to see this was the premier's cavalcade, so a hoarse howling roar rose from the foremost in the tumult and as it spread down the street the soldiers pushed their horses against the crowd. These, chiefly unarmed people, cast down





and bewildered, were rapidly giving way, when something like a peal of THUNDER rolled majestically upon the growing confusion. It seemed almost like the voice of an earthquake, and with a single break broke forth more deep and thundering than before. Doubt fled before it, and Ardrah with his own hand threw back the hood of his barouche, laid hold of his surtout and put it on; then turning he called for a horse which a servant brought him. Then he said, leaping from his carriage and mounting the steed,

‘Back, my lords! There is treason here. Back! Soldiers, give way!’

The Earl of Cartington, Lord Cressingham, with Elphinstone and Douglas all leaped from their chariots and laid hold of horses brought for them. The others turned their horses’ heads and the cavalry strove to keep the crowds from pressing onwards. Ardrah said with a loud calm voice,

‘Follow me to the Admiralty.’

So that way they turned at a measured pace, hearing the deafening crash of artillery bursting from Parliament Square.

As they departed their place was occupied by thousands of people, and then these swayed and ebbed till all the street took a determinate motion downward, but this quarter and this scene was in a manner the covering of the real contest which developed gradually, when the people filed off and ran before an unseen but terror-scattering storm of balls. Then the long, interminable lines of trim. . . .



# THE HISTORY OF ANGRIA. VIII

PATRICK BRANWELL BRONTË

Although the manuscript describing the Revolution in Angria is imperfect, the events and adventures which followed are set out in considerable detail in the next available portion of Branwell's manuscripts. This MS., which is dated July 22, 1836, is an 8vo. of 16 pages. It is in the Brotherton Collection Library, University of Leeds.

This story includes the author's prose description of the death of Queen Mary of Angria, a subject to which he often returned in his writings, and of which he also gives a description in one of his long poems. Here is an extract:

What pleasant airs upon her face  
With freshening coolness play,  
As they would kiss each transient grace  
Before it fades away;  
And backward rolled each deep red fold  
Begirt with tasselled cords of gold,  
The open arch displays  
O'er towers and trees that Orb divine  
His own unclouded light decline  
Before her glist'ning gaze.

On pillows raised her drooping head  
Confronts his glorious beam,  
And all her tresses backward strayed  
Look golden in the gleam,  
But her wan lips and sunken cheek  
And full eyes eloquently speak  
Of sorrows gathering near,  
Till those dark orbs o'erflowing fast  
Are shadowed by her hand at last  
To hide the streaming tear.

Queen Mary was Northangerland's daughter. She should not be mistaken for the Mary about whom Branwell Brontë was writing two years earlier. That was her mother, the first wife of Northangerland.

P.B.B.  
July 22nd.  
1836.

## Chapter I.

THROUGH the hoarse howlings of the storm,  
I saw—but, did I truly see  
A glimpse of that unearthly form  
Whose name has once been Victory?  
'Twas but a glimpse, and all seems past,  
For cares, like clouds, again return,  
And I'll forget him, till the blast  
For ever from my soul has torn  
That vision of a Mighty Man  
Crushed into Dust!—

Forget Him!—Lo, the Cannon's smoke,  
How dense it thickens, till on high,  
By the wild storm-blasts roughly broke,  
It parts in volumes through the sky,  
With dying thunder drifting by,  
Till the dread burst breaks forth once more,  
And loud and louder peals the cry  
Sent up with that tremendous roar,  
Where, as it lightens broad before,  
The thick of battle rends in twain,  
With roughened ranks of bristling steel  
Flashing afar, while armed men,  
In mighty masses, bend and reel,  
Like the wild waters of the main  
Dashed into foam!—where, there again  
Behold him! as with sudden wheel  
At bay against a thousand foes  
He turns upon their serried rows,  
All heedless round him though they close,  
With such a bloodhound glare!  
That eye, with inward fires so bright,  
Pierces the tempest of the fight,  
And lightens with the joyless light  
Of terrible Despair!  
He sees his soldiers round him falling,

A variant version of these lines was printed in 'The Complete Poems of Emily Brontë', 1910, as part of the poem 'I do not see myself again.' Bonnell Cat. 146 (2). See also Branwell's poem 'My Ancient Ship upon my Ancient Sea' (Shakespeare Head Edition, p. 286, and *note* p. 288).

In vain to Heaven for Vengeance calling;  
He sees those firmest friends, whom he  
Had called from happy, happy home,  
And for the prize of victory

Over the eastern world to roam;  
He sees them lie, with glaring eye  
Turned up toward him, that wandering star,  
Who led them still from good to ill,

In hopes of power to meet with war,  
And fall from noontide dreams of glory  
To this strange rest, so grim and gory.  
When rolling on those friends o'erthrown  
War's wildest wrack breaks thundering down  
Zamorna's pale and ghastly brow  
Darkens with anguish—all in vain  
To stem the tide of battle now,

For every rood of that wide plain  
Is heaped with thousands of his dead,  
Or shakes beneath the impetuous tread  
Of foes who conquer o'er the slain.  
No! never must he hope again,  
Though still abroad that banner streams  
On whose proud folds the sun of glory gleams;

Though still unvanquished sound their lord  
His chosen chiefs may grasp the unvanquished sword;  
'Tis hopeless! and he knows it so,  
Else would not anguish cloud his brow,  
Else would not such a withering smile  
Break o'er his hueless face, the while  
Some friend of years falls helplessly,  
Yet still upon that eagle eye  
Turning with dying ecstasy!  
That eagle eye, that beacon light,  
Through all the changes of the fight,  
Whose glorious glance spoke victory  
And fired his men to do or die,  
On the red roar of battle bent  
As if its own wild element;  
And gazing o'er each thundering gun  
As he were war's unconquered son;

That eye! oh, I have seen it shine  
'Mid scenes that differed far from these,

As Gambia's woods and skies divine  
From Greenland's icy seas.  
I have seen its lustre bent on me  
In old adventure gone,  
With beam as bright and gaze as free  
As his own young Angrian sun!  
When o'er those mighty wastes of heath  
Around Elymbos' brow,  
As side by side we used to ride  
I smiled to mark its glow.  
I smiled to see him, how he threw  
His feelings into mine,  
Till my cold spirit almost grew  
Like his, a thing divine.  
I saw him in his beauty's pride,  
With manhood on his brow,  
The falcon-eyed, with heart of pride,  
And spirit stern as now;  
Almost as stern—for many a shade  
Had crossed his youthful way.  
And clouds of care began to mar  
The brightness of his day.  
I knew him, and I marked him then  
For one apart, as far  
From the surrounding crowds of men  
As heaven's remotest star.  
I saw him in the battle's hour,  
And conquered by his side;  
I was with him in his height of power,  
And triumph of his pride.  
'Tis past—but am I with him now  
Where he spurs fiercely through the fight,  
His pride and power and crown laid low,  
And all his future wrapped from sight,  
'Mid clouds like those which from on high,  
Over the plains in purple gloom,  
With rain and thunder driving by,  
To shroud a nation's bloody tomb,  
And in the cannons' ceaseless boom,  
The toll which wafts the parting soul,  
While heaven's bright flashes serve to illumine,  
Like torches, its funereal stole—  
Its horrid funeral—far and wide,  
I see them falling in the storm,

'Mid crowds of horse, that wildly ride  
 Above each gashed and trampled form,  
 His charger shot, Zamorna down,  
 'Mong foes and friends alike o'erthrown.

Yet never may that desperate soul  
 Betray the thoughts which o'er it roll;  
 Teeth clenched, cheeks blanched, and eyes that dart  
 A boar-like fierceness from his heart  
 As all the world was nought beside  
 The saving of his iron pride:  
 For everyone on earth might die,  
 And not a tear should stain that eye,  
 Or force a single sob or sigh  
 From him who cannot yield.

Yet stay one moment—'tis but one,  
 A single glance to heaven is thrown,  
 One frenzied burst of grief—'Tis gone;

His heart once more is steeled:  
 That was a burst of anguish—there  
 Blazed all the intenseness of despair.  
 It said, 'Oh, all is lost for ever,'  
 All he loves, to him is dead;  
 All his hopes of glory fled;  
 All the past is vanishèd,

Save what nought can sever;  
 Ever living memories,  
 That shall haunt him till he dies,  
 With things that he can realize  
 Never, never, never!

I said I saw his anguished glance;  
 Say, did he think on me,  
 Incendiary of rebel France,  
 Parrot of Liberty?

The wretched Traitor who let in,  
 On Afric's opened land,  
 Deceit and craft and cant and sin  
 In one united band;

Who raised the standard of Reform,  
 And shouted, 'Earth be free!'  
 To whelm his country in the storm  
 Of Rebel Tyranny;

Who called himself, the good right hand  
And father of his King,  
Only on his adopted land  
This awful curse to bring?

Aye, it was I, and only I  
Who hurled Zamorna down  
From conquering glory placed on high  
This day to be o'erthrown.

I barbed the arrow which has sped  
To pierce my Sovereign's breast;  
And only on my guilty head  
May all his sufferings rest!

174 lines.

Such were the feelings of the Lord President of the Provisional Government upon the subject which filled the minds of all men, but in none so fully as his own!

But it befits us to take a short view of the present state of affairs in Verdopolis.

JUNE TWENTY-SEVENTH had altered the face of Africa. After the bloody and determined struggle of that day, the Reform Ministry was no more, but with it sunk the Constitution, the Church, the Aristocracy, and real Liberty, for all power was now lodged in the Provisional Government under the control of the Earl of Northangerland. Everyone who loved order, and his old and glorious government, trembled for his life, since it was known that lists, proscriptions were preparing, and several noble families had already been placed under arrest; while the properties and houses of all the absent and refugee or Constitutional noblemen with Wellington and Sneachie, were confiscated to the Revolutionary Government, as well as that of the Ministry. Likewise, heavy contributions were levied on the city, and great license permitted to the disorganised troops of the insurgents. Besides, the constant preparations for levy of men, and the necessary preparations for a force of 100,000 men which Northangerland declared his intention to raise. This mighty creator of the tempest, whenever he appeared in public, was met by a roar of exulting enthusiasm. Not a whisper dared be heard against him, and not a power arose over him. This was the shining surface, but within there abode rottenness. Half of his Government—Montmorency, Macara, Strafford, and the like, were his bitter and deadly foes. Every respectable individual in the city detested him at heart. Fidena, with 50,000 troops lay within one hundred miles of the city. Wellington was advancing with as many more over the western frontier. Ardrah,

with twenty vessels, still hovered about the Niger mouth; and Macterrorglen, gloomy neutral and victorious with his 30,000 lay close at hand in the east. Massena expected exorbitant remuneration if he should bring over his 30,000; and Quashia's 20,000 and Medina's 10,000 were a set of rampant and savage mercenaries. But, within himself it was that the blow fell most stunningly. A mighty press of business overwhelmed him day and night, so that his broken constitution, utterly unable to bear it, was beginning to fail, with sleepless nights, hideous visions, feverish exhaustion, utter loss of appetite, and miserable melancholy. He was become intolerably capricious, so that no one could be with him half an hour without meeting with insult and parting in disgust. He was ever tormented with the future, for Zenobia was still apart and irreconcilable. Mary was dying, and his peace was broken by the intrigues of Lady Vernon, Lady Georgiana, and his own weak balancing between them. Above all, where was ZAMORNA, the mighty, the miserable King of Angrial First, on the 27th of June, this falling Monarch, in a desperate attempt to meet his foes, and dash toward Verdopolis, had met a terrible defeat at Edwardston, losing 18,000 men, and forced to fly, chased by Macterrorglen, Jordan, Massena, and Quashia, till all his splendid army dashed in pieces, his generals dispersed, and himself, flying to Angria, was taken alone and exhausted among the Warner Hills. Then, after detention and brutal insult from Simpson, Northangerland bought him, and had him conveyed to Verdopolis. Here lay imprisoned the most glorious man of the age, under the alternative of the surrender of all his supporters, subjects, and country, or DEATH. But, Northangerland was in torment. He visited him and pressed him to assent to the destruction of Angria, and in freedom ascend to power with him! Zamorna sternly refused, and Percy—his friend, his father!—had him that night placed in the ROVER, under S'death, who directly set sail to banish him two thousand miles off on the rocks of the Ascension Isle.

### Chapter 2nd.

On the evening after this awful sentence had been put into execution, the Earl was to preside at a grand entertainment in Elrington Hall. Most of the provisional Government, with several noble adherents of his faction present, Lady Louisa Vernon on the right hand of the presidential chair, looking triumphantly beautiful with her raven curls waving and her wild black eyes flashing in the anticipated fulfilment of all her hopes, for she sat in the place of the Countess of Northangerland. The expected punishment of Zamorna was the subject of conversation (For his actual sentence was yet unknown).

The Earl entered among servants, for the man assumes great state since his late exaltation (it is in his nature). All eyes were fixed on him. He advanced slowly, and rather bent, with a face dismally pale, and eyes sunk in their sockets, while his rather gay dinner attire contrasted disagreeably with his sallow, dejected countenance, but a grim cloud rested on his bald brow, and he took his seat, while the company all stood, and the Orchestra struck up, in moody silence. Louisa spoke, but he didn't answer. She looked earnestly at him and beheld, with surprise, a tear quivering in his eyes.

'How horridly low the house looks!' muttered Jordan, at the bottom of the table, to Strafford, who squeaked,

'He's going—I know—he is going!'

'Well,' said Montmorency, to Quashia who sat opposite, stretching himself and exalting his deep voice that the Earl might hear him, 'Well, my lad, what was your scheme for the prisoner? Now, let's have a good one. You guess mine's hanging, by God! I should like to see his long limbs grace a rope's-end; and then suffer dissection; like this god's head and shoulders—eh, man?'

Quashia was already half drunk, and his tones hardly needed exaltation.

'Montmorency, mind yourself; I'll not be mocked by you. Have him hung! Hang yourself. Why, listen, and know what refined vengeance is, you thief. I'd have him whole, sound, and hearty, upright on his pins, and standing at one end of a table. I'd have what I have had. Yes, I'd have him only see what me and Simpson has been doing yesterday—no, the day before yesterday; a darkish room, but enough light to see ill with; a table, I say, and us beside it; the wind and rain blowing a racket without, and not a soul around to care for him; Simpson holding Him! Yes, Him I say' (exalting his voice to a discordant screech) 'Ernest, aye, his son, his oldest son, holding him in his arms, just as if he were going to baptise him; the priest, one Quamina, I say, at hand, and a right red iron in his paws; whereon, we stand, and here we go, have at it: then in goes the iron, first into one eye and then into the other, hissing and searing to the brain. Off I ships the pitch cap and we shakes him to the skies—this is the way, my boys; this is the torment!'

So the demoniacal black seized a handkerchief and rung it about over his head, shaking it with a fiendish laugh. But the Earl had been a sullen looking hearkener; with a brow clouded by passion, he rose and said:—

'O Zamorna, Zamornal might not this cup pass from you!'

'From him, by dad, ugh! Bring him out to make sport for the Philistines. If we cannot do the thing over again, we'll act it for him and tell him it is DONE! Maew, maeuw——'



So Quashia went on, imitating the cries of a child. But Percy, who had sat down, again rose.

'Gentlemen, I see you are all earnest to know what is to be the punishment of Arthur Augustus Adrian Wellesley. He set sail for a voyage to the Ascension Isle at one o'clock this morning.'

In the stern growl of disapprobation which burst forth, Louisa forgot herself. Springing up, she clasped the Earl's hands, and cried, 'Oh, I'll never forgive you! You wretched man!'

But his rage was terribly sane. He threw one fearful squint at her, muttering,

'You stand on a pinnacle, you think, Miss; take care you don't fall!'

And then was turning to Quashia with double threatening in his looks.

Vernon's eyes looked too excited for caution in her anger. She threw herself recklessly on the feelings of the moment, and was near crying with vexation.

'Didn't you promise me his death? Didn't you swear it? I will put no faith in you; you're a treacherous, vacillating man. Gone to seal Oh that I had known it sooner!'

'Woman!' said the Earl, turning round, 'don't trouble me.'

And Quashia cried, 'At him ye d——!' while Mont and Jordan with others joined at an insulting laugh over his weakness.

'Oh,' said Caversham, 'how the scamp has diddled him! Eh, I wouldn't be him for twopence.'

'Percy,' cried Vernon, with a face like a pretty fury, 'you're a fool, nor care I who hears it. I'll leave you.'

'Not so,' said the Earl, grasping her arm so that she gave a slight scream, but he raised his awe-inspiring voice.

'Shall I be baited thus, madam? You do not know yourself. By heaven, you shall pay dearly for this day. And listen—Usher, send for the guard and a carriage!'

'You ordered one, and it is waiting, my lord!'

Vernon saw her fate had been predetermined, she was fallen at his lordship's feet in a swoon. He raised her and gave her into the hands of her ladies behind her chair, while the guard appeared in the hall. Then he pointed to them and they escorted her, borne senseless, while he turned from the sight with a convulsive movement of suppressed agony.

'Death!' he cried; 'take her to the Tower!'

Now here he noticed an exact characteristic of his mind. I am certain those guards will die if they are not perished now!

'Is ERNEST FITZJOHN DEAD THEN!' was his last word, for ere he had spoken it he was turned and going from the room.

Dinner seemed broken up on his departure. The guests broke up

into knots, and Montmorency, Strafford, Cartington, Denard, and others, spread the words 'Fool! Half mad! D—n him!' and the like in a way that augured hatred ready any moment to break out in open revolt.

Never did Government stand on more slippery ground with their head, nor the head with them!

But, oh that Fidenia could free us from such tyrant dominion!

P. B. BRONTË

July 23, 1836.

P.B.B.

Aug. 8, 1836

### Chapter 3.

FROM the treachery and profligacy of the Revolutionary Government in Verdopolis, let us turn our eyes for a while to the despairing struggles of Liberty among the Warner Hills.

Angria might now be considered subdued and under the power of its enemies, who indeed showed it by an exercise of that power in most wanton and cruel barbarity. Every town in Zamorna, Arundel, and the inland parts of Angria, was occupied with a French, Ashantee, Arabian or Northangerlandian garrison, in whose commanding officers lay supreme powers of life and death to every inhabitant. The blacks ranged unmolested along the Etrei and Calabar, save round the huge fortress of Gazemba where the lion, Enara, lurked baffled, but still unconquerable. Even upon the Gordon Mountains of Northangerland troops of 'Sportsmen', as Simpson brutally termed them, roved to shoot or capture the loyal peasantry on their trackless heaths. Oppression raged most horribly through the land, for 100,000 soldiers supported themselves upon the people, wantonly wasting and spoiling as well as consuming, while the rapacious Massena exercised all his well known powers of grinding, and Simpson and Jordan and Fenton each required and forced his tens of thousands from the life-blood of this persecuted people. Vessels also, detached from the fugitive ex-premier's navy, were regularly coasting along the shores, landing at every favourable spot, capturing goods, and burning towns, till the glittering bayonets of Northangerland warned them back to the ocean. While in this state of affairs, the great dictator of Verdopolis turned his blue eyes toward his vanquished Sovereign's land. Could not mercy be hoped from the companion of its King, the father of its Queen, its own former premier?—None! Not for an instant. He never thought of mercy, and certainly there was no one to remind him of it. But he saw that it was a most excellent fund from whence to pay his hungry coadjutors and stop their mouths from

grumbling and disappointment. So he arranged for it a vice-royal government:

RICHARD NAUGHTY<sup>1</sup>, Lord Lieutenant!!!!!!

Lord Macara Lofty, Chief Secretary.

Marshal Massena, Commander in Chief.

M. J. Barrass, Treasurer of the Forces.

Quashia Quamina Esq., Governor of Zamorna.

George Caversham Esq., Governor of Arundel.

Robert Patrick Sdeath Esq., Governor of Angria.

As a Grand Provisional Directory! for that country, a more horrible government could not possibly be devised. Every member of it was filled with a demoniacal and vindictive hatred of Angria. They were all brutal and bloody-minded men; needy too and grasping in disposition, while their head was a man universally dreaded for his gloomy and revengeful ferocity. Ardrah's court martial was bad enough, but this, if possible, was worse, and its component parts seem selected too of persons who have personal hatred of the fallen King Adrian, which stamps the conduct of Northangerland with a disgusting and hypocritical malevolence, for which his mighty exile can never forgive him.

Well, upon the first of August, 1836, this New Government made a grand public entry into Zamorna, surrounded by an awful display of military force, but proceeding through streets otherwise as deserted as the grave. But let me transcribe Charles Wentworth's description of that entry, since he accompanied them as Lofty's private secretary.—

'After the Directory had finished a long interview with the Lord President of the Palace in Elrington Square, they formed in their carriages, each one being drawn by six white horses, with the mocking emblems of Peace and Liberty, Sir Joseph Fenton, with two French regiments of cavalry, drawn up around them as a guard of honour to the borders of the kingdom. We proceeded slowly through the city among immense crowds of applauding spectators, with the bells ringing, troops presenting, and cannon firing as in duty bound to the redeemers of an oppressed nation. But at last, beyond Waterloo Palace, where was stationed the last dense multitude, the city began to ebb away and the open country to appear (the first green fields which I have beheld for a weary while). Here I would have kept the carriage window open, to look out, but his lordship, the secretary, with whom I sat, hastily ordered me to close it. Upon coming abreast of a large clump of trees beside the road, and when we reached the frontier post of Angria, he muttered something about "Extreme danger in these unsettled districts." Squeezing himself into one corner of the carriage,

<sup>1</sup>Usually spelt Naughten.

and wrapping himself more closely in his cloak, I saw he was mortally afraid, and indeed the paleness of his face, and his startled glance whenever he heard a distant gun go off, or any unusual sound from afar, would not if he strove allow him to conceal it. So I, with his permission, pretending faintness from close confinement, got out upon horseback and gazed upon this unhappy land.

'It was a couple of miles in advance of Edwardston that I first beheld it, and I may say that there my blood curdled with horror and indignation at the sight. We were driving at a rapid rate past Edwardston Park, but the fences on the roadside were gone, soldiers in undress jackets cutting down the trees for sale, and as a wide opening in the demolished woods gave an opportunity, I beheld, within, the broad lawns torn up and covered with cavalry horses, the stacks of lopped trunks and branches piled over the paths, and the huge unsightly Redoubt stretching its hideous mass before the Great House, stately and aristocratic still, though shattered by balls and shadowed by the red flag of Liberty. Downward in the woods the smoke rose from the trees burning for charcoal, and, as it faded for a while, hundreds of barked and branchless poles whitened the groves of what should have been summer green. Such a terrible system of ravenous devastation impressed me with the darkest gloom and depression of spirits, but as yet I had beheld only the beginning of horrors. We hurried fast as the cavalry could follow through Edwardston—the young flourishing town of Edwardston!—where had passed all the fury of the battle of the 26th of June. Shattered to pieces were half its houses, showing the plastered or papered walls within. Rooftrees, laths, and lime mingled on the floors, with streets encumbered by rubbish, and torn up by cannon balls. No inhabitants were seen, save a few wretches who had sworn fidelity to the new order of things, and these were skulking about as if afraid of their own shadows. But the DEAD were to be seen! Yes, with horror I speak it. When we had left the town, all the march seemed strewn with dark objects—the horribly putrefying carcasses of the brave Angrians, left by the command of the demon Simpson, as he said, to be an example; and now corrupting the whole air with their stench, so that on this hot day the horses feeding on those meadows, half worried by the legions of flies that eat the bodies, were plunging and galloping about over the horrid scene. The river presented the same scene, as, underneath the bridge we passed over, a hideous mass lay covering the water round with the many-coloured oily matter of decay! Such a relation, I know, is disgusting, but I want to give an idea of the horrors of Angria, which we beheld more darkly developed the nearer we approached the end of our journey. Nobody was to be seen but soldiers; none haymaking in the fields or marketing in the villages; but at Ashfield, a line of twenty gibbets, support-

ing the rotten remains of martyred patriots; beyond, we came past a troop of Africans conveying to Zamorna fifty prisoners from the south, half clad, jaded, and ready to drop with thirst. These gallant fellows were urged along by their brutal captors, and, oh how I felt my cheek burn to see white men thus tormented by those half beastly blacks. But, when I reflected that it was their fellow whites who urged it on and approved of it, that glow was changed into a blush for human nature. I looked to see if my superiors had any better feelings, but in vain, for they were jeering to each other on the fallen King and kingdom. As for the Prince Quashia I felt a sort of respect for him. He, at least, had a right to laugh, for with what contempt must he have thought upon his lords, the whites!

‘At Staveley, within a mile of Zamorna, we came upon the commencement of a line of soldiers drawn forth to welcome our arrival in the city, and which continued along the road in two ranks, between which we passed to the very centre of the town. I computed there must have been 20,000 men, French, Southerners, and Ashantees, with their bands all playing at intervals, and their bayonets flashing in the air, a most warlike and noble spectacle considered in itself, but one which filled me with even contempt at the utter hopelessness of the condition of Angria.

‘The camp lay upon our left, as we went along, tremendously fortified with trenches, redoubts, and masked or open batteries showing a grinning front of cannon, both toward Zamorna, the country, and the road; while on our right, flanking the river, we could perceive another long mound of works commanding the Olympian, and the meadows crowded with cavalry and baggage-horses of the army. This warlike spectacle increased in grandeur as we filed up the great street of Zamorna; but, alas for the second city in this ruined Empire! how are the mighty fallen! Houses riddled with shot, windows broken along twenty fronts at a time, interiors beheld naked of furniture and owners, forsaken shops, deserted streets—these were the fillings up of the gloomy picture. A crowd of Northangerlandians or . . . . . being the only beings discovered besides the scarlet soldiers. We came upon the Central Market Square, where all the executions take place, and we beheld a hideous shambles; the gallows, Macterrorglen’s favourite, rearing its doleful form above platforms, and pens to keep the prisoners in; there were, indeed, ten gallows, and, as usual, a human corpse upon each. And I caught in one place a crowd round a man whom the soldiers were lashing, and in another four blacks bearing off a great crate with something bloody within, while several soldiers were washing the pavement on the centre from clotted gore. Opposite too was the Sessions House, where Simpson cries, and sometimes his victims; and beyond that a great hotel girt by many

hundred cavalry, and bearing the Yellow Banner of Reform above its roof.

‘This was the monster’s den, and here we were to alight, the soldiers first forming a long row on each side, and reining back their horses, into a wide lane for our passage. I stood on the Inn steps beholding all round a swelling sea of plumes and sabres and bayonets, with bloodred flags waving to the deafening music of kettle-drums and trumpets. No joyful populace, no crowds of enthusiastic people; all a warlike and military show as if I had stood in an entrenched camp within an enemy’s country, and not in the . . . of flourishing young city Zamorna.

‘I followed my superiors where they were led, still among files of redcoats, into an ante-room filled with officers, and from thence to the audience chamber of the general himself.’

So far, Mr Wentworth; but now to pass forward.—This New Government installed itself directly, and a Proclamation, emanating no doubt from Elrington Hall, was issued the morning after their arrival, declaring the intention and determination of the Provisional Government of Verdopolis to consider Angria as part and parcel of the new Grand Confederate Republican Union, into whose ranks it invited every other nation to come, telling the people of Angria that all they had to do was to come before the military authorities of town or station, take the oath of allegiance to the Provisional Government, and enter themselves as citizens of Africa; while all who neglected doing this, all who appeared in arms against the Republic, were sentenced to instant death the moment they would be lighted on. An immense list of proscriptions followed, with rewards for capture alive or dead; and a conclusion promising all the blessings of freedom and prosperity to the just enlightened world. It was signed with the ominous name of RICHARD NAUGHTEN, Lord Lieutenant.

Naughten is not a man of many words. He is much fonder of acting than of speaking; so he directly followed up this manifesto with all possible promptitude. Rest was denied to the soldiers. Day or night, they were up, harrying, capturing, shooting, and plundering; through all the country every gallows was had in requisition, every acre of property was confiscated, and every grain of corn or farthing of money was torn from the hand of a people already on the brink of starvation, till at length slavery became too dreadful to be borne, and insurrections and night attacks and revolts and surprises became more frequent than has been known since the storm of Adrianopolis.

All this was vain. A yet more terrible struggle was preparing for the unhappy land. The Duke of Fidenia was preparing at Freetown to throw 70,000 troops upon the frontiers of Arundel; Warner, among his native mountains, was determined to co-operate with him. So

Northangerland issued orders for the preparation of an overwhelming armament wherewith to crush at once both these, his deadly enemies.

#### Chapter Fourth.

P. B. B.  
Sept. 3.  
1836.

I KNOW not how it is, but, somehow, during the whole course of my former writing, I have felt as if the spirit and importance of my subject while it constantly increased before me, was as surely diminished on my pages, till at last in the momentous crisis it has withered entirely away. I have mighty things now to tell, but I am unable to speak;

but Wide o'er the warlike plain hovers my mind,  
To all its doings, dead and cold and blind.

So that, either I must fairly give up the pen, or only while I am training for exertion employ it on a theme private, confined, and therefore light enough for my miserably diminished strength. So, leaving the awful excitement and mighty preparations of Verdopolis, let us enter a little into the immediate ongoings in its—Elrington Hall. . . .

St Michael's bell had just finished tolling twelve, and though the principal wing of the palatial building still blazed and sounded with the whirl and brightness of lordly dissipation, the apartment now open to my mind's eye was utterly silent and solitary, vast, like all the gorgeous rooms around it, and lighted with one great constellation of lights from the noble lustre in its centre; but the aimless shining, with no one to profit by it, the luxuriant couches which spread themselves without an occupant, the fires glowing for themselves and by themselves, the far off din of music and dancing that seemed to mock the soundless organ and unechoing ceiling, produced so solemn and melancholy a solitude that not the then midnight aisles of St Michael's could more have struck into my mind. The room was one of a suite of galleries, and only separated from the Grand Staircase by another, so that the ceaseless steps of lackeys or visitors ascending and descending there, sounded here without intermission in a deep distant thunder reverberated from the enormous central dome. Carriages arriving and drawing up without, gave a similar sound, and the wind, blending all together, produced what I can only call a most wonderful and glorious tone.

I call this great room solitary, though there came one person into it, a stately and beautiful lady in full dress, and retired, as it seemed, from the dazzling confusion of the great ball going on in the western wing. The folding doors were closed silently behind her, and she looked as if expecting to meet with one who was not there. But this almost sublime situation began to arrest her attention, so she did not

pass through to the other door, but stopped under the lustre with a smile at the contrast to the gorgeous revelry she had left. There was something in this lady's fair hair and luxuriant figure which told me she was one more disposed for smiles than sighing, but she could not help one heaving of the bosom when, turning toward the fire, she, looking up, beheld on a sudden that glorious bust upon the great marble-mantelpiece, itself of white marble, and crowning the classic pile of sculpture far above her head, but looking down on her with sightless orbs that yet seemed to penetrate her very soul. Who could see those divine features and the neck so regally set upon its snowy shoulders, and not feel within their souls it was the *Eidolon* of the mortal *Phœbus*, the mighty Sun set in such coming clouds and darkness. Lady Georgiana, gazing up, could not repress the involuntary aspiration '*ZAMORNA*'; but started at the echoes of that proscribed and forgotten name! She looked at his image till the haughty inspired brows seemed to contract in a melancholy frown, and she felt as if she could look no more. His smile looked ominous, first of the clouds ungathered when it was chiselled, but at last she feared the lips would part in reproachful scorn at her, so she turned round in undefined apprehension to mark the bright but lonely room. It was open everywhere for her view, save where the vast mass of curtains fell before the chief employed window, so, passing across the carpet, she parted these, in she knew not what sort of apprehension, but then the view without arrested her—a midnight stretch of *Verdopolis*, darkly visible in starlight, with the faint halos of a yet unseen moon behind a black front of building towering far off above the rest—*Wellesley House* in *Victoria Square*! No lights in these windows now, but gloomy, as in mourning for its departed King! Turning again, with a mind yet fuller of him who is now as if he had never been (to the world, at least; for, unnoticed, there still survive hearts that mean to bleed for him) the exquisite taste of the decorations and pieces of art about her, only suggested the idea, 'Were these things dictated by *Zamorna*; was all this the work of his varying genius which stooped or rose with unconcern, because, either in ornamenting a house or a kingdom it was still doing the will of *Adrian*? And has he not been present here too; has not his own noble form stood face to face with that white sculpture, the cold and lifeless shadow of the warm, living and moving divinity?—Well,' she exclaimed, 'how mad, how frantically mad for the man beneath whose roof I am to conspire against and join in overthrowing that glorious being, his King and friend and son! Would I have done this? *Could* I have sent, coldly and deliberately sent into perpetual exile, a thousand miles over the sea, in anguish too and despair, the only one, and the one with whom to me to live and die would be a paradise, beyond which I should ask



for nothing more! Now, if I—but I must not say it; the hope is chimerical—though I wonder where Percy has gone.'

Georgiana turned as if to go, but lingered still in the room, sitting down again with her elbow leant on a black cabinet, and with her white fingers unconsciously moved in time to the far distant ball room strains of Weber's last waltz, that rose and fell in measured cadence with an effect that doubly solemnized the melancholy sweetness of this effusion of a dying swan. Music in so vast a house sounds indefinite and aerial, for among a multitude of grand apartments its source can not be fixed on and accordingly it increased the present tone of this lady's good, natural, and sensitive mind.

'Well,' she said again, 'if I *could* gain his recall I should bring a sun again in the world, but my lord is so miserably impracticable I cannot tell what to do with him, and that little witch Vernon, with her ungovernable insolence will thwart me so, besides the demons Montmorency, Quashia, Macara, Jordan! Oh, I shall never succeed. However, I *will* try! So where is Percy?'

A picture gallery led from this room to the Lord President's library, and through it she hurried with a springing step and bright, cheerful look, which one would have mistaken for joy when it was only the general effect of her handsome, dashing features and well-developed form. Yet she was almost laughing at her own concern and earnestness, when she opened the library doors. A goodly, noble room, and richly lighted, but with someone at a desk by the fire who had sunk forward from his chair, till his face was buried on that desk in his folded arms; and to him she ran.

'Well, my lord—fairly tired out!—but you are soon asleep though!'

A slight yet convulsive shudder which seemed to pass through Northangerland's frame with the sigh that followed as if extorted by bodily pain told her that his lordship was not slumbering, though farther than this he neither moved nor noticed her.

'Now, Percy, don't give yourself up so to melancholy. Raise your head and, come now, be cheerful. I'll give you a song, and it shall be 'Drive dull care away!' For, in spite of all their intriguing and treachery I'm sure you have a friend—at least *one*—left, and she'll be sad, my lord, when you're not merry! Let me see the light of your countenance, and hide not thy face from me. Oh, but this won't do; it's flat blasphemy to address in such terms a senseless statue, for this can be no other; it's as still as one, and as cold as one, and a good deal less pleasing than at least one that I have been looking at. Rouse thyself, man! ZAMORNA's in exile!'

The last words only had effect in Georgiana's musical awakening, for Percy hastily rose from his reclining posture, presenting a startling aspect of mental agony, with tears on his hollow cheeks, and more

fast gathering in his eyes, while his fine expansive forehead and trembling lips were both of the same deathly paleness. An oath burst from his tongue, with a hasty 'Begone!' But Georgiana was not so to be scared when she saw him in such despair. She stood opposite, almost brightened, with parted lips and dovelike eyes fixed on the Earl, and glistening at the appalling spectacle of Northangerland formed into real, bitter tears.

'What's the matter!' she exclaimed hysterically, 'What—has anything happened? Are you ill, my lord?'

'Till? Ha, ha! Georgiana, you've hit it. By Heaven, I *am* ill. DEATH's the matter!'

'What do you mean, my lord?'

'Why, look you there.'

He pointed to a letter, and Lady Greville took it, reading till she cried, 'Is she dying then?'

'Aye, as sure as you're living.'

'And to-night you're called away?'

'And to-morrow she is called away! Oh, this is horrible, coming on me now; myself just going to head armies against my King's existence; my daughter going to die for this, and with a bitter horror of me; Arthur gone into eternal exile; the—my FRIENDS, I *know*, just plotting *my* death; and so I must finish a cursed, cursed life! What d'ye want with me woman; what am I that you should follow me here? Something so pre-eminently glorious and beatific that my face is life and paradise to your heart? You'll do no good here.'

'Now, don't speak so, Percy. There's nobody in this house cares a pin for you but me, and all the rest who care for you are gone, all gone. Oh, I'd give up my own prospects, every one, to give you what you've lost. My lord, now do just hear me. Oh, call back Zamorna! She'd live then. I'm sure she'd recover, and HE would drive away your FRIENDS, he'd drive them into hell! Yes, there's no one in this palace but ought to go there, and will go there; they are a pack of heartless, ferocious demons already.'

'Oh, how I wish Zamorna were here! How his noble countenance would shrivel their Frenchified hearts together, and send, with one glance of his eyes, the drunken beast Quashia, and the jaded idler Jordan, and the cowering atheist Macara, and the wolfish-hearted Montmorency, down to the only place they're fit for; and then Mary would revive to life and happiness directly, and you would be yourself again; and I, why I suppose you would forget me, because your countess must come back. Well, she ought to—but, it's a bitter thought! Percy, do you hear?'

'Georgiana, I DO NOT! No, my girl, where's my power and my schemes and my vengeance?'

'They? They're nowhere. You're under the feet of your FRIENDS!'

'Aye; and I am far above their heads. But stuff; this is raving; I am ready to shoot myself! Georgiana, good-night. I must set off for Alnwick. And then the—funerall'

The last sentence was hardly audible, for with its horrid reminiscences Percy's very soul sickened, and he became as white as ashes, Georgiana running to him, lest he should have fallen from the sofa, but he had not lost recollection, so, taking her hand, with a wan smile he said,

'You're a generous girl, Greville; you don't get your due from me; yet I can't forget you, for these looks are not very common before me nowadays; the fierce eyes and stamping of feet and fits of crying from one woman, and whining and croaking and fawning from another, and sickening coquetry from a third, and squinting and staring and sneering and swearing from my masculine supporters—curse them! Georgiana, good-night.'

Clasping Lady Greville in his arms, with a long parting kiss he impressed this farewell, and she in tears with a beating heart could hardly leave his embrace, so, as the momentary rapture left him and the Angrian of his heart returned on a sudden again, he left her on the sofa and hurried abruptly from the room.

## Chapter Fifth

P. B. B.  
Sept. 19,  
1836.

At the same period in the night after that one last mentioned, the Lord President's carriage was driving swiftly over a smoothened road in the doubled darkness of a mighty grove, four score miles away from Verdopolis, and still further increasing his distance from a scene where his presence was the sole stay which held together his schemes and his power. But though those to whom these were for a time entrusted were just the men who most thoroughly hated him, though the measures they would pursue were for the destruction of the only few who cared for him, though the kingdoms were gathering in arms to overthrow him, and enemies directed those who should support him, still the Earl of Northangerland, seated alone in his chariot, could forget all these forebodings of disaster for miseries which lay still nearer to his heart.

The night, now far advanced, was very dark and gusty, so that the huge trees over the road, though nearly unseen, groaned and swung without ceasing, and an autumn rain drifted past, beating down the decaying leaves, and shaking the carriage windows with a fitful struggling till the horses were stopped near a lighted window, and Percy called out impatiently, 'Drive on, ye d—ll'

The coachman muttered to the porter, for they were now at the Alnwick park gates.

'God! you needn't stare to see the nags smoke so, for his lordship has been cursing 'em all the road, and I'm done if I've eat or drunk to-day.'

But the imperious voice again broke in, with the command to hasten, so the servant flung open the gates, and the horses burst forwards, but as the great iron leaves flew back again to their places, Percy heard their clash, and started to think himself so near the house of Death, though his pale lips compressed themselves directly, and he folded his arms, in stern resignation, to await what in a few minutes occurred,—the termination of his journey, where he alighted in the dark night and beneath a gloomy front of building among shining lamps and respectful crowds of servants at hand but unnoticed, for the tall stately figure enveloped in a black cloak, with hat drawn sternly over his brow, passed hastily through the lane preceded by Shaver and Streaton to the great interior staircase and thence into a noble room where his valet took the hat and cloak from his passive master, who then kept pacing the length and breadth of the apartment lost in thought, and giving no directions to either of his servants, till at last he said, abruptly, 'Is she alive?'

Shaver was too experienced in his lord's temper to dare to answer in words upon such a subject, but bowed in silence.

Northangerland said again, 'Who are here?'

Hesitation in the reply would at that moment have been a dismissal, so the valet replied,

'The Bishop of Hylle with Sir Ashton Cowper and a consultation.'

A withering and bitter, 'Faugh!' was the only acknowledgment of this intelligence. In a while again he turned from them gloomily, so they both directly left the room, and he shortly went out by another door, through a lonely lighted gallery, and to a solitary marble stair, covered with thick matting, unlighted, and opening with a window upon the midnight skies, which of all he had seen seemed alone to possess power over his attention, for he stopped at the balustrade, resting his head on his hand, in sight of the great tree tops, now on a level with his eye, and swaying darkly round the building as far as woods that mingled unseen with the rainy night, which at last was abating into clouds flying across open spaces of starlight, and toward the horizon over a sky silvered by a struggling moon this lonely crescent driving through the clouds, at times showing her golden bow in a clear calm field of air, and then so soon obscured in the wild gusty shadows of the storm, was quickly and dreamily associated in Percy's singular mind with the end of his dying daughter. He first watched the midnight wrack into which it had dived, and then saw it

come quickly out till it stopped in the pure pearly grey. There was nothing weak in this tendency of his mind. It was just that he was struck with this shadowing in the clouds, as a shadow of the burial in the grave, and when the glorious orb came forth into the sky it looked to him like a soul escaping from earth to heaven; but as this idea belonged not to his credit, it would not have lasted unless he had kept looking on what had caused it, and it was so much too fair to perish that he still kept gazing through the Gothic window at that bright bow as if the soul of Mary and those clouds as the shadows of death. In a while the shadows accumulated faster, the half hour of fair weather which had intermitted, was over, and the moon was lost. The darkness returned, rain once more began to beat against the windows, and Northangerland turned away as if a voice had said that as this storm had come so death should be, with not an entrance into Paradise, but an obstruction of dark and eternal clouds. He turned and found all dark about him, without a sound to break the silence, his own footsteps muffled by the matting, and his heart oppressed with the consciousness that this was the unnatural hush kept round a sick bed to lull and soothe the dying. The duchess lay in this wing of the building, and Percy, proceeding up the stair, came in a while to an ante-room where, in silence as still as death, several ladies, her attendants, sat, to be within call. Here too was Lady Helen Percy, who met her son in silence, for she knew as well what sorrow had been his lot that now to behold him, raised up so many dreary recollections, that she could not speak. But he said,

‘You are aware, I suppose, that I cannot be now what I used to be; that I shall bear the approaching event without any very great display of sorrow. It has not taken me unawares, I could expect no other. It’s all the same tale—all alike—all alike!—Your letter gives me to understand that—that——’ He hesitated here, and gave a restless gloomy glance at the attendants, so, Lady Helen, knowing how little he liked any unconcerned persons to be a witness to any expression of emotion on his part, for indeed he is most singularly sensitive on this head, signed for them to leave the room. When they were alone he continued, ‘You told me Mary could not live more than a day or two, did you not?’

‘Now, not more than an hour or two!’

Such a word was evidently a shock to the Earl. He could not turn paler but he looked fiercer, as if to resent the stab; but Lady Helen continued, ‘It is useless, Alexander, I know I speak severely, but this night must conclude the scene. You ought to know it, and so I do not shrink from telling you of it.’

‘O mother,’ he said agonisedly, ‘I have too, too much to bear! Despair without and within, for do you know,’ he went on with a

harsher expression and bitterer tone, 'I'm plotted against just now, so that there can be no time for me to witness the funeral of my child. I must be back in a day from her deathbed to the field of war. It is more than I can endure. Can you tell me what to do? When I *do* get back I shall see the city in a hell, and if I stay to the—funeral—Jeremiah Simpson must be my judge on returning. I shall follow Mary soon enough. Has she spoken of me, mother? Would she recognise me?'

'She has not, Alexander!'

'And if her dying prayer be for—But I must be silent. I can say nothing on that head. She has spoken of *him*?'

'Not one word for weeks!'

'Well, lead me in.'

Percy *was* changed now from the man he had been once before. As he neared the place where the flower of his hopes was dying, no stronger expression of agony, no faltering step or altered voice, betrayed an increase of mental despair. But he stalked along, tall, thin, sallow, and gloomy, with saturnine eyes and brow, and hollow-whiskered cheeks, in acid silence but with perfect self-possession, though, as he muttered to himself, when the door was opening to admit him to the chamber of death, 'It was like going into hell!'

She who was Queen of Angria, and wife of Zamorna, and daughter of Northangerland, thus the owner of the three highest titles this world could bestow, whose name had been the foremost in the first rank of everything bright and beautiful two short years ago, appeared before our delighted eyes in such loveliness and splendour as if *she* were the real rising sun; or who, though her glorious husband claimed that distinction, did to everyone appear, being his and Angria's Queen in that dayspring of hope and promise, our one bright MORNING-STAR! She was now truly the same mortal being, but except personal identity, in what was she the same? The Queen of Angria was exiled and throneless, her kingdom the vast gory deathbed of its people. The wife of Zamorna was divorced and discarded, her husband lying two thousand miles off, a friendless and hopeless exile. The daughter of Northangerland, the young and lovely Mary Percy, was laid in this room, wasted to a shadow, and just going to DIE! When first I introduced to my readers the name of Mary Henrietta Percy it was to describe her, now three years ago, as a beautiful, imaginative, and cheerful hearted girl, walking with her dog, in a bright autumn evening, among the glorious groves of Percy Hall, far off in the west, her own dear native land!

That was a vision of brightness which crossed my own eyes, but whose passing beauty I could not describe to another; yet it was not long before my readers saw her too in a vast and dazzling ring of

splendour, beneath the mighty dome of St Michael's, before its high altar, and by the side of her country's glory, KING ADRIAN's chosen bride! We all know the revolutions which have passed since then, wherein one placed apparently so far above all the chances and changes of fate has undergone more and more awful vicissitudes than ever fell to the lot of a peasant girl. The Queen of Angria, though risen in morning like the star I have compared her to, was destined to disappear before day. Her father's cursed and infatuated conduct had alienated and enraged his King, and he when opposed as he was in heart and feelings never hesitates on measures of retaliating vengeance. If Percy strives farther Mary is to be forsaken: Percy heeded not the threat; so, when war came on Angria, and while Zamorna was fighting for his life, the fiat of vengeance passes, and the duchess was Queen and wife no longer, but banished to Alnwick. She heard successively of Adrian's struggles and fall and capture and imprisonment and exile, through which not even the same wide land must hold them any more. That last act too was her father's, and such a blow from his hand she knew not how to bear. But, indeed, Mary never troubled herself with trying, for she had neither patience nor resignation. There never was a being more entirely of feeling, and more utterly destitute of the sterner qualities of the mind. Her goodness and her bad qualities sprung from this single source; through it she was warm-hearted, cheerful, strong in affection and most earnest and ardent in love. By it, nothing her father could do could shake her affection, till he drew his sword against Zamorna, who by it too was so much the one all-sufficient deity and heaven of her heart that everything was nothing beside him and he was all in this world and the next to her.

This chamber of death was opened now in all its dreary magnificence, lofty and airy, but hung and fashioned with velvet so dark as to seem shadowy in despite of the softly shining silver lamps that glistened from their white marble pedestals and centred their radiance on the bed where lay the shadow rather than the substance of the forsaken wife and crownless Queen. Over her the vast festoons of drapery hung from the coronetted tester as if even they were mourning, and on each side of her sat silently a fair young watcher in white whose dark western eyes and blooming figure contrasted strongly with that shrine of a departing spirit. Upon a sofa retired into shadow the venerable prelate, Dr Duncombe and Sir Ashton sat as if their presence and assistance were useful no longer and wanted no more, but still lingering, as unwilling to leave to the Destroyer a victim so young and fair. But, above these, and right opposite Mary's eyes, a wide and lofty arch opened sublimely to the sky; its curtains were drawn aside to display the full extent of waste midnight heaven and

sad struggling moon. Trees waved too beneath this window which looked toward the south-west, where every thought, every feeling of her soul were hovering round the Ascension Isle. What was she like? For such things as I have hitherto mentioned were only auxiliaries in the picture. Here was the principal figure, cold, white, and wasted, supported by a pile of pillows, with attenuated hands clasped, and glassy eyes fixed in unutterable anguish. All the once rich auburn curls were fallen back, and parted in long locks from her brow which, with her cheeks and lips, was stricken with the glistening light of death. This was not like the death-bed of her mother; there was no mingling of heaven with earth, nothing of that angelic hope of glory, that real triumph over death. This was the end of a child of earth, all whose soul and spirit were rooted in earth and perishing on being torn away from it. Her thoughts were expressed plainly by her a day or two before this time, 'It does not matter where I am going; I know *I am going* and I know *from whom* I am going.'

Death in such a state is more terrible than any anticipations of the future can be.

Into this room, then, came Lord Northangerland, preceded by Lady Helen, who walked and looked as if she was struck with awe for the unutterable miseries of her son. The hand of providence itself seemed laying such burdens upon him, and she stood aside as if from something consecrated to sorrows when he walked past, stern and grimly with clenched teeth, suppressing every visible sign of the Angrian that worked within. Yet it was only on a sudden, and visibly by an effort, that he could force himself to look at Mary, and certainly then the frightfulness of the change from the lovely and adored creature he had seen her last, was such as to send, in a moment, the blood to his heart and the drops to his brow. Still he said nothing, except that, as he stopped at the bedside, he muttered to Lady Helen, 'Mother, send all out.' And when everyone save her had left the room, he seated himself on the vacant chair of a watcher, unable for a while to speak another word.

Now Mary, though dying, was perfectly sensible, and when, after an ineffectual glance at those departing from the room, whose stifled footsteps had roused her from abstraction, she turned herself away to die amid her own miseries, her unsettled eyes caught the figure by the bed, expressionless for an instant, till identity flashed on them, and then her frame shuddered all over with an emotion which no words could describe. Thousands of things rushed to her heart on that look till she bowed her head to the pillow as if her feelings were too vivid to be borne. As for Percy, he looked at the wan cheek and white wasted neck averted from him, with the arm cast back as if to motion him away. When he dwelt on the sad faded figure of his dearest child,



the iron entered his heart and a frown of trouble gathered more darkly over his brow. He strove to dissipate, he tried to suppress it, but the hot burning came on his eyes and he felt himself losing command of his features, so he buried his face in his handkerchief, while the disengaged hand took her slender fingers tremblingly in his own. But that grasp was electric, that appeal was resistless. Turning at once with a single glance from the hand to the hidden face, a flood of tears sprung to her eyes, and she stretched to clasp him, crying, 'Father! Father!'

Here the wild warm spirit threw all its enthusiastic affectionate feelings into one word and action, with a passion which hardly left strength for more, but more did come, for the spell was loosed, and she burst forth with a plaintive wildness,

'Oh, you're come at last, when I thought all had left me. I thought I should never see you again, but I see you and feel you now!

'Speak, father, for I am miserable, and I cannot bear to die! Oh, if you knew what I have suffered; if you could feel what I feel, you would have come to me sooner, you would not have left me so. Let me see your face; I must not see it long. Let me hear you, and that will bring back for a moment things and times that I never, never shall know again. O father, they have talked to me about Heaven; they have been either trying to fit me for it, or to pacify me with it. But they know nothing, or else they would think their very souls well spent to buy back what I am going to lose for ever. And now you've come, still in vain, father! It's horrible to think your coming is all in vain! Then, must I relinquish, must I at last give up the things—the—oh, I cannot, I cannot let them go!

'I do believe in Heaven; I know there is a God. But He has made me as I am, and so I will not call it possible to part from where my heart is for the things I never knew, though they be eternal and divine. I don't care how wicked, how sinful be the thought. I don't care what the world may call me; but I dare not, I cannot, I have not the power to die!

'And this is what I feel, though I know I am dying! though there's nobody and nothing to look to for an hour of hope, though I shall never see that night change to morning, or see sunshine in this room again!'

She could speak no more for awhile, but lay earnestly gazing at her father's well-known face; then saying, 'Oh, I have looked up to that face with love ever since I could notice anything, but I did not know that he was to kill me who gave me life! I never thought the blow should come from my noble father. But I cannot hate you when I am gone; remember that I could never hate you!'

From her father's face her eyes wandered to the great window,

fixing a long, dreamy gaze on the glorious gusty skies! I call them glorious, for that overcast and changing wrack of clouds, with its drear melancholy winds, spoke too thrillingly of times departed to be called anything but almost insupportably divine! Not a blast that blew but called forth Angria, her country, Angria! The rain had the very beating sound of that which, when, long since, in her father's mighty palace, she, a bright and beautiful girl, heard, while thinking of the wars and tempests, that then were raging round her mighty father and her future lord. Often, while Queen of Angria at the window of her royal room, she had sat looking out over the wondrous changes which made her her noble Adrian's bride. Often she had been roused from such dreams by the embrace of him whom she adored, and then with what a thrill she used to note the wild flash that brightened his eyes as he found what she was dreaming on, and would for a moment himself lend to the dream. Now these long moaning sighs came from a land of chains and graves, from roofless halls and houseless people. Now too it swept over a desert of trackless ocean from the rock-bound coast that exiled Angria's King, only one of all she held dear in life remained unwrecked and near her. That one was the ruin of all, and now bowed with anguish by her side. These were the things that filled her heart to bursting, while she lay with unearthly eyes fronting that stormy sky! As a yet drearier gust swept the midnight woods of Alnwick, she wildly cried,

'O ADRIAN, ADRIAN! would to God you were here! Oh, might I see you, might I but see you before I die! To hear that glorious voice, to hear him speak one word, to know that he did think of me, that he did love me; to know it from his darkened eyes and clasping hand; to know, to feel,—that would be heaven, it would be paradise! But to be parted, divorced, forgotten; to be thousands of miles away; to be severed, to be parted for EVER is horrible, and more than I know how to bear! Father,' she then said, turning her face toward Percý, 'Father, it was you who exiled him. Remember, there's none to aid him now. Remember, he is aidless and helpless now, so glorious a mind and so utterly, so wholly given to despair. Oh, can you dare; *will* you destroy him for life, raise up your hand for another stroke against him? etc., etc., etc.

# THE HISTORY OF ANGRIA. VIII

*(Continued)*

The continuation of the preceding manuscript of the History of Angria has certainly been broken up, but the following pages, which are included in 'A New Year Story' in the Ashley Library, are relative to it. A small portion completing the previous paragraph was found in the Bonnell Collection, Haworth (144, 1), and the first four pages of the following facsimile appear to be additional paragraphs or sections to the previous chapters. Chapter 6 of the story, beginning on page 228, will be found to continue the narrative, and it is dated at the end by Patrick Branwell Brontë, August 31st, 1836.



South Hills beyond Hills ending at length in the huge snow clad summit of the Dreaming Hills. The Ribbon peaks and the Sovereign Bay. Beyond them all again is before the hills, sinking into plains and the streams are lost in the burning deserts. So from Eastward to the Calabar and the Equator which flows among tropical palms and African shrubs and, within it was in 1790 where the defeated Africans fled among their neighbours tribes of Negroes to come South again only after long lapse of years.

In such a land, at the Chief Mouth of the Niger and 30 miles from the open Atlantic, Yopoupolis was built the Capital of the Yopou Nation but, we must now tell the divisions and the Kingdoms which were conferred in that Kingdom as a World.

Firstly the country was divided into four Kingdoms as well as the West Kingdom. The Kingdoms of

## II. Senegambia

### Arthur W. King

was declared to extend from the mouth of that river to the lower of the Upper Niger, 400 miles in length and 100 miles wide at the mouth of the Niger. The Kingdom was a Native of the Emerald Isle.

## III. Pavoisland

### Edmond Pavois King

stretching from thence to the Cape of Good Hope and stretching its land to the sea along the sea coast with excellent harbours whence and at the Sovereign was a factor and an Edinburgh was the station and the Pavoisland emigrants settled.

## III. Ruvuani

### John Ruvuani King

lying in the same direction towards Eastward under the Equator to the East, and at the mouth was of the same occupation and country so the settlers were all Dutch and Portuguese.

## III. Sueshiand land Almaric Sueshi King

whose Southern border lay parallel, but 200 miles from the sea for twice that distance and was elevated mountains and covered chiefly with bush and snow which pointed it out as the King's Kingdom for the Portuguese from Sueshi and accordingly all the settlers were Highlanders or men of the East.

## IV. Nigellia

stretching along the sea from Ruvuani to the Calabar and land was marked by Sueshiand. This is the Kingdom but it was since the great Capital Yopoupolis and its bearing in the above I must have passed to explain.

## The Constitution

The first four of the Divisions above enumerated were Kingdoms, Hereditary and limited for though there could be no power exercised as within them but from the King and through his authority in every case was the last appeal within the realm which without further provision would give a despotism and completely disorganise each division from the other. These evils were all avoided by a Fifth Division that of Nigellia common to all the rest and was to control or govern by a Union of all for the first division of this Division were the MINISTRY appointed by a Majority of the Kings and consisting of the Government of all the Kingdoms and exercising that authority in Yopoupolis where they resided. The Kings as a PARLIAMENT were divided as in England into two Houses. The Lords and Commons. The Commons to all the Kingdoms and the Lords to all the Kingdoms. The King and the Army were presiding jurisdiction over all. The King who elected their Heads by a majority but the parliament had their power in hand and the Ministers their conduct. The Church (which was that established in England) was under control of the Kings and its property lay in grants from the Legislature. The whole affair was a world where each great power was subjected by proceeding the names of King and the form of a Kingdom while all being so united.









That spoke in the heart of her eyes and a heart that could hardly beat without Suspects and Friendship would it. She saw this Stally - uncharitably and suspicious. She found his weakness and wisdom of soul we could not help finding good a man. he found all he hoped in her and gave her his hand in 1818 - After which they both lived in a sort of paradise together among their Stally owned Perry Hall in the province circles of African nobility at the ~~house~~ of the west. She presented her lived with 2 sons but her suspicious temper hated the idea of looking on men as his children so he considered the heavy blood and death to destroy them. but the villain only starved them and leave them filled with suspicion could not speak against her God on earth. She love the woman in secret till she gave birth to a daughter and like he received as the image of his mother and his hope in years to come. But Mary fell into a consumption and wasted away through summer with Horatio Augustus fell upon her husband till she died in his arms and then he returned as it without hope in women feelings were so torn by the blow as never to recover. He in a manner fled from the life of past enjoyment. came to Vindicta and commenced there a war of more hollow heartless dissipation. Entered the Army and followed. His King in a campaign against the Blacks where he planned a conjunction with Idella a great conspiracy against his Imperial Office Earl El Flor in order to remove him from competition for the hand of a beautiful Heiress in the North. Nappy was it for that lady that this treachery exposed her wedded to a most heart broken passionate only misery through life could it have he was wild handsome and confident for 6 months in the tower but on his release he Eloped with the lady of H Parliamentary Egypt a wealthy young Bowdler and one of the darkest dissolutes the English Westland commenced proceedings against him the lady Fenton in a white Coll into a prison and died. Nappy could not tell where to turn for to old to find his troubles deep were in a commencing and the two Heiresses Curzon and Simpson purchased had for another 100000 £. Nappy turned on them dumb - Dull - with the old Earl when he show and was at last utterly surrounded by dissipation he gathered together a host of young ladies and a dissipated profligate. Nappy had up the himself purchased a black vessel and sailed for Africa with the vegetation of his new

## CHAPTER VI<sup>th</sup>

During these years which we have passed in detailing the scene of present eventual life the Africa Union are visiting with immense rapidity to population wealth and glory. These towns, villages were visiting and settling habitable houses and Offices. Every thing has enjoyed almost despoils away and the people enjoyed by their striking character of Rocklike wealth and integrity during the intricate moments occurred to disturb their Government. Let us have with the Blacks or the French moved to establish their South in five into a settled wealth. Disposition — so it had been and a change was coming over in spirit of this dream.

Discontent Kingdom of the Union attending all the Great Fairs and  
 averaging along with him his Discontent old friends and a dead and  
 private dissolute Company of Porters. The days of his Revolution-  
 izing, his Companions of the River and his first to kindle  
 tending and velleity in various debauchery with some a set and  
 with such a SOME proving of course before him and Empire in  
 any all the Drives Comfortable College before Porters and Empire  
 before Empire of Africa they could not tell what to make of him  
 but they found and worshipped him and wondered at him being  
 his thousands who attended the Great Fairs of Fides, Bismarck and  
 Golden in International or pagans Roundtable from town and -  
 others in the north in the sun East and South He was known  
 in the market place and what made speeches in the market and  
 Revolutionary ideas increased but continued address and in few  
 years time became an object of alarm and suspicion to the sturdy  
 Government. They hit on his name for impeding his  
 venturing on private water which they might have known would  
 only make one like him the more desperately dangerous they in-  
 cited his enemies to fall upon him for Pong had been attending  
 for some to the spread of his power and opinions that to the am-  
 bition a fortune in his language his voted publicity which was  
 was inevitable and likewise invited him in various scraps so  
 he lay open to the attacks of the blackbirds who fastened on him  
 and led on by his Fox Simpson and the injured and mutilated him  
 and led on by his Fox Simpson and the injured and mutilated him  
 at morning about the water against him. threw him into jail. and  
 and him Simpson and all of his Estate and property. Pong  
 had want to his House but Lady Helen caught it in. Pong then  
 did not return but his associates being in one lead to depart  
 on to recruit themselves that the Great him from prison and the  
 star of the West came forth a broken example bitter in soul  
 and causing God and man He flew to the Gambling and Swindling  
 cheated just down and recommenced his career as a private  
 honesty swindling the people with the idea of his being a private  
 used joint and thought of freedom sounding the Weatherward of  
 liberty and making the pinching his weakness of the water being  
 for Reform. The 12 and Government quite wanted to such a spin  
 it was committed an error they determined to quash the spirit  
 by all by instant force it was used to punishment and indiffer-  
 ently only giving Pong a fresh handle which he trusted and  
 thereby used the populace of Vendoglia to a business Emperor  
 lion in the spirit of 1820 wherein the King and Ministry in  
 the Great sin were forced to fly from the Capital and the  
 Duke was made president of the provisional Government and  
 the Constitution and monarchy was left to the new power and  
 Elephant to a place they recalled upon the Revolutionists and in  
 slowly within the city and its power. Pong fled to France into  
 company with his chief Adversaries. He knew the storm just past  
 was not more than a premature prelude of the storm to come so  
 he was not a whit daunted but with many disaffected African  
 that Island commenced a corresponding mission of liberty in Paris  
 and thence launched to another land which in consequence of  
 the enormous profits and passage had always been the chief  
 scene of his cattle trading journey. at Fides which was the  
 seat of the greatest fair in Africa and the capital for all the  
 states of the Highland he found his headquarters having his  
 friends supporters to assist him while he waited for the Government  
 among the wild and insensible flocks of the Rolling Hills but when the  
 plot thickened and his supporters increased he showed himself and  
 rallied his Council of the River around the mountains of the No  
 ed the Standard of Revolution. Through all the mountains of the young  
 the Smashed Government despatched large forces under the young  
 Prince John Thomas Fides and the King Arthur furnished the  
 and Government in Vendoglia drove all its energies in smothering  
 yet at first was Pong's influence in the North that for some  
 time he triumphed in his Capital of Fides but at length swept  
 up by his enemies and was weakened by the Bank of the  
 war he became a general engagement with the loss of several thousand  
 men before which event Fides surrendered the Highlands divided  
 and people thought no more would be heard of Rebellion in Africa  
 It was a English thought to hasten at the beginning of the  
 Rebellion but time was soon to teach us better - Pong -

knowing that to exert his power money and money only would  
 suit him set about endeavouring to procure it by following his  
 passions and devising compositions joining with them a great Ally  
 Richard Mungton a big game and aged Soldier whose vast know-  
 ledge of life and valour in flexibility of mind had given almost in-  
 finite power over the lower orders in Africa. He instituted a  
 grand organisation of. Apparently Trading firms but really the  
 cover for a scheme of universal robbery, dividing his followers  
 into different lands with centres of communication one in each  
 of the Kingdoms but only openly in the mountains. He was in posses-  
 sion of Monzies town and Hummstown which different companies  
 were known as the Firm of. Rongue (his own name) Steaks  
 and Co. Employing Vessels and dealing in their stolen goods  
 the scheme was such as could only have succeeded in any well  
 half natural nation but here it was well and deeply laid planned  
 going on sea and land with imminent success. The leader residing  
 chiefly at Verdopolis where he dashed into dissipation with unre-  
 strained desperation often practising the vice of intoxication and the  
 biting now in his own town construction the marks of rapid  
 and premature decay but still beneath was bright though fallen  
 he still shone as a man not blunted in the common land and  
 as such attracted the attention of one whose mind and feel-  
 ings were as high and as distinguished as his own I mean —

Body Zambie Elvington only Daughter and Supposed Heir-  
 ess of the immensely wealthy old Western Peer the Earl of El-  
 vington a stately and magnificent lady distinguished in the first  
 Rank of Britain as the most virtuous learned and highly re-  
 spected woman in the Union possessed of a good Roman parent and dark  
 Italian Beauty inclined with very African principles and the  
 chaste and reserved doubly viceroy by the various failures of  
 long and arduous devoted attachment. Mention of which brings  
 me forward to a ~~man~~ the second youngest son of warning for  
 a change in the world I mean whose death was to produce  
 trouble in Africa which could only be committed by him without  
 cause I am in the midst of describing. A man in short the  
 brightest the perhaps the most wonderful father that I have  
 ever known across this Earth —

#### Arthur Edwin Augustus W —

The eldest son of his Majesty Arthur of Burgundy and heir to the  
 throne of that Kingdom was born A.D. 1812 at his father's seat in the West.  
 And before he was three years old became the heir and glory of his father's  
 brave people. He was a wonderfully beautiful child with large eyes  
 and dark brown hair, warmly affectionate to those who loved him but  
 increasing daily in wildness and headstrong passions more especially as  
 there was then at court the Countess of Quenno a young Irish Quaker  
 by name whom his Majesty was violent about him so it became  
 another son. But the young prince Arthur (for at his birth went the  
 name of O —) looked with most jealous eyes upon the indulgence of this  
 prince of the blacks. They hated and snarled till at last when O — was not  
 16 years old after a desperate attack in which they had nearly killed him  
 without the king was compelled to send Quaker from court. But his  
 on that time O — had grown up into youth a being hardly looking  
 of his years so nobly almost divinely beautiful pass his face and form  
 of the passion could not shine brighter than from his burning eyes as  
 could anything else so winning as his smile if it were not for this man  
 surely the Count would have thought him extremely vain but such jeal-  
 ous and unshaken objections as his wildness among the company of Spanish  
 dukes and his fellow. The young monarch was of course indulged beyond  
 measure and as I believe he did not possess the Government to avoid  
 such form of conduct but had no Government but what presented from  
 a Lord and a constitution of the most noble and dignified form. Hospital  
 and numerous small measures of feelings and affectionate throwing all  
 his being into the feelings of the moment. As to his mind, it was  
 as steady as stone and his sense his whole existence and it is true  
 he often surpassing excellence. Quaker's prime Arthur of Burgundy had the  
 young monarch of Burgundy, each knew how he could kill his enemies  
 of Burgundy knew the extent of his knowledge his boldness, his sense his  
 courage and how as things moved on and things were found empty  
 most empty in administering to his amusement. And as to his  
 love there were who knew that and came to their dying day!  
 So obvious a creature could not live up to 17 or 18 in  
 the form of the present the most virtuous Count in Africa without  
 creating a jealousy who object was himself and whose victory was  
 the very flower of his land. Valorous and willing as well as  
 his dignity displayed in his own territory and within from his own  
 shipping there and his death —



Dennis Demogogue Photo and Robert the Subject and Author of such  
wonderful things his night's costume and grand build. He was a  
handsome fellow so suited to his own that he had the spirit  
that she felt toward him as he did toward her. Administration that he  
waded into love.

Mr Perry was then in vanguard living openly and without fear  
upon his relations with a state of splendid magnificence. He  
was about nothing apparently and was known to be involved in the  
most desperate struggles but he knew his power. That it was not  
dead and upon this occasion took care to exert it. He showed  
Jody Zanolis and she preserved him the title of Duke of the  
a financial dignity of nobility but which did not affect his seat in  
the House of Commons where he continued being the foundation  
of a party and policy. Jody Zanolis had an unbounded control  
over her own estate property she gave her Ambitious Husband  
the noble mansion in Elvington Square and he immediately con-  
verted it into the most splendid palace. (Rogally excepted) in  
all Vardopolis the most splendid and most celebrated for love  
the two kindred spirits one in pride and Ambition keeping  
a scale of magnificence unparalleled in the land.

But this Union laid the foundation of another more portentous  
for Jody Elvington still continued the firm devoted friend of  
the Marquis of D - they were often together and hence arose  
an intercourse between Arthur and Lord Elvington no less than  
the truth but none so then even they were more so.

Vardopolis was at this time in a state in which it has never  
been since. ~~Learning and magnificence~~ had ~~not~~ attained their  
last pitch. The Marquis of D - had become the leader of the  
fashion in one hand and Lord Elvington its master in the other  
so stimulated by the rivalry of these two spirits taking  
so magnificent and dissipation attained a height to which the like  
of which had never been known before. D - was the focus  
of all the young dashing and reckless nobility of Africa all looking up  
to a leader as youthful as reckless or say at themselves last. ~~at~~  
to Elvington was the headquarters of the Old-fashioned cunning  
and ~~the~~ youth. Those whose increasing years could not tame their  
youthful but could direct it to an aim. With Dennis followed  
young gallant young Jody young William and several Redlin  
with Elvington Gordon Montmorency Pittwater a common Quaker  
the first were the hope of Africa the last its foe but both had it  
and in a dance of dissipation such as it has had no time for  
since.

Now Dennis though he was the prince of a brilliant's reign  
in himself seemed to assume the character of a singularly fine  
timid and cautious young gentleman very little addicted to love  
was though one of the haughtiest but a most devoted admirer  
and a most unmitigated patron of the Arts and sciences. Poets  
painters sculptors Architects all followed at hand and in truth  
Dennis worshipped him so he vastly fast of him with them  
for never was there a man created with a finer sense of the  
sublime and beautiful than him. But Elvington held these  
things at some length suspecting of them with more or less  
HE was all handsomely insulted and scolding depriving his imagination  
in was satisfied now and his youthful heart was gone. But  
shaking his head in a horrible sweating day long and lot of painful  
insanity marked his whole conduct and demeanour. I cannot tell  
what to attribute it but insanity when he took upon himself  
to set the Methodist preacher prayed wanted and held service  
immense congregations which he vastly did. Dennis claiming  
in with splendid quality - But what most singularly mark  
of the place of these two singular beings was the Elton  
Hall. a Secret Association of both parties meeting in a  
suite of magnificent Apartments at regular intervals but the  
day in the dead of winter to the most scenes of the wildest delirium  
shaking and love and wine thousands on thousands of way.  
Speeches of Counciling Elvington was President Dennis Vice.  
Jody was the most moving Secretary. Stealth Door Keeper. The  
very chief of the youth fashion and nobility of our land were  
low all unknown and without reach of the laws or civil  
interference only guided by Dennis (few of times even D - was  
Dennis) and evidently preventing the shortest visit to his

At such times though feeling for each other as John and Simon did in Jerusalem the two Rulers of the Institution felt drawn by the attraction of their witty minds into flower and chosen communion each found in the other the only heart which could feel with him or appreciate his witty jests and highly wrought feelings they would swear at each other and fight, the dream better to eliminate their followers and Dames would exultingly look to behold his Antagonist vent past time in the street at midnight before his Doll (as Rousseau's boys were called) bravely Drunk and falling with his huge length into the very kennel and per-  
son would swear at him as a young Coxcomb and abuse him for a witless and helpless child of inability but after all among and among a time did each take his Mead, on a wild windy night, escape from the City and be found side by side in deep slumber on the Banks of the loved Gensino where common nature have the 3 forms of postigious things to come!

At this time Percy found support in the Station he held was his notorious and widely ramified Railway scheme but upon one occasion 5 or 6 of his Involvements were taken in the act upon a move in Switzerland land. Evernight to the deplorable and continued for trial but only on suspicion of their being more private Railway however they threatened to prove that if they were not libeled they would impeach him as he was found to be in the possession of this doubtful event, an attack by night upon the principal fact in the City which through the fact the moment was suggested by Dr at the head of a Regiment of the City and how Government, enjoying into the town district a post of this rebellion and insubordinate schemes Percy van the greatest loss to the - while but ultimately escaped with a fine of 200,000 £ but even this huge sum could not more insure him so vast had proved to be joined from his "Givens" and indeed he had even time before bought back all his Palace and his own former party only to now he only entered the more severely into the attack of such the as he termed them tyrannical persecutions by the Government in Parliament and employed all his skill in finding his way out liberally. So upon the Election in the Autumn of 1823 nearly every man in the City was returned a Member of some House or County under their leaders in Deputies He decided Jacobin Club of Paris formed of his Adversers and Coauthors. Then planned a great effort for Revolution but which the Peace was ruined by the strength of Opposition to the movement of progress his health was broken. In doing himself all harm in his own mind and physical himself must miserably with him just the work had been and again and now he seems to have all in a new year, not he was in building his power about himself in an ever widening of himself with opposition. After some time the newly found attack of things and peace his own position in opposition himself in view of the Government inspired the Freedom to which in former and they did as but the Government dangerous than which the Jacobin Club used to begin they were lost. The Emperor succeeded in quelling them and Percy just a man that is his intelligence as he gave neither took his plot and messenger and turned about for something new to find out some time by. This was presented to him in the form of a scheme that would now be obtained.

P.B.D.  
Aug 31  
1856

**STDP**

(overhead)

Βαλζπς, τ Θαλλασογηδ

When 72m died of or where or how

βιχ δ' ακξ.ηλ

Ariz

77.254

93

# ‘BEHOLD THE WASTE...’

PATRICK BRANWELL BRONTË

The following unfinished poem is dated October 4th, 1836. A short fragment of prose follows in the MS. but has no connection with the poem which precedes it and contains no indication as to what it refers.

The MS. [9 (255)] is in the Brontë Parsonage Museum, Haworth.

BEHOLD the waste of waving sea  
In stormy shadow lying,  
As vast and shoreless stretched away  
As the clouds above it flying,  
As rough as restless and as free  
As the wild winds o’er it sighing.  
There, mingled with the ocean gale  
I hear the sea birds crying  
As through the unmeasured Heaven they sail  
Some far off rest descrying,  
And oft their white wings glittering forth  
Till lost amid the stormy North,  
And still from out the Atlantic surge  
The heavy vapours rise,  
Whence darkly gathering they diverge  
Around the gusty skies.  
And is’t the Heaven to Ocean speaks,  
Or Ocean back replies,  
That such a mournful music breaks  
And swells and falls and dies?  
For as the wild winds wilder sound,  
More hoarse the surges murmur round,  
Till they are rolling o’er the deep  
With such a thundering roar  
As might arouse from fastest sleep  
The Dwellers on the shore,  
And waken many an anxious start  
For those who never more  
To some yet warm and yearning heart  
Such tempests shall restore,  
Each Gust still calling it to mourn  
For one who never can return.  
Look! How the tumbling ridges swell  
And roll in restless agony!  
The very burning lake of Hell



Could scarce more rough and raging be!  
Black billows ever rising round  
And hurried on toward Ocean's bound,  
Till if a blast more strongly sweeps  
It tears the waters from the deeps,  
Whose boiling crests of tortured spray  
Are torn and shivered o'er the sea,  
While that white foam eternally  
Brewed in the tempest's fiercest wrath,  
As on the bit, steeds champ the froth,  
Mounts on the broken blast, and scatters to the sky.  
Yet—what is that—which 'mid the spray  
Scuds like a mist wreath o'er the sea,  
Now bending downward through the surge,  
Then, as its dripping sides emerge,  
Cast back upon the waves or forward borne away?

A ship! a ship! she bends her side  
Rejoicing to the seas,  
Beneath a cloud of canvas wide  
That stretches in the breeze.

The bristled poles which rise above  
Are glancing through the rain,  
And bow beneath the tempest's breath  
With many a sudden strain.

So wild the blast, so dense the press  
Of canvas o'er her prow,  
That on her decks the tempest breaks  
Like flying clouds of snow;

And yet—as if her desperate crew  
Had maddened in the gale,  
Though driving past as whirlwinds fast,  
Swells forth another sail!

And yet another!—Till she bends  
The boiling deeps below,  
Where every dash the water sends  
In flashes from her bow;

One moment slipping on her course  
As doubtful what to obey,

And then with unresisted force  
Borne forward o'er the sea.

Her crew with dark locks o'er their brows  
Amid the tempest streaming,  
To each wild eye a spirit rouse  
That fires its fitful gleaming;

And brief words mixed with briefer smiles  
Are passed from man to man,  
As for a moment from their toils  
They pause their chief to scan.

He stands upon the rocking prow  
To see the surges boil below,  
And mark his vessel plough her path  
Through Heaven's and Ocean's fiercest wrath;  
And then he lifts his wild blue eye  
To note the changes of the sky;  
Then through the storm a glance he flings  
As if to search for unseen things;  
Since—failing even that eagle gaze  
To pierce the ever-varying maze—  
His seamen start to hear him hail,  
'All Hands aloft and crowd all sail.'

'Tis grand to view his noble brow  
Confront the breezes, while they blow  
Aside his curls of auburn hair,  
That forehead leaving free and fair  
To change with the resistless light  
Which flashes from his azure eye,  
Now softened like the calm moonlight,  
Now troubled as that stormy sky,  
Now fiercely daring to defy  
The deepest gulf those waves could form,  
The loudest piping of that storm.  
And loud that storm does pipe, and vast  
The foam-white waves are roaring past;  
And stands he on his streaming deck  
As chiding even the flying gale,  
Till lo! the restless vapours break  
A wild, wide waste of waves to unveil.  
There forward fleets a distant sail  
Tossed in distress—And eagerly

That storm-tost ship these sailors eye  
 With such a shout as through the sky  
     O'erpowers the tempest's wail.  
 Hurrah! she heaves in sight again!  
 How merrily haste we o'er the main!  
     Though from us she flew  
     Like the fleet seamew,  
 As like lightning we follow, her speed were in vain!  
 'Heave ho! my hearts,' the Boatswain cries.  
 'Now draw your lots and choose your prize!  
 And back an Ancient Mariner  
 His answer shouts with ruthless sneer,  
 'Let's leave 'em their sails their shroud to be,—  
 Their ship their coffin, their grave the sea.'

That sailor was a hoary man  
 Tottering on life's remotest span,  
 But still his step was on the seas,  
 And still his grey locks faced the breeze;  
 Not one of all that desperate crew  
 With eye more quick or hand more true,  
 Not one with oaths more terrible  
 Could speak the mother tongue of Hell;  
 His ragged garments scarce might warm  
 His blighted carcase in the storm,  
 Yet those mean limbs had forced a way  
 Where thousands trembling stood at bay,  
 And though so rough his cursing tongue  
 His oaths had 'mid a parlour rung,  
 Tutor and Oracle in crime  
 To serf or lord who wished to climb;  
 And blithely now his wolfish eyes  
 Stretched to behold the promised prize,  
 While cool between his toothless jaws  
 A glittering knife he grimly draws,  
 Feels its keen edge and laughs to mind  
 The deeds it did in times behind,  
 And to his comrade watching nigh  
 Slowly he turns his tiger eye.

That comrade was of statelier form  
 As yet scarce battered by the storm;  
 Youth still o'er him her beams had flung  
 If not in sins, in seasons young.  
 Wild rose the locks above his brow,

And brown his cheeks unfading glow;  
His eye rolled ever fierce and free  
As fits a spoiler of the sea;  
His pirate vest was dashed aside,  
For that wild breast would scorn to hide  
The beating of its lawless pride,  
And loud and carelessly he sung  
As reckless in the shrouds he hung.  
Riot in peace and spoil in war  
Were all O'Connor's hope or care.

But standing by a silent gun  
Behold another darker one—  
A man of crime whose eyes had ne'er  
Been clouded by a single tear;  
Hard were those eyes and black the brow  
That shadowed o'er their tiger glow.  
Though scathed by storms, an Age might pass  
With all its winters o'er his face  
Yet never clear away the frown  
Which called revenge in bloodshed down,  
Nor might his chieftain brook that scowl,  
But that he trusted Gordon's soul,  
However black the path he trod,  
Would never bid him leave the road.

October 4th, 1836. [Unfinished.]

## ‘AND, WHEN YOU LEFT ME...’

THE next Manuscript, a long poem attributed to Charlotte Brontë, refers to events after the Revolution, and re-introduces the character Mina Laury: the exiled Zamorna encounters her at Marseilles and hears of the illness of his wife and the death of his son. It is dated at the end, ‘July 19, 1836. 567 lines.’ Two parts of the MS. are bound in blue morocco and marked on the binding as Emily’s. The remainder of the poem is bound with other manuscripts, ‘Justine’ etc. It has been printed in Miss Ratchford’s *Legends of Angria* under the title ‘Zamorna’s Exile.’

Bonnell Collection, Brontë Parsonage Museum, Haworth.  
(Numbers 93 and 99).

AND, when you left me, what thoughts had I then?  
Percy, I would not tell you to your face;  
But, out of sight and thought of living men,  
Wandering away on the lone ocean’s face,  
I may say what I think and how and when.  
The mood comes on me, I will give it space,  
Confessing, like a dying man to Heaven  
Anxious alone to have his sins forgiven,

Not caring what the world he leaves may say,  
Heedless of its forgotten hate and scorn,  
But giving full and free and fearless way  
To secrets that the fear of death has torn  
From his concealing bosom, where they lay  
Scorching the soul in which their sparks were born,—  
I give my dreams to the wild wind and sea.

You are a fiend; I’ve told you that before;  
I’ve told it half in earnest, half in jest;  
I’ve sworn it when the very furnace-roar  
Of Hell was rising fiercely in my breast;  
And calmly I confirm the oath once more,  
Adding however, as becomes me best,  
That I’m no better, and we two united  
Each other’s happiness have fiend-like blighted.

Let us consider, let us just look back  
And trace the pleasant path we’ve trod together;  
The retrospect is dreary, cold and black,  
And threatens rain: our own grim Angrian weather!  
There are some slips of greensward on the track

Glorious with sunshine; but dark slopes of heather,  
Copses of night-shade, thickets void of flowers,  
These are the chief types of those bypast hours.

How oft we rung each other's callous hearts,  
Conscious none else could so effectively  
Waken the pain, or venom the keen darts  
We shot so thickly, so unsparingly  
Into those sensitive and tender parts  
That, veiled from all besides, ourselves could see  
Like eating cankers, pains that Heaven had dealt  
On devotees to crime, sworn slaves of guilt.

And still our mutual doom accomplishing,  
Blind as the damned, our anti-types, if one  
Had in his treasures some all priceless thing,  
Some jewel that he deeply doated on  
Dearer to him than life, the fool would fling  
That rich gem to his friend; he could not shun  
The influence of his star, though well he knew  
His friend that treasure to the winds would strew.

Percy, your daughter was a lovely being;  
Truly, you must have loved her; her sweet eyes  
Showed in their varied lustre—changing, fleeing—  
Such warm and intense passion—that which lies  
In your own breast and, save to the All-seeing,  
Not fully known to any, could not rise  
To stronger inspiration than their ray  
Revealed when I had waked her nature's wildest play.

When Mary was grown up, an open rose,  
A western girl just ripe for womanhood  
With those Milesian eyes whose lids disclose  
Spirits that only glad the Gambia's flood,  
Glowing like sunlight on the stream which flows  
Hesperia through thy land of lake and wood—  
I tell thee, Percy, not one Nation's breast  
Bears women like our own infernal West.

But then they're mostly hasty, soon excited  
To wrath with little reason—there's thy wife,  
She's just the clear, dark skin, the glance uplighted  
With thoughts that always fill the soul with strife;

The gait, the form, the fervent mind benighted  
Which might suit Italy, or else the knife  
That Eastern ladies, Crowned sultanas wear—  
A glittering sign to bid their lords beware!

However, I'll return again to Mary:  
There's something sweet and soothing in that word;  
A dreamy charm as if some wandering fairy  
Had breathed it, or some little spirit bird  
Had warbled it unseen, for soft and airy  
And oft divinely holy it is heard—  
I know my dark speech does not need explaining  
For, Percy, well thou knowest it hath a meaning.

Well, sir, when Mary on some pleasant even  
Has sat beside you—perhaps at Percy Hall—  
And in the richest, purest light of Heaven  
You've seen the curls around her temples fall;  
And when the coming gloom of dark has given  
A tone of such sad loveliness to all,  
Could you look on her, sire, think that she  
Must sometime be a prey to such as me?

I well remember, on our marriage-day,  
An hour or two after the bridal-rite,  
We'd somehow chanced to find our way  
Into a huge and empty hall, whose light,  
Streaming through painted windows, shed its ray  
On nothing save ourselves, the floor of stone,  
And the pure fountain falling there alone.

I gazed on her Ionian face, so fair  
In all its lines, so classically straight  
Her marble forehead, with the haloing hair  
Sunnily clustered round it, whereon sat  
A shade that soon might deepen into care,  
Even such care as has gloomed there of late;  
Though then 'twas but the sadness said to lie  
On the fair brows of those who early die.

I asked her if she loved me, and she said  
That she would die for me, with *such* a glance!  
Talk of the fiery, arrowy lustre bred  
By the hot Southern suns of Spain and France—

I say again, as I before have said,  
Our western tenderness does so enhance  
The ardour of our women's souls and spirits,  
That naught on earth such fire divine inherits.

She said she'd die for me—and now she's keeping  
Her word far off at Alnwick o'er the sea;  
The very wind around this vessel sweeping  
Will steal unto her pillow whisperingly  
And murmur o'er her form, which shall be sleeping  
Ere long beneath some quiet, pall-like tree:  
I would she were within my reach just now,  
Not long that shade should haunt her Grecian brow.

She'd feel the stream of life run strong again  
If I could only take her to my breast;  
She'd feel a balm poured on her aching pain;  
Her day-long weariness would know a rest;  
But then there's the profound wide thundering main  
Tossing between us its triumphant crest  
Of snow-white foam; and then I've pledged my faith  
To break her father's heart by Mary's death!

A holy resolution, and it will  
Be visited upon me thirty-fold,  
For human nature feels a shuddering chill  
To hear of life for bloody vengeance sold:  
An animal passion when unmoved, and still  
And vulture-like it fixes its stern hold  
Deep in the very vitals of its slave,  
Making his bosom but a hungry grave.

And so, my lord, if you have ruined me,  
And ruined all the hopes I ever cherished,  
I've paid you back, and that abundantly:  
You'll feel it when that flower of yours has perished,  
And dark and desolate that hour shall be  
When the place where my dazzling lily flourished  
Shall know no more its past magnificence,  
Death having gathered it and borne it hence.

I'm walking on the deck, as King<sup>1</sup> is leaning  
O'er the ship's rails and communing with me;

<sup>1</sup>Robert King is usually referred to as 'Sdeath.'



Would you could hear the bloody tales he's gleaning  
From the dark harvest of his memory;  
Would you could see his eyes' ferocious meaning  
Bent gloatingly upon the surging sea;  
He says that monarch of exhaustless founts  
Is the best balancer of men's accounts.

He says, if I'd been wise I should have taken  
My lady with me on this distant sail,  
And kindly, tenderly, have striven to waken  
That bliss again which had begun to fail,  
And that I should defyingly have shaken  
My fist in Fortune's face and made her quail,  
The old blind jade, and turned my hand, like thee,  
To blood and pillage on the rolling sea.

And some sweet night, the hoary saint is saying—  
Some heavenly, holy, tropic summer night—  
When dying gales upon the deep are straying  
As soft as if they came down with the light  
The moon diffuses, while the stars decaying  
Before her beam imperial, still may yield  
A radiant tremor o'er that deep blue field.

Then, says the Mentor, when my Mary's sleeping,  
Wrapped blissfully in dreams of love and me,  
Quietly, ghost-like, to her cabin creeping,  
I should have brought her up all tenderly,  
And while the lulling waves were past us sweeping  
Have given her to the bosom of the sea  
As she still slumbered, and no sob or moan  
Was wakened to tell which way the bird had flown.

It would look well, says Sdeath, to see her sinking,  
All in white raiment, through the placid deep,  
From the pure limpid water never shrinking,  
Calmly subsiding to eternal sleep,  
Dreaming of him that's drowning her, not thinking  
She's soon to be where sharks and sword-fish leap;  
And, if she rose again a few days hence  
Looking like death, it would but stand to sense.

To common sense, a corpse laid in the water  
Must putrefy whosever corpse it be,

And neither Adrian's wife nor Percy's daughter  
Can be left out in Nature's great decree.  
He'd seen stout men who'd fallen by pirate's slaughter  
A few days after float up buoyantly,  
And laughed to watch the light and fleet career  
They held upon the water's surface clear.

He'd seen *you* stand upon the Rover's deck  
As calm as if 'twere seaweed floating by,  
Order a weight to be tied round their neck,  
Cool as a cucumber, for proud and high  
You'd too much sense to suffer such a speck  
To dim a moment your rejoicing sky:  
Your spirit was a sun which drove away  
Such slight obscurers of the light of day.

## PART II.

Of late our ship along the coast of France  
Was gliding in the gentle gales which blow  
Off from the storied walls of old Provence;  
We saw Marseilles frown on the waves below:  
It's pleasant when the sunny billows dance  
All gladsomely around the vessel's prow,  
And when a town and shore before you lie,  
The home of thousands 'neath their native sky,—

It's pleasant then to think that you are hasting,  
As fast as wind and flowing sail can fleet,  
To a black jail of rocks, and keen and wasting  
Are the strong impulses and pangs that eat  
At that thought through the heart, and were they lasting  
They'd soon engulf you in your winding-sheet;  
But they pass off in sickness, sometimes tears,  
And then again the dim sky coldly clears.

I stood upon the deck; the vessel's rails  
I was convulsive grasping, for around  
The life and gaiety of proud Marseilles  
Were poured upon the harbour; not a sound  
Rung o'er the deep but glad as chiming bells  
It spoke of life, and made my bosom bound  
With a wild wish for freedom, worse than vain—  
My breast but struck the stronger 'gainst a chain.

At that dark moment, something spoke my name—  
My title, rather, which ought now to die—  
'Twas from a female that the soft sound came:  
She<sup>1</sup> said in French, 'Zamorna, will you buy?'  
I turned,—it was like the kindling of a flame  
To utter that word 'neath an alien sky:  
I saw a girl beside me, dusk and tall,  
Her face all shaded by her tresses' fall.

The curls as bright and black as jet descended  
From under the Provencal hat she wore;  
A basket, full of grapes and vine-leaves blended  
With roses, all in Gallic taste, she bore;  
And as on her my silent gaze I bended  
She offered me her rich corbeille once more,  
Murmuring, in the soft tone of sympathy,  
'You shall not buy them: you shall have them free!'

I took a rosebud, dropping in its stead  
A coin of my own ruined kingdom, graced  
With the wreathed impress of my own wise head,  
And then—you know my ways—however placed,  
Were it upon the scaffold, flaming red  
With noble blood and forms all death defaced,  
Or were it underneath the gallows-tree,  
I'd kiss the lovely lips that pitied me.

My slaughtered, hunted Angrians, shall I ever  
Your Ransomer, your conquering King return?  
Your brutal Taskmasters will never, never  
Rule you as I have ruled you; they will burn  
The slave mark on your brows, and they will sever  
The last domestic ties, and make you mourn  
Wildly and hopelessly, while I am lying  
Far in yon dreary Isle, alone, it may be dying.

And what made me speak thus? Why, I recalled  
The times, Bright East, when I was King in thee,  
And when thy wildest mountains, heather-palled,  
With all their iron vassalage knew me,  
And my land's daughters, now with bondage galled,  
Were as the Gordon red deer, chainless, free,  
And thousands of their ruby lips have known  
The touch of Adrian's when he claims his own.

<sup>1</sup>Mina Laury.

Well, when I lifted up the fruit-girl's head  
To give her that salute, the black curls parted,  
And the revealed and flashing eye-balls shed  
A ray upon me not unknown; I started  
And, half indignantly, I would have said,  
'This must not be,' but then so broken-hearted,  
So full of dying hope was that dark eye,  
I could not put its mute petition by.

And so I turned again towards the town  
And looked down on its vast and busy quay;  
And meekly obstinate the girl sat down  
Beside me on the deck and murmuringly  
She said, 'Zamorna, I have borne your frown  
Often before, and now I dare not be  
Delicate in my duties; those must dwell  
In gloom habitual who would serve you well.

'I stayed in Angria, sire, until the hour  
Was past when I could serve my master there;  
Until they had dug up the cherished flower  
He gave unto my sleepless, deathless care;  
Until they'd broken his own domestic bower,  
Shivered his shrine, and scattered in the air  
The relics he loved well; and, this task done,  
I rose and followed where my lord was gone.

'I will be with you, sire; you'll want me soon  
In that lone, dreary Island where you go;  
You'll sicken of the melancholy tune  
The waves will play around you in their flow;  
And, wandering on its shore with shipwrecks strewn,  
You'll feel its solitude, full well I know,  
Go to your heart, and then a wretch like me  
Might serve you still in that extremity.'

She spoke; I made no answer; we were now  
Leaving the harbour of Marseilles behind:  
Sdeath had weighed anchor, and the Rover's prow  
Was flashing through the wave before the wind.  
The gleaming walls and towers began to grow  
Dim in the distance; scarce the eye might find  
More than the misty outlines of their forms  
Shadowy as rocks obscured by coming storms.

Our captain came, and swore that she should stay:  
He'd have no boats sent off to land, not he;  
She might have known the ship was under weigh,  
She saw it moving through the severed sea;  
And, by his soul, and by the light of day,  
He'd never stir a step to pleasure me;  
And Mina smiled to see her end was gained:  
Fortune had favoured her, and she remained.

Now, for my Mary's sake, I have not given  
One smile or gleam of love to that poor slave;  
And I have seen her woman's feelings riven  
With pangs that made her look down on the wave  
As if it were her home, her hope of Heaven,  
Because a semblance of repose it gave:  
She sees I do not want her; none can tell  
What torments from that chill conviction swell.

I cannot spurn her, though my wife is dying  
Cheerless and desolate in solitude;  
This moment, like a faithful dog, she's lying  
Crouched at my feet, for with a sad, subdued  
Untiring constancy she's ever trying  
To gain one word, or even one look, embued  
With some slight touch of kindness—"There then take  
A brief caress for all thy labour's sake."

I did but press her little hand, and press  
The taper fingers as a brother might;  
And she looked upward in her meek distress,  
While such a glad, adoring ray of light  
Shot from her large black eyes, as if to bless  
A God for mercies given, and full and bright  
The gathered tear ran over; then again  
They bent their radiance on the solemn main.

Last night she told me all the dreary tale  
Of what has happened, Percy, to my son;  
How all her watchful care could naught avail;  
How she had struggled, how her prize was won;  
And the departing blood left cold and pale  
The cheek that late it glowed so brightly on,  
As she revealed what floating rumour said  
That the young lord of Avon-dale was dead.

That my brave Angrians to the rescue flew,  
Urged on by Warner; that the boy they found  
Alive, but as their noble leader true  
A bloody bandage from his eyes unbound,  
Lo, he was sightless! and a faintness grew  
Over her as she told of many a wound  
In his young frame; and she fell down and prayed  
That I would bear with what was still unsaid.

Ere I could speak, the impetuous words came gushing  
Forth from her lips: 'It was by night,' she cried;  
'The tryst was on a moor, and there came rushing  
The thousand serfs, to Warner's house allied;  
He stood up in the midst, the red blood flushing  
His face and brow; his voice rung far and wide,  
As in that hour he bade them look upon  
The mangled relics of their monarch's son.

'And out into the ghostly moonlight, holding  
A sheet all stained with blood, he turned aside  
The drapery, a gory corpse unfolding—  
A corpse, although the blood in gentle tide  
Crept through its veins, but death the fate was moulding  
Rightly for that home, which the earth shall hide:  
O siren! dread was that midnight's stormy gloom  
Which saw thy flower so blighted in its bloom.

'Men's hearts were toned to horror, and their feelings  
Were wound up to the highest pitch of dread;  
And Warner's voice and look shot forth revealings  
Of a soul into whose wild depth was shed  
A kind of inspiration, not the sheilings  
Of Highland seers who commune with the dead  
Ere doomed in such a cloud of awe as then  
Fell on that host of brave and desperate men.

'In Warner's arms, and on his breast reposing,  
Ernest died calmly on that awful night,<sup>1</sup>  
Before a thousand men his brief life closing  
Amid the wild wind and the wandering light  
Of moon and stars, his death a spirit rousing  
Through all the land before it, that in fight  
Shall henceforth strong and terrible and dread  
Burst forth and wreak dark vengeance for the dead.

<sup>1</sup>The death of Ernest is described in one of Branwell's prose MSS.

‘Warner, with knitted brow, the struggle watched  
Which parted flesh from spirit; then he pressed  
The little corpse, whose limbs in death were stretched,  
Ardently, strongly, to his noble breast;  
And then, his silent, lifted eye beseeched  
In prayer that though unheard might well be guessed  
The Judgment of the Highest—all were still  
While thus he spoke with God on that wild hill.

‘They buried Gordon on the moor that night:  
Warner, with his own hands, the body laid  
Low in its narrow house; no funeral rite,  
No prayer, no blessing, o’er the grave was said;  
Only, as all the host their lances bright  
Reversed, in homage to the Royal dead,  
Their chief cried solemnly: “O Lord! how long  
Shall Thine elected people suffer wrong?” ’

How did I feel when Mina ceased her speaking,  
I, stronger than an Indian in my love  
For that which now beyond the power of waking  
Sleeps in its gory grave? There’s Heaven above  
And earth around me, and beneath me shaking  
With cries of the tormented: Hell may move,  
But neither from Hell nor earth nor righteous Heaven  
Can rest or comfort to my heart be given.

Thou whom I nurtured in my bosom, child;  
Thou whom I doated on and fondly cherished;  
Thou to die thus when I was far exiled!  
In gloom, in grief, in agony he perished,  
Sundered from me by that storm dread and wild  
Which was sent over Angria: all that flourished  
Fairest upon her plains died in the blast,  
Leaving her lorn and barren as it passed.

Oh, if exacting more than human might  
I could have burst my bonds in time to save,  
I should have thought that hour more blest and bright  
Than all the triumphs I have known, which gave  
My darling to my breast, my star of light,  
My first-born son, snatched from a fearful grave,  
Rescued from wild-beasts, from the demon-stranger,  
Clasped in my arms, his home in every danger!

Oft at Fort Adrian, in the nights of storm  
That used to rush all madly on the river,  
I've taken protectingly his sleeping form  
To the paternal heart that beat for ever  
In love to him, and while all calm and warm  
My nestling lay, what cared I for the shiver  
Of roof and casement, and the deepening war  
Of winds that vexed the impetuous Calabar?

So like his sainted mother looked he sleeping,  
The wild eyes that reflected mine being closed,  
The lamps his soft and lovely features steeping  
With shaded light, the darkness that reposed  
All day upon his brow, his bright dreams sweeping  
With airy wing away, then nothing roused  
That spirit of the Gordons which, when waking,  
Oft crossed his face, like sudden lightning breaking.

The ringlets dark and silken waved away  
From his young forehead left it calm and clear;  
And on his polished cheek the shadow lay  
Of lashes black as ebon, not more fair  
Helen has ever looked, and not a ray  
Of my fierce likeness mingled with the dear  
And hallowed impress that, so sweetly moulded,  
The green bud to the blossom all unfolded.

Yet, he was like me—like me in his passion,  
And like me in his rapture, when some sight  
Of glory sent a kindling inspiration  
All through the quickened current, red and bright,  
Of his high blood: he was my own creation,  
The offspring of my boyhood, the delight  
Of my first, fiery youth, my hope, my pride,  
A mightier branch of my own kingly tide.

You would not save him, Percy, nor will I  
Save yours from desolation: with wild pleasure  
I'll now call down the doom from the most high  
His curse upon my head in fullest measure;  
I'll fit me for a passage to the sky  
By heaving overboard my choicest treasure:  
Yea, I'll leave all, take up my cross and follow;  
All flesh is grass, all joys are vain and hollow.



King, Dog, and Fiend, you cannot tell me now  
The thing I would not do to make another  
Feel the same horror that bedews my brow  
With bloody sweat: hot, harried crime may smother  
The choking, suffocating thoughts that grow  
Like fungi round my wrecked heart and wither  
Its vital greenness, deeply, deeply eating  
Into my life-pulse hotly, madly beating.

Warner, I thank you: you're the only man  
I would shake hands with at this passing hour;  
I thank you, for you perilled all your clan  
To save my dead child from a demon's power;  
I bless you, for you nobly led the van  
To snatch from Hell my crushed, uprooted flower:  
I'm bound to you forever, for your breast  
Was my departed Ernest's dying rest.

Mina, come hither; weep no more; I love you  
As a hawk loves a lark; I've cast away  
Patrician ladies throned as high above you  
As that large star serene above the ray  
The glow-worm flings; let not this world's scorn move you  
And waste not in my passion's fiery ray:  
I know that you can bear a fierce caress;  
My arm grows strong, nerved by my heart's distress.

You'll never fear nor tremble to draw nigh  
When I am scarce myself, with torment stinging;  
Into the principle of life you'd die  
To save my bosom from a moment's wringing.  
Faithful, devoted martyr! through her eye,  
Her soul, a ray of fevered joy is clinging  
Because I said she might the victim be  
Of a chained vulture, caged amid the sea.

Beautiful creature! once so innocent,  
With such a seriousness and strength of mind  
Beaming upon her youthful brow, and blent  
With what seemed like religion, so refined,  
So firm in principle, her soul ne'er bent  
Nor wavered midst the soft voluptuous wind  
A western palace round the wild rose blew  
But shook not from it one pure drop of dew.

What is she now? Look at her as the flashing  
Of her dark Asian eye shines full on me;  
Look at the little hand so proudly dashing  
The gloomy rain that will stream fitfully  
From the full sphere, her cheek of roses washing  
Till even its bright bloom fades and we may see  
Traces of sorrow there, lit up the while  
With that lost, fated, God-abandoned smile.

She asks for work, and now she'll labour on  
From the first murmur of the morning haze  
To the descending of the evening sun  
With careful aspect, vigilant to please;  
And now and then, if she is all alone,  
The tear will drop no energy can freeze,  
As a remembrance comes of parted hours  
Dimly discerned through years of mists and showers.

I'll go and sit beside her and recline  
My forehead on her shoulder; there, all's calm;  
Her faithful heart was blest as it felt mine  
Beating against it; now, denied the balm  
Blown o'er the summer sea by gales divine  
Singing as sweet as some old mournful psalm,  
I'll bow resigned, a man of many woes;  
The sea shall soothe me, saddening as it flows.

Tormented! Oh, tormented! Mina, love,  
Thy neck is wet with tears; they would come forth;  
I cannot one brief hour of respite prove  
The sweetest sights and sounds that bless this earth,  
Only the fiend to busier madness move  
That eats my life away: what is their worth?  
Nothing! O Mina love, I cannot rest,  
I could not if Heaven's glories round me pressed.

And it is misery, when all's so bright,  
In earth and sea and sky, as they were wooing  
My mind to sympathy, and in their light,  
Their evening light, I feel around me growing  
Some thing no words can tell: an inward night  
Downward unceasingly and darkly flowing  
In clouds—yes, pity me, and wildly strain  
Thy master to thy breast: 'tis all in vain!

Wave thy soft ringlets round me, press my brow  
 With that cool supple hand, and point again  
 Unto that western sky: I see its glow,  
 I feel it rosily upon the main  
 Pouring its flush; I hear the cooing flow  
 Of the hushed waters lulling their deep strain,  
 Answering the winds as those enkindled seas  
 Respond to the bright burning sunset's blaze.

I seem to have lived for nothing, wandering  
 Through all my early youth, 'mong fields of flowers,  
 Tracking the green paths where the fairest spring,  
 Culling the richest bloom of dells and bowers,  
 When, all at once, the unredeeming wing  
 Of some cold blast swept by with sleety showers,  
 Scattered the roses and buds and leaves away  
 Save one or two left shrivelled by decay.

That simile's absurd: all words are weak:  
 Tongue cannot utter what the victim feels  
 Who lies outstretched upon that burning lake  
 Whose flaming eddy now beneath me reels.  
 All that breathes happiness seems to forsake  
 His blighted thoughts: a demon hand unseals  
 That little well so treasured in man's breast  
 Whose drop of hope so sweetens all the rest.

And out it flows and slips unseen away  
 Trickling to nothingness, and leaving gall,  
 Rank gall behind: such bitter, briny spray  
 As might be brought up by a sulphurous squall  
 From the Dead Lake, the Sodomitish Sea:  
 But, halt! I've said enough; and yonder wave  
 Shall give my words an unrevealing grave.

July 19, 1836.  
 (C.B. aged 20)

576 lines.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup>Evidently C.B. calculated 72 stanzas of 8 lines each, but as will be seen, three of the stanzas have only 7 lines.

# AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL FRAGMENTS

## CHARLOTTE BRONTË

Of the manuscripts written by Charlotte Brontë during her sojourn at Roe Head and Dewsbury Moor, there are few. Her unhappy state of mind during the time she was at Roe Head is very clearly shown in her letters of that period, and many of these are not dated, but just headed 'Roe Head.' The following fragments will serve some purpose in linking together some record of what she was doing with Branwell on the Angrian Cycle of Stories. One leaf of manuscript of about 1,700 words is dated at the top August 11th and at the end has the date October 14th, 1836. It begins with the following autobiographical notes:

'All this day I have been in a dream, half miserable, half-ecstatic,—miserable because I could not follow it out uninterruptedly, ecstatic because it showed almost in the vivid light of reality the ongoings of the infernal world. I had been toiling for nearly an hour with Miss Lister, Miss Marriott, and Ellen Cook, striving to teach them the distinction between an article and a substantive. The parsing lesson was completed; a dead silence had succeeded it in the schoolroom, and I sat sinking from irritation and weariness into a kind of lethargy. The thought came over me: Am I to spend all the best part of my life in this wretched bondage, forcibly suppressing my rage at the idleness, the apathy, and the hyperbolical and most asinine stupidity of these fat-headed oafs, and of compulsion assuming an air of kindness, patience and assiduity? Must I from day to day sit chained to this chair, prisoned within these four bare walls, while these glorious summer suns are burning in heaven and the year is revolving in its richest glow, and declaring, at the close of every summer day, the time I am losing will never come again? Stung to the heart with this reflection, I started up and mechanically walked to the window. A sweet August morning was smiling without. The dew was not yet dried off the field, the early shadows were stretching cool and dim from the hay-stacks and the roots of the

grand old oaks and thorns scattered along the sunk fence. All was still except the murmur of the scribes about me over their tasks. I flung up the sash. An uncertain sound of inexpressible sweetness came on a dying gale from the south. I looked in that direction. Huddersfield and the hills beyond it were all veiled in blue mist, the woods of Hopton and Heaton Lodge were clouding the water's edge, the Calder, silent but bright, was shooting among them like a silver arrow. I listened—the sound sailed full and liquid down the descent: it was the bells of Huddersfield Parish Church. I shut the window and went back to my seat. Then came on me, rushing impetuously, all the mighty phantasm that this had conjured from nothing,—from nothing to a system strange as some religious creed. I felt as if I could have written gloriously. The spirit of all Verdopolis—of all the mountainous North—of all the woodland West—of all the river-watered East, came crowding into my mind. If I had had time to indulge it I felt that the vague suggestions of that moment would have settled down into some narrative better at least than anything I ever produced before. But just then a dolt came up with a lesson . . .'

(Bonnell Collection, Brontë Parsonage Museum, Haworth.  
Cat. 98/8.)

The next prose fragment appears to relate to October, 1836, and is as follows:

'About a week since I got a letter from Branwell containing a most exquisitely characteristic epistle from Northangerland to his daughter. It is astonishing what a soothing and delightful tone that letter seemed to speak. I lived on its contents for days; in every pause of employment it came chiming in like some sweet bar of music—bringing with it agreeable thoughts such as I had for many weeks been a stranger to—some representing scenes such as might arise in consequence of that unexpected letter, some unconnected with it, referring to other events, another set of feelings. These were not striking and stirring scenes of incident—no—they were tranquil and retired in their character, such as might every day be witnessed in the inmost circles of highest society. A curtain seemed to rise and discover to me the Duchess as she might appear when newly risen and lightly dressed for the morning—discovering her father's letter in the contents of the mail which lies on her

breakfast-table. There seems nothing in such an idea as that, but the localities of the picture were so graphic, the room so distinct, the clear fire of morning, the window looking upon no object but a cold October sky, except when you draw very near and look down on a terrace far beneath, and, at a still dizzier distance, on a green court with a fountain and rows of stately limes—beyond, a wide road and wider river, and a vast metropolis. You feel it to be the Zamorna Palace, for buildings on buildings piled round embosom this little verdant circle with its marble basin to receive the jet, and its grove of mellowing foliage. Above fifty windows look upon the court admitting light into you know not what splendid and spacious chambers. The Duchess has read that letter, and she is following the steps of the writer—she knows not where, but with a vague idea that it is through no pleasant scenes. In strange situations her imagination places him—in the Inn of a sea-port, there, sitting alone on a wet and gusty Autumn night—the wind bringing up the ceaseless roar of the sea—of the Atlantic to whose green waves he will to-morrow commit himself in that steamer—hissing amongst a crowd of masts in the harbour. She looks from the window, and there is the high, vast and lordly front of Northangerland House, towering like some great theatre above the streets of Adrianopolis. The owner of that pile is a homeless Man.'

(Bonnell Collection, Haworth.  
No. 92/1.)

There is a further fragment of some 3,800 words, Bonnell Collection No. 98/6, which is similarly autobiographical, and Charlotte wonders if Branwell has killed the Duchess.

# THE HISTORY OF ANGRIA. IX

PATRICK BRANWELL BRONTË

Of the manuscripts written by Branwell in November and December, 1836, there appear to be many fragments. Two pages relating to events following the death of Mary, wife of Zamorna and daughter of Northangerland, dated November 19th, 1836, are in the Bonnell Collection, Haworth [143]. The next portion consists of two pages describing rival forces in the civil war. This is initialled at the top November 29th, 1836, and is also in the Bonnell Collection [145 (2)].

Another fragment in the Bonnell Collection [145 (3)], which is dated and initialled December 16th, 1836, describes Angria's Army of Vengeance and its leader's address on behalf of the exiled King. Two further pages in the same Collection [145 (4)] dated and initialled December 17th, 1836, continue the description of the army. Then follows Warner's appeal to the Angrians, two pages, dated December 17th, 1836, which is in the Brotherton Library Collection, and is here reproduced in replica.





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What you old skin blind because I'm at your changes you want for me drink of a glass of liquor but I don't want you the track of a horse I'm my own master and I can do a lot of my own or down them onto the enterprise like an old black stocker you'd be surprised I have ya know a good 20000 a regular horse rider as my friend is taking your money for ya lately beautiful days I'll travel at 2 in a moon and I'll travel this minute dead you and I to be married in three days — Says just fuckin your drunk when were you ever lost? — was that good? you to ask a gentleman says he — How am I to travel you for company in to ask you to give you my thanks in his state — Jerry says I want to go down to Longview liquor with so I walked over his place have a drink and get some and telling places and buy some today with cold pork and hot dogs and telling places and buy some today take your breakfast out of that says I — says he getting his tobacco pipe and sitting smelt the good day drink so he might not be matter — you were drunk this morning but he knows you're his matter — you mean they are turning out, cold water — If I block to I'll know my way off this kind of day HE never used to be alive I'll know my way off this kind of day HE never used to be alive — says I'll see you this day — 10 minutes for a drink in the corner house — Dot says I'll see you this day — 10 minutes for a drink in the corner house —

"New may had a sold Thompson's pullers" Wines onto a steel "I want  
to have a bit of talk with them"

[illegible][illegible]

As spoken  
to all gentlemen in the House breaking up freely in the absence  
of the speaker, I think we are well rid of him, but advise  
the gentlemen and we have it not very prudent to proceed to  
business yet. What we have on the table and though I  
will allow that there is more intended to be said - I say, my  
for the order of business yet. I think I can in this instance do  
and to-day finally that as we are well rid of him - and advise of a President  
the former yet I think it is the latter -

"Now then - returned Aunt leaving with both boys on the left  
and looking round with the cheerfulness of a happy blind - "I've  
a thought - is it true that you and Louisa Davis are never  
fully satisfied than you ~~you~~ would have me think, eh!"  
And - what makes you think so my dear Sir -"

"Why what were you think of my dear Sir -  
 I've been a pretty one that lovely Park of mine my Duck and  
 you bring me to mind that when I used to look at Mother  
 I always thought that if you say Mother Nature had her way  
 I ought to inherit the whole lot of good in her very being  
 and wonderful physiognomy - have her health and so on. I'll  
 be dashed if I don't - a day of elevation - a day of  
 spiritual - yes - and you're both that nice way of talking  
 of your own little and amusing people with a dash of play  
 made and so forth which comes, but I love me well say no.  
 I love them all -  
 in the Park

"You find better it that similarity in behavior of all your friends  
you to suppose a relationship between you and the knowledge  
moves a something in your face which tells me you are his -  
father of the very best"

"Now said Rumpkin impatiently "Did you any one here tell Judge following about with others down here before when we are the first business as this the number that Rumpkin has kept the last of the talk so long have all go."

"Nursara answered "Don't think I'm right but I thought that as the morning had begun in such folly as it did it might as well carry through with a show of consistency —"

"Fudge again I'm tired of your travelling home and that a plain down and out man to understand it would have to know how to know and go over again and forget his old one a casual every body consistency when we see not only to eat up our words and to draw back our generosity and -

... said Professor "This is a game, why were like to  
many specimens his meaning flinging each other to death &  
they working but fair like that character and conduct -"

"So to" interrupted Maud "we had rather of those valuable qualities  
to him at -"

"What strikes you then?"

"Now said Maud "this is too bad had we not better say  
old for better direct our lives at the common enemy -"

But stay that Simpson coming -  
As the worthy young Irish was sliding out his words a series  
of houses fell and much had talking became possible - little  
without which increased at the time door was opened and was  
followed by footsteps in the passage stamping it such shaking of  
great doors and many elegant and well managed sofas - the long  
it in the parlour being meanwhile raised up and sunk by the  
blast which driving in from the open door - and  
leaving through the house showed him impervious the weather  
had become outside the party within were all exchanging their  
as for a friendly invitation when the door opened and slow  
and Sir Henry Martineau's Alice Jerry Simpson entered his  
own magnificently shaven and clean by a leather bottle and  
decorated figure whose moustache for about made the best leap to  
the furnace of every one present as they came and all tried out

"Sketch! what! Old Robert come alive again! to which Alice  
by greeting the unrecognised American, rapidly answered shaking  
his head at a last address with the darkness of a 5 year old

"I had! and our own alive again and provided he then  
had that as up-bidden me old lady through as my skill -  
and swimmer as would be used a torn the last on ye to win  
over we might like further virtue or decency!"

It was plain that the visitor had lost in his voyage not a  
ounce of virtue save in despatch but for his appearance all  
type denoted an explanation from around him his apparent  
potion

"Now" said Jeremiah putting to the door and walking his large  
hands over his magnificent moustache now I have - was so plagued  
in my own days as I have been in this side with that all left  
and leave your old to day of a lamping rope it is not  
a blessed villain to him - Silence ye honest doctor and let me  
have myself. Had been fast up I found somewhere off the house  
front neither house or night the visible as far as I know I  
suggested the Joe would not entertain such a land wreck but  
however the Paris Government had wanted him over to be and  
I wanted to have him across to his old master to carry forward  
but the old days the running for me he knew when a ship  
hake as well as another and said he was dashed before he  
saw near that boat of all boats so long as he had land or  
finger to work for his pocket with - I saw found that  
you discover had no charms remaining for his knotty friend  
so I brought him along a half year longer ye stamp - I don't  
let him along with me to try if you could pump anything  
of him about his elegant throat that was - I sent -"

"And you would counsel your and your daughter know your  
mother English do you and yourself alone speaking to on  
and lady are you but will that ye and the other are within  
this small house down like do with some of your  
chickling every moment - the old doctor came and walked for  
five days more and then perished on the raging ocean with  
the company of sick freedom bidders as were down from  
so long sin swarming in the bowels of the ship - the ship  
scandalous that was a full moon at delicate creature that would  
but he sent at first evening as is little he for for the like  
eye staring having no sense, humble if you follow and better  
wonder if you follow and like you let me to think of your character  
impudent. For all your refined air and manner a supple and broken  
sounding and you when are you of your words you will not be  
with to that for an old glass for an old creature the line shipman  
had with us beyond in your service -"

"Lord" said one of the company "if that was the old fellow is driving  
at that his own one or we are still to be driven by his shadow!"

"He" returned Simpson "let every body have pay he had done it -  
some some of my best in such an awkward world - and now he is  
and in wither or not I cannot tell but of some thing for me to go  
out at my feet - I can't guess then I will mention God will  
be done and I'll be ye while I'm off - you let him go with  
As the Queen Ex Lord Martineau moved off approaching toward the  
than Air his swivel feature - the old fellow's name he spoke of. Found  
him with a look of terrible gravity and we had found speaking them  
of about about on him. Spat quick and about into the fire and dashed his  
pail to the floor with such a air of magnificent and unobtainable  
frown

so caused a great deal of laughter from his American audience so with his  
missionary program no more sustained by such persistent applause he called  
his attention to the fact that his spiritual exercises pleased both sides  
both his departing supporters and newcomers, and with a final word of his  
which that would be drawn whatever appeared in the

[illegible]

Captain-ordered. But by God I love my life  
 in full. Old Day. Drink it up and have a swifter in each of  
 down with. That is to say I have a swifter in each of  
 in my glass now and some more. May not think much of it.  
 to make peace. But I think I shall be glad to be  
 and some old drink now. I shall be glad to be  
 all off and I shall have some more. By God I day  
 what we have to believe of this.

What are we to believe of this  
Believe Nothing at all - said Franklin but that We'll be on you  
before you're three in it - I'll be longed so I think. Let's sit  
to dead or dying - and thank you for being here.  
I'm glad that you'll be so much as punishment above  
but can get to business -

[illegible]



— How true we were the year talking out I would do anything  
— except marry — what would you have thought of me Old Jerry  
Quack. thought it was for us to keep at the bloody Black, and he  
put me by the sleeve and says says he "Don't hearken when  
I don't don't hearken him" A better justice. I'm not bound to lay  
bidding about houses my man — now sit that down Quack. sit  
down we can't do with any more stirs sit that down and  
hearken my boys. — he — he hear I'm in no worse but  
himself I'll begin

Sing My Fox Cock Robin in regular verse  
How he hummed Old Dublin one day to the house  
For a marvel had happened that could not be helped  
His wife's mouth was shut! and the quack with us

To the Quack they went quietly with quacking and sighs  
And Del Leaded them heavily with the tears in his eyes  
The Mourner in black and the Mourner in white  
were he could help thinking a mighty fine sight

A lady was there and her face looked so fair  
That each took her cost on her dried up a tear  
How he said if its quack was a child wife to bury  
Why shave the last rule is a new one to marry

If I lost my Old Horse say should not I try  
A new one of course directly to buy  
And isn't a woman is good for old Dublin?  
Sing He and Missus for my Jolly Cock Robin!

Cock Robin is kneeling down at the Altar  
The Finnish his Throats again with a Mutter  
"For virtue for power for better for worse"  
Odd he thinks is it this way I'd lay we a Horse?

Then he says to the priest If a man take a wife  
Is he bound with that one to remain all his life?  
"Yes certainly Quack!" — But is he don't marry  
He's not bound still — "No" — then by the Lord Harry!

Since I see when a man and his wife wedded to one  
And that he may wed twenty if he will wed none  
I'll stick to the twenty the fifty's too great  
When the world has such plenty to stick to one mate  
And wed without trying and was it too late!

I told all his pious too I bought Old Dublin  
Sing He and Missus for my Jolly Cock Robin!

Now if that is not a good enough will say no more about it  
Have you standing up with a hand on the talk —  
Gentlemen we see that Love this morning for a pa  
verse which among the many frocks and ornaments of interest  
and childlike minds has so yet been neglected and appears  
My forgotten. We are all men — and some of us a little bit  
bearded. we cannot bear slavery — except we are the slave  
— we ~~are~~ ~~are~~ ~~are~~ — we own no master — except Old  
Harry — and this I am sure if — we late ~~quacking~~ just as much  
as we late Jim! — Now my kind lady mind from the band of Jim in  
silver stripes and ~~my~~ ~~and~~ And my kind folks of heart and eye from  
the City of Justice by the virtue of all blood. you Good General bloody  
Head brother of the League of Darkness. ~~the~~ worthy Mr. Envy Brother  
of Giltish. even he of Giltish. Wretched young Master H — I have some  
the pit of Popham. and you too Vainvalle ~~quack~~ Satans foot all clothes  
Giddy men over the River of Death. I ~~draw~~ your attention for some  
last spot of time while I lay before you the reasons and causes  
of our present downfelling — First you'll allow me however to know  
a little of our criminal baggage which the Angels from Iceland  
have not distilled — ~~from~~ —  
5. While the worthy Statesman was concealing his a stiff bundle of  
whisky belly he really and solemnly plunged into the Babylonian they  
were most about the scene which I have shown above was not the

[illegible]







N<sup>o</sup> <sup>the</sup> they favored struggle of thy dark department is now forgot in the  
 glorious Sunset Redemptions Burns A crown of glory in, that who fill  
 the vastness of an Eternity from Creation itself has open to  
 the outward gaze that death forms in earth knowledge often more  
 than I could give and thy warm feelings and affection shall meet  
 with just return where ~~where~~ every Angel round thee is as like to  
 thee! — Lo, I leave like this! — I leave the who sleeps in this  
 world in the new carved grave. Has waked to companionship with the  
 blessed Mother and with his whose heart was her Heaven below. She  
 yet shall look on my endowments if this life blood flows for Adam  
 and Eve's the drops by her own eyes humbled was the vanguard in  
 the Almighty's past! — And though their feet through thicket have  
 every path trodden over the ~~dead~~ and the dead, each heart ~~shall~~  
~~that~~ around this wide land for his country shall not wholly die but  
 shall last again where God shall wipe the tears from ~~the~~ eyes —  
 — Have not I wept for friends departed and is not my Mother's  
 spirit indeed was weeping of companionship with her sons departed —  
 Queen! — My heart brings back a childhood past with her away —  
 My eyes have dimmed over the decreasing letters of her done my  
 memory only enshrines the shadows of her form — But thy ~~dear~~  
~~heart~~ ~~shall~~ ~~not~~ ~~be~~ ~~lost~~ ~~for~~ ~~to~~ ~~face~~ ~~will~~ ~~be~~ ~~seen~~ ~~through~~ ~~my~~ ~~body~~ ~~with~~  
 the love shall one day manifest in the dust my ~~dear~~ ~~body~~ ~~shall~~ ~~be~~ ~~yet~~  
 again stand face to face with her own! — This will as well as  
 fifty years hence I may walk with those over whose paths God  
 Angels wander with whom worlds systems are better places — Creating  
 their study. Christ their companion and Heaven their Home!

"Where is the Past? how just came you death? — The Command  
breaths not sound me who can now shrink back. Come fight —  
you all know the Alternative: the salvation of your being and your  
of the wings and the world of Angels — in one word — life  
or immortality Earth or Heaven? —

Angry men your Destroyers with all their lander deception like did  
 did and raging within themselves spread down beyond the hollows of  
 these very hills they detach half their force to intercept Cidena while  
 the other half may destroy us - I shall strike in between the  
 two the Duke will to his confusion have given the knowledge today  
 fall upon our division with twice the force they anticipated I and  
 you now attack the Southern wing and God to his own will give.  
 In time the victory from my country now if your brother grows  
 wise now look at this land to gauge how think upon your end  
 ed himself now rally under the flag of vengeance Now select  
 and valiantly **ANGRIA ARISE!** "

These last words were spoken with the tones of a flourish and as they had died off, 10 thousand voices shouted back the echo in one thundering ARISE that shook heaven round the tower and rattled spires the surrounding mountains till the dark, dying twilight shrouded its last echo into ~~silence~~ <sup>nothing</sup> just as heaven again prepared to speak them just as ~~heaven~~ <sup>earth</sup> from above off a single deep well looks upon the solemn faces there moved him as his footstep pulsed and that one word of love's delight lived from his lips unconsciously - One with a clear high voice untaken by the action he called

"But we now my friends praise God for the miracle he has  
conferred and" together insist for the masses to come  
As the one hundredth psalm

As he goes out those white words a burst of music was  
filling from the Regimental Band with long protracted swell  
of trombones and trumpet fill from the symphony an Ocean of  
brassy voices took up his valiant strain and that sacred  
psalm rose up in thundering chords to the grand end again -  
lowering twilight skies to earth stormy such its sweet sound  
the single silver voice struck the ear with wonderful intensity  
so sweetly and authoritatively giving them the words that spoke  
best up in a storm of sound

P B Bronte

1826

way toward him while Tremendous should  
reached from the opened portals below.

"What the H—l is there to do now!" said  
Non-Innocency.

"H—l is to do," replied Marcus with unusual  
shininess while in the face and excited with  
ominous emotion. "If we escape with our  
lives we shall do well in."

"What! They've not up they say have not  
surrounded us?"

"Oh my God—~~our~~ gasped Stafford—there  
is no hope!"

"Ull—ul lull a boo?" was the loud pe-  
sident's answer called into the face of  
the unfortunate Sydney. "Do I hear  
for them lull?"—Then where are the  
rest?"

"Half of them fled the other half come  
ider flight impossible!"

"But that shall not be! I say what the  
H—l is the matter can none of ye see  
we surrounded here!"

A doubled and tripled shout from without  
pealed into the innermost parts of the hall  
ding. Dolly had almost fainted and Stafford  
I was sitting gasping on a step front where  
broad chest dilated with the excitement of  
the moment and whose voice in speaking  
could now overcome almost any obstacle  
sounded first cried "Stand firm ye vessels  
in the Hall!" and then spoke coolly to  
the grand Drawing room where were all  
his chairs and a hundred or more compan-  
ions. He came in buttoned up in a volum-  
inous surtout and overalls. "What white  
black let on his head and a loud creaking  
under his Arm. Quack's with a deal of  
of coat ~~was~~ round his lolly person was  
fervently flinging over Lady Jordan was  
laughing with demon glee and Epicure  
an earnestness while over the rest a  
look of dismay was cast which the puls-  
ant could in no wise account for—

"It's what you expected" he said "And  
guess you why don't you off while your  
able."

"That's just the thing said Fenton—why  
the City is up for the Constitutionals."

Non-Innocency was silent one minute  
then he said "Wey then I'm gone!"

And suddenly as he spoke did a sound like  
and then give warning. It was a wild howl  
like yell and a sudden rush and a thunder-  
ing up the great stair case and toward the

own Saloon Montmorancy bursted short must  
struck the door open and sprang forward -  
with all his strength against what opposed  
him. Gaudin and Jordan followed almost  
and all the rest behind - but it is impos-  
sible to delineate the avoid confusion of  
that scene hundreds of men Mechanics -  
Jailors and Citizens armed and unarm-  
ed ~~and~~ crowding through the gateway  
room howling and hallooing and shout-  
ing down with the Despatcher to the  
Callow with Hector. Hurrah for Billy  
- or Advice for Mr. A. The ~~the~~ shattered  
leader of the storm in a compact line  
was rushing through the confusion carry-  
ing long pikes and pistols while loud  
explosions of fire were clattered in the  
front the doors and men came quailing  
among the clouds down stairs the white  
hot ~~the~~ fire the explosion in the body  
but a blow knocked it off and then equally  
marked them the broad white furious how  
nothing could stand Montmorancy and finally  
they made way to the doors dashed into an  
outer passage and directly were out into  
the wide secluded garden undisturbed even  
by a single human being - there for one  
moment they halted breathless and there  
Hector looked round a thrill a sudden  
feeling shot across his mind - nothing could  
be seen but the highest tower the study  
library the other towers and the vast  
front of palace building over and above  
7. - through town within a few rods  
and flames white as snow as it from  
down in a line a sudden movement in the  
intermittent sound swelled on the air -  
with indistinguishable cries and a low  
deep thundering boom. The assault of the  
English on the Eastern Suburbs.  
But long the two rival and hunted Ruler  
could not stop to see for the Despatcher  
of blood were close behind them they hurried  
down the house plunged into the ~~the~~  
interior and at a small gate which opened  
into an Avenue leading to the Harbour but  
they mistook its direction diverged into a street  
where a herd of Arab Arab were sick-  
ing and destroying as they fled then they  
one more invitation have to suffer and at last  
found themselves in Benin Parade horses gal-  
loping past riders smoke darkening the  
in the wind and a stream of African host  
ing along among baggage waggon and carts  
of spoil with Jack at their head and End  
in the thickest of the storm. The

such an exhibition of speed might have caused a open rupture and indeed an enormous crackle began to emanate from the lovely lips of King Jack. But the fortunate entrance of the preparation for breakfast put a timely stop to the anger of Achilles and Achilles King is now and Jack stood by the fire for the double purpose of warming his backside and contemplating the preparation of his food in a time-saving volition brought by reason upon the mighty paintings. He looked at all and each before him then turned to examine the one behind and finding it be looks better.

"Cor Anity! Binga dem ave queen satisfied me think de black fill or hab'nt done dem Massa Buggy!"

"Massa Buggy! Massa Jack was get had above it 'an jib me de pi key and me 'll try it. I can stir dem a bit —"

"No N. Massa Buggy Massa Monte de big white man hab posses sed dem to me and de white ladies to converse."

"What dem in the de li-tille de dad! Me think tell a de women!"

"I see's Massa but me think e' must 'get a summer letter dem dem —"

"You walloh tell me me walloh take dat now crack a dat walloh!"

"Me'll try! —" and forthwith Binga chucklingly plunged onto his chair before a steaming mass of boiled half-tumbling on the table flanked by a pudding black with currants and dim seen through the cloud of vapour these rich dishes were flanked by two basins of hot rice and milk, reddened with red jam and still piping hot, and a small of breakfast with a most decided spirituous odour.

And the whole came to him sent in by orders of the law —

Lord President Mountbatten apologising for the breakfast like appearance by uncommensal sociality and agreement with the power full stomachs set down before it Jack and Bay simultaneously raised their hands down their wrists over the lullies that listened to their touch one of them remarking

"D — dem walloh coate dey do nothing but tell a — follow stop in de think of his eating! now a Massa Buggy have a belly led? Can a woman de vice provide? —" with which words

this question Bay answered by a portentous sound as he drew between his angel lips a vast spontaneous of the kindly movement over which with of preparation the successive spoon loads kept surging in one little silver with a tone more a dozen whistles blowing in the deep now and then a short peep was made through the middle of the table till the last dog

long little in the midst of the table till the last dog

long little in the midst of the table till the last dog

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long little in the midst of the table till the last dog

\* Bah<sup>22</sup> also expected to run and run and run the way

2. 4 3 1 6

"Now to get nothing but down and belly disease!"

"Fur na wader!"

As they resumed the recapitulation of their disappointments the room door again opened and in came the Prince Nickle the wavy and eyes in a fine frenzy yelling

what follows is the work of desperation

7 B 3 4479

"Sliver me delicate!" "Quint the primer as he made  
to haul the yam little "Quinn my preppare, is I don't feel  
both hungry and thirsty curved day work this cingling and  
fleeing and cursing and travelling Sliver me Handsome  
but how does it agree with ye my lads?"

"Agree" spluttered both in a breath "Nothing a matter  
agree wi' a black fellow but a drink and a jolly and  
I know no dance!"

of the city!" I have not been refused plunder

"The City" says! Says no! not a bit of the plunder?"

"Not a curse Drabill if I'll stop a moment for  
you have - Settle me confounded! if I'll fight for  
the pay - Harrow my stockings Took and Bay my  
lads let's off and Eng ourselves free as the steam  
is gathering - our lads can hardly hold their own  
outside the city and the snow are sweeping them  
away by hundreds Blow me right if I suffer it!  
Curse me horrid I'm off. I Doubt the seven  
blowers like make a morning it is land round  
the room lads and team The water let from the  
kettle into your Tumblers - Ruin my Vitals! -  
- I'm off I say - may I be crushed if I'm not

As the signs were throng jingling in the tunnel  
A servant entered announcing, David Jordan and  
Is. Fry

"In with em then and out with yourself comin'!"  
The long bay Italian and his mate slighted  
however comrades came forward under the pavilion  
smiling at the curious contrast between the  
"Cabinet of Vases" and the Ethiopian Galla  
points and a cloud of incense gloom again  
settled on their faces as the John Julian  
said.

551d.  
" Dick and Jerry are both in the movie?"

"Victorious!" cried Quish.

"Reluctantly," answered Macara.

"Then I'll bevel too," vowed the Moore  
 Boy and Jack rolled their eyes in silence.

"And I'm before them all!" said Jordan

Quadrant (viii)

"Confound my soul!"

Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh!

"All the same - where's a word than myself."

"Your Head" said Wentworth gravely and emphatically - Brown and I met out here a quiet laugh of a peculiar kind.

"Perhaps he is going - Wentworth you've found him by the Greenwashing of your order! - well well as you do like him now so well you would be in your knees were I to rip up some of our ribs showing as I could do! -

"You know" said Wentworth "Goodness is not greatness makes us as black as night and that noble fellow still."

"I always thought you'd looked at Wentworth! - noble fellow! - why age they've so by this time enough" but further - I said not give so much as that for them all! - snapping his fingers as he spoke and continuing "I was amused Wentworth by the account of your introduction to Northampton which appeared above the public some months ago I thought Oh this is another ball but when I read the paper I was almost in a fit of laughing at you I thought of one who could lose so capital an opportunity by twisting a fellow creature round his little finger. But I mean to bring forth some of these days showing up the sort of thing this country's worthipping - those who are not of the sort know nothing about them and those who are find it not their interest to tell. Always excepting exceptions you know and a fellow or two like Hastings here who had received such disappointments with them that his life overflows with truth there's a man who pulled up some Northampton for the exposure purpose of adding Percy Walsley's success and we never he said I'm told them out to now returning - but for the much obtained to his gullibility to mention what they were like - whom will this world learn honesty?"

"We are all" said Wentworth "As we were made Zennos and Northampton are two mighty men?"

"You'll forgive me if I know them better than you. They are two mighty men - I could speak if I would but as Andrew says "I won't better not" little minds are always jealous and jealous are so often tyrannical - now there's not a more jealous and tyrannical person in Africa than the Duke of Zennos. His self conceit is known to all and so would he know his want of judgement only his private looks tell of it. He is a man of his own schemes and inventions - a pretty idea indeed does the Duke lead with him. The Duke will have nothing to do with freedom. He will not cooperate with his fellow he will head instead his own cause and that is against an enemy twice his number who beating him will treat attack him and then overthrow what was of which very likely beat him with his back to his side a soft landing sulking over something in which he supposed him to have over leaving on beating him the blood has returned into his face and his under lip is bitten at and the teeth shown by fire in the many from the top of coffee stands unattended but two sets of water bottles have been ~~supplied~~ <sup>provided</sup> and no doubt their generous contents have successfully inspired to augment the boy's passion. Because it has proved his Majesty to be not quite so strong through the whole night through being drenched which any doubt. Subaltern ~~man~~ <sup>General</sup> would have done more fully - under the idea that he was ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> March Master - he is surely fine and has paid for his rebellion - well contented holding a Newspaper over which he looks with an eye far more to the white and the winged Gingers that hold it than to the printed intelligence it contains - certainly that I say the Duke is perfectly ready to fly the word for that him and you both that you would pull him down - he is in a vibrating fit - in steps we were disordered as some and sitting at a glance saw the eye of his master and along his path of perpetual motion through the room. Andrew looks more intently over the paper to where and points most beautifully some home town so it he would begin than stop and look forth - your eyes were much struck with the Advertisement "they show the paper with a pretty laugh "Your eyes is not well you have no appetite" in conversation the fellow and a friend said "Puss like drinks" And are you serious? and can you not consider? and don't you see that you're ruining yourself by refusing the aid of the Courtiers? old?" that was immediately said. Andrew sits up and looks thoughtful through the delight in his eyes as he will and not so others would have him - He declares that Andrew may go to the Duke when he pleases but he will not follow him - "Well but the Country? Andrew I will you tell boys no?" "The Duke don't trouble me with such Court!" "no he be almost men care for it when it does for him"

Warner had quivered as he with his enervated forehead he is mounted  
 only during the hour he was born. But just in time to prevent his  
 bodily excitement the glider Richton with an eye to his future but a  
 face of easy magnificence a few indignant words from the Premier  
 equaled him with the state of negotiations and he prepared accordingly  
 "I don't say your Grace what answer of it but we've had a little  
 done at head quarters this morning - Our friend is a most combe  
 as a little too good - He wants to end the projected movement  
 alone - your cooperation being requested in keeping quiet!" -  
 "That's a bit Richton!" - "Oh But its not so my lord but  
 He designs his own force for the civil war to be used to secure  
 the victory" - "But the battles - the documents" - "Yes War  
 we "they declare for a co-operation!" - "Oh That's only the  
 work of those who think Zammone's a pig and can be pulled  
 forward by being pushed" - "Backward he is really falling in the  
 plan of keeping him out but he knows a little of your Grace  
 as to think that really out of opposition, it is better you to  
 join with him you will doing as he wants it secret, straight  
 way separate, isn't it absurd?" - "And are they juggling me  
 like a child?" - "And do they suggest I shall neglect my  
 chance for them - But I'll move him! I'll make a few  
 ellens directly I'll" - "No my your Grace consider a few  
 plans may do little especially "My way" - "Why may  
 not and they must not! I'll get him out of it" - "I'll make  
 a new pig! Warner what are you doing at?" - "Warner  
 was staying at the weathercock on Edwinstown square  
 He thought it was singularly like Adams' - Richton  
 for meanwhile striking his chair suggesting reasons for keep-  
 ing clear of John and smiling to see them squander the  
 state - Ah dear! the things that one has seen!" -  
 "I fancy" said I "that Northangerland will sometimes be  
 human like even in this position" -  
 "Not a greater mistake going - Northangerland humane  
 at nothing and nobody - Northangerland could not human  
 He had not the power Sir Northangerland character is fine  
 assigned - Oh if the Duke his colleagues had the art they  
 could do anything with that man. There isn't a single thing  
 or least with in the whole lot! It Zammone and his advisers  
 had been men of a grain of common sense they would have just  
 perceived a succession of keeping to be insignificant as they were found  
 it - Take a body not very young but old enough to tell a little  
 for his credit upon accomplishments and grace as well as absolute  
 might Beauty like could that she possessed a clear complexion  
 small hands and decidedly capital feet infused into her some portion  
 of feeling and a large share of solicitude render her impetuous  
 to influence and patient under reproaches. Such was a good voice and  
 a body like you place her in his way and take being your friend of  
 course you have him for six months a captive to her and you  
 - Prince Reg. Tolly had laughed when I told him that Zammone  
 Lord Vernon and Sir Charles Caville - "pardon" he exclaimed -  
 "Then he better himself - My Dear Sir! He should have loved the  
 -" - I thought the old Dick pretty near right "But" he went  
 on "There was worse than this. There did should never have all  
 and him to marry Zammone's daughter. She might give him to  
 them for a year and still that the very impetuosity of her  
 skin with her would make him so much the more indebted  
 to them - and again had she not married him he would have  
 this have been under your finger he would have been not  
 used to his shifter - every young gentleman - Ah Sir Town  
 send - so simply pure is easily guided - when I want a  
 more service, I keep him looking out for what I take out  
 at her not get!" - "Paying Gentlemen was always capable of being  
 attracted by just a few advantages with out which he was as shy  
 as a wild cat. Now it is 11 years since when he was at Eids  
 as he still a night's head defuncting Friday himself on and vessel  
 took a ticket for the Eids and a good theatrical festival and still  
 at the cathedral in company of a few of his associates -"









"The Spirit move me" said the vice

"One word more till I finish and I'll mark you - Not a word - A love of Rum declares a mind unnaturally powerful and I am proud with late knowledge of strong passions and abominable. So Sir I'll leave you to go. Complete mouth don't enter Love -"

"If you refuse his Sir by all the Bismarck" quipped -  
Both poor venturers - "If I am the person you drink in holiday down point of it -"

A tall man in a check shirt open at the neck rose up

"I say - order!" and sat down again

Another vice declared "and I say later than that"

"For Bismarck" affirmed the vice from the table. Smack  
"My Chairman violated it day by day but we live in a band of goodness and I want that up with it. Shout in a -"

"Not a word Sir - But Sir you have pleased to enter

Alas what I say you are pleased to call me. Drunk. eh?

"Age and I old yours a fool -"

"I am - eh? what next. come out with it"

"I should fancy a Rongus too"

"And a what then - Silence please - and what then?"

"Course it will I be headed in this way. What will

I say what right have you to ask me -"

"What right - Sir - the right is sovereignty - and your

a position this blessed moment

"So, come then" said venturers the vice his mate  
and leading it to me through a flower garden made him other  
wider. "Come on you Sir" he cried.

The president looked at his own Compact and bloody Gown

begins "I never committed murder yet and I don't mean to -"

you Jagers in statement. For your information about the

Shank - you'll do. But your next cost of yours and the

this person a handsome looking -

"Jagers some from his blood and appeared a vast elevated

figure with a band and black sword, brushed silk stockings

and buckled shoes. He drank and put himself into action

while venturers let drive at him with a heavy smattering

blow. But with all these moves at the same time this Rongus per

son laid his shoulder on flat in the flow as a blow or

a bludgeon -

"Now" said I. "you'll excuse me Mr. Rongus. This Gentle

man my friend and I can hardly put up you know with

the injury done to him - I'm yours in this matter. I'm sorry

president - Sir a regular view of his pleasure and we'll end

the unpleasant business.

"I like this" said the president to "but I'm minded

for the most suggest. A quick catch and we'll try your

mate. All is not gold that glitters but the end shall prove

it - "Done" I said - and the Rev. Mr. Jagers - will perhaps

obscure for me or second -

"Done" said Mr. Jagers - a glass of Shrub -"

The president coughed a little right now with short Ruffles

quivered back and vied more "May Mr. Vice - I've had

me - your mine I know - in a happy way - (6.8) down -"

passionately being settled and a ring made I pressed

at the pass, crying my. Intergalactic muscular frame with the

proport of a high there up before we parted. I was under

little fear for myself for the same down was not considered

to hold a better suit than my own and my position had

been anything but steady either in play or general. This Sir

thence was just my own height. He hoisted over the shield

and but mine slowly with a chest or round and deep so

a young Hercules. A head set squarely upon his shoulders

and eye muscles that vied with every motion of the arm

he was what the Anglians would call a "right hand man" - light hearted, average wheeler and dealer, a mixture of animal spirit and civility.

As I peered - displaying a brown scar across the chest and a diagonal slash in the shoulder - he came up grinning my long and said "That's a good fellow. You look like a man who do and then throw himself back a pace or two in a very good springy & scientific position."

I laid on thick & promised you but kept wadding off so that it was long before the claret came. I lapped it up and then got a volume in some ungoddiable smoking enclosure. But after all the President was almost too much for me for with quite as much skill and quickness he waited more odd strength than me - not that I am a baby either - out of ten weeks I was down seven and he would not have given up then but the fresh blow (I had been long in finding better luck in the double to the army) blew its poisonous summer for departure so gathering up my quivering I waited for water to wash the blood from my face and had hands while my Anglian den and of me what was my name.

"Mine's Ellen" - he said "George Ellen Esq of Elmhill, Alnwick, and Holloway Hall, Durham, is looking a bluish and a bit. When I'm put to it - one of the best old standard - what's your business and where do you hang out at. You're a good chap" - who you be. I haven't met with a right chap while.

"Why Sir, I am called for South is a better title. Henry Hastings, Captain in the 19th D.L. own Anglian Infantry at your service."

"By the old book - your first again! - That's a good bit however. You're not unaccounted for Sir. I'm proud to see you on our side. Odd's blood we mustn't get them. Glorious spirit lad - tell me what you will, my expense."

"Come" said James "this isn't an every day visit. I'll have a bottle & please Ellen."

"And you shall later. Hastings I know you. I've known I'll try your metal. Which if we can drink deeper into a dozen within this and I'll give it to you."

"Dine" I said regardless of Wentworth's call to the feast he was having with to be on leave if should start. "Why Hastings" he said "You'll never be at Alnwick in time."

"Dine Alnwick" I answered "What have I to do with it. I think I owe you a good one. Let me do without me then they don't like me."

Accordingly I dashed away all thought of the Army and left Wentworth to let out as he could (Thompson had slipped away nobody knew where -) The stakes were deposited - The Dean of Paul was asked in for refreshment of the company and I was sure for the Ambassadors Ellen swearing he would pay for all we drank. James and a sister were able striking up a wiser which struck smoke into the heaviest weight of tobacco. and (I believe) for I didn't notice were mainly two Pischau looking powdered - withing to a small table to a grave which most loudly called me to get a moderate sized plate. The rest of the company excused the wife in discussing the bills and betting upon their favorite candidates except one who was derided upon and another by the "Dine" - "Animals" said Ellen while uncooking the civil gas. "But we're all mortal -" and "God" I said "If we've not animals was the place in my prison & only look what moment of employment - your health and love goes."

"Intelligent" said Ellen "I am a beautiful commodity I've been to many a place where they don't know what it means but to have a one without any more is a great thing in the working of a place or a little —"

"The stomach should be strong" — "The stomach is the soul of the soul." —

"Exactly and leave it to the health's vegetation in the year next week" — Captain and Mary in place of good as the last — "where" — "I could be not have found any at?"

"Oh no! Dr. Fagner's vaccination" — "I've read in some"

"— Then they asked where they began"

"Come" said I "I'll send. I'm tired of the noise of the house"

"I'll send you now, and do me right in that trouble" — "I'll send you now, and do me right in that trouble"

"Oh you're that way are you. I'll send you" — "I'll send you"

"I'll send you" — "I'll send you" — "I'll send you" — "I'll send you"

"I'll send you" — "I'll send you" — "I'll send you" — "I'll send you"

"I'll send you" — "I'll send you" — "I'll send you" — "I'll send you"

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# THE RETURN OF ZAMORNA

CHARLOTTE BRONTË

THIS Angrian story, which is undated and has no title, has been called tentatively *The Return of Zamorna*. It is written on 35 pages of ordinary note-paper, 7½" × 4½". The 36th page is blank.

The story was probably written in December, 1836 or January, 1837. There is no internal evidence of this, but an obviously later MS. dated January 1838 contains several allusions to events chronicled in *The Return of Zamorna* which are stated to have occurred 'a year ago.'

Pages 33-35 of the MS. are occupied by a long poem which begins:

'Arranging in long-locked drawers, and shelves.'

This is an earlier and previously unpublished version of Charlotte's poem, *Mementos*. Both versions are printed in the Shakespeare Head Press edition of *The Poems of Charlotte Brontë and Patrick Branwell Brontë*. The MS. is in the Law Collection.

## THE RETURN OF ZAMORNA

### INTRODUCTION

READER I'll tell you what—my heart is like to break.

'What for?' you'll ask. Because I'm run dry. I never till last night adopted the general opinion that we were on the verge of a national bankruptcy. Last night, however, as I said, coming home at twelve o'clock from Ebenezer Chapel and entering our back-parlour in a very sweet and heavenly frame of mind, I found Mr Ellington sitting by the fire with a foot of flesh in his mouth (All flesh is dust and dust bears an affinity to clay and pipes are made of that last commodity).

'We've had a blessed season,' said I as I took a seat opposite and clapped a corresponding cherry-stalk to my lips.

'Who exercised?' asked Surena, with that sparing frugality of language he always observes when smoking.

'Brother Chapman from the Chiselhurst District. Wrought the Lord with him signally, and also with Thomas Wouldsworth, who wrestled in prayer four mortal hours, and at last, as he said, prevailed to that extent that the very pulpit sides gave way before him. The carpenter was had up when he left it, to right matters a bit for Chapman.'

'Found many of the brethern liberty?'

'Several. Before the prayer was over we had eight women and three men dancing the heys in the body of the Chapel. By the time the sermon was concluded, the gallery was like Heaven, a play house

heaven at least, where the gods dwell. I experienced a sense of special freedom. My windpipe is somewhat hoarse though with crying for testimony to our labours. By the by, how is that d—d cold of yours Surena, which always comes on so on a Sunday night and prevents your attending the means of grace?’

‘It’s very bad still’ answered Mr Ellrington with a whine, at the same time coughing once or twice and twitching the flannel wrapper about his throat. ‘How so ever I trust my time has not been unprofitably spent.’—And he looked towards a Bible which lay open before him.

I assented, glancing however, not at the sacred volume but at a thin meagre book ensconced underneath and peeping modestly from beneath the ample covers with the sober countenance of a Ledger.

‘You have been questioning your heart Surena,’ said I, ‘and balancing accounts between yourself and Satan against the last day.’

‘I trust I have,’ he answered, ‘Self-examination is the most laudable of Christian exercises.’

We sat about half an hour longer smoking in silence, when suddenly a thought came into my head which occasioned me to rise and make as if I would retire to my chamber. But that thought had entered Surena’s head also, or rather it had been welling there and about his heart all the day long, and now when he perceived that I was inclined for an exit it bolted with inconvenient plainness out of his mouth.

‘This is your rent-day Mr Townshend,’ said he.

‘My rent-day!’ I answered, looking strange upon him and affecting doubt.

‘Yes Sir, it’s six months to an hour since you paid me for your pretty airy apartment, your victuals, fires and washing.’

‘I think you are mistaken,’ I replied, for at that moment it was no wise commodious to me to acknowledge the fact.

‘Quite correct,’ said Ellrington ‘I can shew you the thing accurately registered in my day-book.’

I knew he could so where was the use of denying it any longer—but what was to be done? The whole amount of specie I possessed on earth was six-pence in silver, and four-pence halfpenny in copper. The latter sum due likewise at a shop not many doors off, for tobacco, and my bill, I knew, would amount to twenty-five pounds odd.

After a moment’s pause I answered importantly and rather haughtily that what cash I had by me at present was mostly comprised in large Bills of exchange which I feared were too heavy to be answered at once by my banker in the present embarrassing state of trade. I had indeed a few loose guineas of spending money, but I should probably want them to-morrow to discharge a small account with my

Laundress, who really, poor soul, deserved payment as she had got up nearly a waggon-load of my linen during the last fortnight—such fine cambric shirts too, it must be very tedious, and such a quantity of plaiting work about the unnumbered ruffles.

This might have passed with a novice but Surena had had a taste of my quality before and knew how to fathom me.

‘Mr Townshend,’ said he, ‘You are well aware that when I entered business I made a solemn vow unto the Lord, that I would never peril the souls of my poor fellow-creatures by trusting one of them for a half-penny from one hour to the other of the twenty-four. Can I conscientiously break that vow? Above all can I break it on the eve of his own blessed day? Sir if you have not the money by you, you must either go to jail on the spot or promise me to set to and write a book. I will take the manuscript myself to the booksellers and receive the payment, and meantime be pleased to give me your coat, waist-coat and watch in pledge.’

To this arrangement I had very special private reasons of my own for objecting, and so I stood a moment grinning at Surena with I daresay an expression that recklessly enough confessed my predicament. Notwithstanding the rather clerical strain I had just indulged in my meditation lasted no longer than two or three seconds. It was rather assumed to tantalize Surena than for any real embarrassment I felt.

Presently unbuttoning my coat which was fastened carefully to the chin so as to meet my black stock, I peeled first off it, and then off my waist-coat. As to the shirt, pardon me gentle reader a white skin appeared underneath but not a fragment of linen. Now allow me to claim your admiration for a moment which I very seldom do.

This as you will perceive was a pretty little crisis—a delicate and peculiar situation for a gentleman to be placed in, a smart angle in the career of a public man which it required some tact to turn with dexterity and neatness.

Did I blush? Did I stammer? Did I even bluster or endeavour to laugh it off? No, no, trust Charles Townshend. This affair now, which to most people would have been the subject of some slight pain and embarrassment was to me a source of real pleasure. I only wished there had been more spectators of the scene.

With a quiet smile expressing blandly a full appreciation of the difficult position in which I stood, and a calm unobtrusive indifference of its singularity, I delivered the garments to my Landlord, saying, slightly and easily: ‘We knights of the quill are really very odd fish. I shall forget to scent my handkerchief with millefleurs next, I suppose.’

Mark Reader these words were not uttered with an intent to



deceive—no the master-touch was that while I spoke a sly twinkle of the eye shewed that I spoke in irony and that I knew we understood each other.

Next day *id est* at this very hour I sat down to my allotted task, and shirtless, vestless, coatless, with a blanket over my shoulders in lieu of the legitimate gear, proceeded to write at the beck of Surena Ellrington, the linen-draper, to procure money to pay my lodgings. This is no degradation to me. I have been in worse pickles than this many a time. It is an unnatural incident, an unexpected circumstance in my life, but yet notwithstanding, nevertheless forsooth, verily, truly, I am a King's son. Aye, that's right.

I am getting rather chilly and the skinny old house-keeper has just brought me a basin of hot broth. While I sup it I'll think over and arrange the materials for the first chapter. Soh turn the page reader and go on.

## CHAPTER I

I HOLD it good policy in an author to make the first pages of his book of a light and miscellaneous character, and I would in my present production keep up this strain a little longer if I could but somehow things about me look so gloomy and lowering that I cannot resist slipping gradually into the tone, all society, all conversation, all nature is assuming.

Oh reader what a strange aspect of uncertainty hangs over everything. Do you not now feel in doubt as to what picture the sketchy and airy Townshend will first present to your fancy. I have you by the hand and am your guide, and we are in a long gallery, the paintings of which are all veiled. Let us suppose this gallery in an old baronial mansion. Let us imagine it on a quiet leisurely afternoon; let us think the family are absent—perhaps few of them are alive—the line nearly extinct. Two or three grey-haired domestics alone tenant the house.

We are alone. Sit down on that antique chair in the centre and I will pass silently round and draw the curtains one by one. We have all read the book lately published by Lord Richton,<sup>1</sup> you shall now read a book published by Charles Townshend. I have my own sources of information. Lord R—has doubtless had his reasons for writing as he has done, and what he has written has with equal certainty produced a powerful effect.

In our land we take methods such as were never known in the

<sup>1</sup>Completed in October 1835. A Manuscript of 18 pp. containing 32,000 words by Patrick Branwell Brontë, signed Richton and Flower, Flower House, Verdopolis. A description of the political upheavals following the battle of Loango.

political world before for exciting a party to our wish. The feelings which that beautiful and arousing work excited in Angria will never utterly die away there. The author has been accused of being too warm a friend to that fated country. On this occasion he has shown himself a true one and that by very peculiar means. He does yearn after it I believe, and after its heroic and devoted defenders; and that emanation of his pen, true in the divine spirit though I verily hold false in substance, has sent an impulse from the Guadina to the Etrei, which ere long will burst into flame like a beacon.

'How is it false?' you will ask, reader. Listen!—before Richton's book appeared I am aware there were rumours through all the Federation that Lady Mary Percy was dead, and it is a known fact that Northangerland at an imminent crisis of his own and the Empire's affairs was called suddenly away to Alnwick. Richton the wise and wary politician knew this and seizing his opportunity, and availing himself of it with unmatched skill and energy, he sat down fired with the proud project of saving a nation (the fellow is no ordinary slip of diplomacy after all) and poured out a glowing and impetuous an effusion, which if I bode rightly will be to Angria as good as an host. And so the quick, far-seeing Warner discerned and he took up the note of thunder pealed forth by Richton, and sent it rolling through all his hills, with an echo that funereal as it now sounds, will I think rise before it dies to a more triumphant strain.

Mary Percy! Would that I could write what I have thought in many a melancholy hour. Would that the feelings that on one or two drear and stormy nights I have dwelt upon and dreamed over with such strange pleasure, would come back again like birds of passage returning over the sea!

There! one white wing like a snow-flake and another! They light on the beach, dim, silent. These are but phantoms of the vivid creations I remember, but let me proceed.

There is something peculiarly sad in the numbness of sensation that succeeds intense suffering. The Duchess of Zamorna could not feel for ever the biting and bitter pain that when separation was fresh—haunted her night and day. Days and weeks had now passed since the fall, the capture, the banishment of Zamorna. It had been tenderly revealed to her that the Rover was wrecked on the open Atlantic, and that since that event no trace could be discovered, no tidings gained of the EXILE.

The last days of Autumn were now dimly closing. A little of the softness of summer still lingered in the air, but the leaf-strewn walks and embrowned groves of Alnwick prophesied how nigh were the snows of Winter. Mary had risen wan and pallid from the bed that a month since it seemed she never would leave again. Too feeble to

bear the chill of October and the scent of decaying woods and flowers, she never walked but in the lengthened and sounding corridors of the hall, and there she would pace about hour after hour, resting herself at intervals in the seats at the latticed windows, silent, abstracted, in an unbroken reverie from sunrise to midnight.

Wasted and blanched as she looked, her attendants wondered often how she could bear to walk so long, but her uncomplaining melancholy awed them too much for expostulation. They never dared advise her to seek more repose, and there all day long the light rustle of her dress might be heard as she traversed the measured walk with noiseless and languid tread, more like a flitting shade than a living woman.

What thoughts absorbed her spirit through these dreary hours? She seldom I am told was seen to weep, though now and then a tear that had been gathering long on her eye-lid, would fall like a single pearl on the pavement.

Occasionally on Sunday evening when the sun just before its setting was diffusing a placid glow over the park she would go to Lady Helen's drawing room and leaning from the open casement would listen to the bells of Alnwick Minster ringing two miles off for evening service.

I can well imagine what associations the holy chime, the consecrated day and hour would bring.

The last three years of her life were now become strangely visionary to her. The remembrance of the thousand characters who had moved and shone around her was grown dim and vague. She could scarce think that such persons as Warner, as Hartford, as Enara, still lived and might still be seen. Their appearance in her presence would have startled her as though one had returned from the dead.

Sometimes in her desolate solitude, so long-ago, so far removed, so glorious and rapturous, would those past times seem, that she was tempted to think herself but now awaking from a trance, and she would tremble at a sudden doubt of her own sanity.

'Mother,' she said once to Lady Helen, 'was I ever married?'

The EXILE's name was never mentioned to her now and it never passed her own lips. Her children's existence she seemed to have forgotten. She never saw them. They were not indeed, kept at the Hall, but at a little cottage-villa in the grounds.

Miss Clifton told me that she continued to wear round her neck, a little miniature of the Duke which she had worn constantly since their marriage, but that she never opened the case that contained it.

There was a marble medallion of his head too in one of her rooms, but on no occasion did she seem to be aware whose likeness it was.

She had lost the substance and she was too ardent, too wildly

devoted in her adoration of what had been riven from her grasp to care anything for the cold, lifeless shadow.

But oh! by day, by night, when she woke, when she lay down, how would her thoughts ever wander aimless guideless, she unknowing where, conscious only that they were stretching still sea-ward.

How would they brood over the visions of a broad Ocean without either isle or shore or ship, with the moon of the most serene night mirrored in its depths, and over all the phantasm flung the pervading feeling that in those waves her hope, her happiness, her God, her heaven was merged.

Meantime she scarce seemed to grow worse from day to day, yet she lived almost without food. What she took in the course of the whole four and twenty hours would scarce have sufficed a healthy appetite for a single repast.

But now November was passing away and the rough and tempestuous days of December were drawing rapidly on. She could no longer walk in the corridor, whose damp atmosphere, if she breathed it a moment, brought on a faint and threatening cough. She sat therefore in a large apartment exquisitely fitted up with all the luxuries and all the decorations of refined art Lady Helen could devise as likely for a moment to divert her attention. The walls were painted with sweet Italian scenes—groups of figures amidst the gleaming statues and blushing roses of some stately garden. A lake with a sweep of sunny shore in the distance, and the sky of a southern clime canopying all.

Then in each niche of the Saloon there stood a figure of delicate sculpture, a laughing Bacchante crowned with vine leaves, or a radiant Muse leaning on her silent shell. In one recess stood three enormous and priceless vases of China clouded all over with purple and gold, save a large oval in the centre of each in which was painted an Eastern landscape of intense brilliancy. Palms and moras shooting into skies of sapphire, temples frosted with grotesque sculpture, deep banks gushing over with water as clear as crystal, and slender Hindoo women bending to fill their graceful pitchers from the wells.

Amidst these splendors Mary would sit from morning to night in one place, almost in one position. To have seen her thus would have been a striking spectacle. As richly dressed as when she sat throned in Adrianopolis, the centre of the most dazzling court in the world—morning after morning her ladies robed her as they had been accustomed to do. 'Many a time,' said one of them to me 'I have thought whilst placing the rings on her little thin nerveless fingers, and clasping the chains of pearl about her wasted neck all over as white and clear as marble—I have thought it would not be long before we should have to dress her corpse in its shroud and to lay her out,

young as she was and divinely beautiful, stiff and icy in her coffin.'

It would have been well for her if this dream of life could have lasted unbroken, for if far indeed removed from all affinity with happiness, it was at least a relief from the pangs of extreme misery; but every now and then it might be told by the sudden restlessness which would seize her, by the fever that would concentrate in her chest, by the clasping of her little consumptive hands, and by the agonized and delirious expression of her eye that she had been wakened to a wilder and clearer recollection of her sorrows.

She would then often speak and her voice so seldom heard produced a feeling of strange awe in those around.

'How is it,' she would say impatiently, 'How is it that I am kept here in such solitude, such deadliness of Life? Not a human being ever crosses the threshold of Alnwick either to enter it or to leave it. I never hear either a tread or a whisper in the house. Grandmama do you never write to Verdopolis, do you never receive a letter from thence? Are we to go on for ever in this way? Are the old times never, never to come back? Oh Adrianopolis, the joyous, rapturous days I have spent in thee, the great men, the Giant spirits! thy sons! thy Lords! I have had crowding round me from morning till night; the stirring, the heroic air I breathed. The sounds of those voices, tones befitting warriors and leaders of my youthful Angria, how they used to strike my heart-strings—one rush of excitement scarce dying when another came to exhilarate the unwearied senses—how all my saloons overflowed with proud satrap forms—with the joy of glory anticipated or earned in their glances and the haughtiness of ambition whose flights Heaven itself could not limit in their bearing, and I know I felt as I moved amongst them, that they all truly adored me, that I by a glance, by a whisper, had power to warm and soften their tameless hearts. And Lady Helen I used to see my father there in my own Palace. On the solemn Sabbath evenings when the city was still and all the court were gathered to service in St Mary's Minster, my Father would come to my saloon—a radiant place full of beauty.

'Eyes that the deeps have closed used to smile when they saw it. There as you know was my Piano given me when I was crowned.

'I recall now vividly one of those evenings. I recall the touch of my Father's hand on my shoulder, as I sat playing to him hymns and religious chants. I recall the quiet feeling in the room, the lustrous shine of the fire and the lamps on its walls. It was a winter's night. I remember the full and bell-like sound of my piano, even my own voice, my own figure as I saw it reflected in a mirror above my head. I feel again the delicious consciousness I had that I was making my father happy. He did not say so but he had such a calm and lifted look, and when I closed a psalm or an anthem he glanced down upon me so proudly.

‘I sung I know as few can sing. I played as few can play. My heart grew warm with a triumphant and exulting feeling. In rapid succession passed through my mind the causes I had for deeming this earth a heaven. Descended from a line of Nobles, the immediate daughter of a Titan in power, talent, celebrity, my mind furnished with unnumbered legends of my grand dark ancestors. With sweet and unfading reminiscences of a childhood past in the western home of my forefathers. The brightness of the past scarce yet dimmed by time, the present unfolding in blinding glory round me, a chivalrous realm at my feet bent towards me as to a divinity. Powers partly natural and partly acquired to charm whom I would.

‘Yes and other things, the consciousness of which at that ecstatic moment, thrilled every nerve and woke every pulse and warmed the blood in every tingling vein till I felt it ascending, glowing and rich to my cheek, and I perceived the shine of my soul flashing out of my eyes. For, mother, I was aware (I cannot resist saying it) that—that the Duke himself was come into the room, that he was standing not far off, that he was watching me—gazing at me with love, with pride, with admiration in his eyes.

‘I heard him stride a space nearer, I felt him bend over me. The shadow of his curls veiled the book and piano, and close to me were his beautiful features—his white smooth, forehead, his eye-brows and dark eye-lashed and intensely bright inquiring imperious eyes, the defined and superb nose—his ruddy youthful lips, his luxuriant hair all curled on his temples, softly waving down upon my own cheeks. So he stood for a moment, his lips half parted, curled with his own strange smile, and the balmy breath issuing from them with scarce perceptible warmth. Then he drew himself up with one of those movements of unrivalled grace that used often to undulate his heroic form. A thousand times have I derived sensations of paradise from watching his simple noble attitudes alone.

‘Mother I am maddening myself with the image. I wish it would leave me. It is very vivid. I cannot bear it, because through all this winter, through all next spring, through the long lovely days of summer—through autumn and further, further still, if I should live so long, I shall see him no more. He is dead.

‘King himself told me, that when the storm was wildest, towards morning, when after a night of tempests, the wind seemed rising higher with the dawn, he caught a glimpse of Zamorna standing on the Rover’s deck, his hand shading his brow, and his eyes fixed intently on the sun just appearing—that some of the crew were lying dead then in the hold, that some had been lost during the night, and that the waves more furious than ever tumbling in like mountains were momentarily rushing in thunder on the ship, each bearing with it a victim as it retired—that he looked again, and the form and surge

of a monstrous billow, were floating lightly back on the receding brine from the deck to the deep just in the place where my lord had stood; but that from that hour to this, his eyes had never looked on him more. So who dares to think of comforting me now. If the sea be stormy he is rolled lifeless among its surges while I speak; and if it be still—he is lying stirless in its horrible depths.

‘Oh mother I remember the last time I saw him at Angria! For hours, for days I have fed on the recollection of that brief flash of rapture in the midst of anguish. For months before I had neither seen him, nor heard from him. I went, scarce daring to hope to rouse one throb of the passion that I used when a bride to see in his glances, and to feel in his caresses, but Lady Helen, he met me as Lord Douro used to meet me, with impassioned tenderness, dashed with his own blessed exacting impetuosity. I adored him as much for the last as for the first—and Oh God, is that radiant, resistless being truly dead? Am I to feel rest for my aching agony no more? If this were my certain doom I would live not an instant longer.’

It was after such a wild awakening of woes as this that the unfortunate Queen had retired one dreary night to her chamber and had thrown herself sick with despair on her splendid bed. All her attendants had by her own desire left her. She would not be undressed and there she lay arrayed in rich satin with clear chain of brilliants quivering round her neck, the shadowy ray of a single lamp shining on her white face and lighting the tears on her eye-lashes and on her soft pure cheeks.

Perhaps human suffering of similar kind has never surpassed what she felt then—that intense yearning after what she knew was unattainable, that dying away of hope—that conviction that happiness would never return more—that fearful ebb of spirits which seems to bring death so near and to invest it with a form so terrible.

It was a tempestuous night. A hollow and continuous wind howled in the dark air and rain came, driven in fitful showers against the windows. In such circumstances a superstitious horror began to creep over Mary’s mind, which her shattered nerves were but ill able to resist.

She looked round the gloomy and spacious room and she thought ‘how shall I pass the night that lies before me?’ Her mind conjured up ghastly ideas of beings from another world, of strange unthought-of visitants with aspects divested of human sympathy congealed to stone and full of such meaning as nothing mortal could witness and live.

She longed for a moment’s relief, she prayed for it with hands clasped, shuddering lest some voice of unearthly tone should answer her prayer.

As she finished the ejaculation—whilst the cold sweat was starting from her forehead, her eye, drooping from its raised glance to God, fell on a small cabinet opposite her bed. A white square of paper like a folded letter arrested her meandering glance.

All at once it recurred to her recollection, that Miss Clifton had told her that morning a letter had been left for her at the Porter's Lodge. But abstracted as she was and lost in a constant dream the circumstance had not at the time made any impression. She now, however rose, took the letter and opened it. She read the following words, traced in light and hurried characters.

'By this time you and all the world believe that I am dead. Robert King has done me a good turn in spreading such a report, but he knows well I was not on board the Rover when she was wrecked. For yourself cherish life, I will win you back sometime. No sea rolls between us now—not so much as a river or a rill. I may be far nearer than you think. I have a task to perform before I see you, but when that is accomplished, I think there are few earthly obstacles will keep me from you. You know I suppose that the plague has broken out in the Provinces of Arundel and Zamorna. You know also to what commissioners Northangerland has deputed the government of my kingdom. I think I feel an impulse in the region of my heart which will enable me to give your father's Lieutenants some trouble. Colnemoss and Edwardston are still covered with corpses. I think when I have earned a right to bury them, each with a Scot or a Negro dead or alive by way of sacrifice underneath, a certain suffocating sensation I have in my breast will be a little relieved. I should like to have you in my arms for a moment, but I suppose that is not to be as yet. If you are strong enough come down to the park-gates to-morrow at nine o'clock in the morning and you will perhaps see me but don't expect to speak to me. I am not lurking about like a felon but following my calling in an independent way. I defy the d——l himself either to catch or retain me just now. There's a lock of my hair inclosed. You've romance enough about you to like the gift. I'm not your husband at present and I don't intend to be for a little while, but I shall keep thinking of you whenever I've a minute's leisure, and if your Guardians don't take care they'll find themselves outwitted by and bye.

This letter sounds rather hard and rough but I've had something to go through lately. I don't intend to die in a hurry.

Good-bye.

A. W.'

Reader how shall I describe the sensations these words—this letter—flashed upon Mary Percy. Five minutes ago and she had been



flung on the bed, bloodless and faint, with the aspect, with the feelings of one dying in bitter grief. Strange terrors conjured by despair out of the night had been pressing darkly round her, and now a few words had changed almost her identity.

What! was the hope she had scarce dared to form in moments of phrenzy, when she had clung to bare meagre possibilities as things not to be anticipated but only to be forced from the exhausted imagination for an instant's respite, was this dream to be realized, and that as soon as another sun rose? Her reason staggered. She had tutored her mind to dwell upon Zamorna as a corpse buried in the deep—as a half forgotten thing—as a vanished vision, swept away in the currents of the trackless Equatorial seas. And lo! all at once she had received sure tidings from his own hand that he was alive, that he was near her, that she should see him to-morrow.

There was something too in the spirit of his letter, so life-like, so alien from the dreams which had absorbed her, so firm and brief and unromantic, almost too much so, that as I said before its perusal seemed to change almost her very being. It came like a gush of reviving air breathing a healthy tone over her shattered nerves and spirit. First she felt but a wild fluttering and soaring of confused ecstasy in her breast, but then with astonishing quickness, succeeded hurriedly yet clearly, a train of reflections distinctly showing her how her imagination had exaggerated her sufferings.

She seemed to comprehend at once that she had been living in a world of hideous phantasms which till now she had mistaken for realities. The undefined horror which had overspread all associations connected with Alnwick, every room in the house, and every walk in the garden, cleared off. A bright, a rational hope softly prevailed over despair.

She knew Zamorna was not yet her's nor she Zamorna's, but he was alive, he was in Africa, he remembered her. There lay his letter, there lay a lock of his own hair severed but lately from his own head; and as she hung over the soft curl of dark chestnut, glanced again at the well known autograph, and felt rushing back to her excited mind recollections of the seductive smiles and tones and aspect that she of all the flowers of Africa had been singled out to enjoy alone, small scruple did the Western Lady feel at the thought of yielding herself to the prescribed and desperate wanderer's guidance.

The idea that she was not his wife did indeed once cross her brain, and therewith came a reminiscence of certain reckless and slippery traits in his character, but as she passed the chamber with these thoughts sending the blood in crimson to her cheeks, it might be told by one lofty movement with which she raised her head and by the resolved enthusiasm sparkling in her eyes, that no doubt, no misgiv-

ing, no check of prudence could restrain her imperious will for a moment. All her strong feelings were concentrated in one desire. The gathered flood was pausing on the brow of the fall. There were reeds waving beside it; there were flowers and willows but which wand, which blossom can arrest the impending dash?

## CHAPTER IIInd

At the foot of Alnwick Park flows the pellucid stream of the Derwent, embanked with sloping meadows, in summer carpeted with bright green and shaded by elms and maples of magnificent growth. But it was now December and as the sun rose over the campaign it smiled coldly on a scene imperaled with hoar-frost. The sprays of the hazels and briars clustered to the water's verge were stiff and white with rhime. The ground was hard and a scarcely perceptible but chilly breeze crisped the river into small wavelets.

Nine o'clock had but just chimed from Alnwick Minster whose square towers gleamed in the sunrise at a distance, yet for the last two hours a female form enveloped in furs and closely veiled had been traversing the pavement outside the park-gates.

With the first glimmer of dawn Mary had stolen from her chamber, and fearless of the biting blast that swept down the water and of the frozen mists that were hanging over its course, she had sped to the trysting place while it was yet dusk, she who for months before had been sheltered and treated like a withering exotic.

Oh! how long seemed the two weary hours of her morning vigil. At first, upheld by excitement she did not feel the charnel chill of the air—but her spirits so broken by lengthened suffering could not long endure suspense. She looked along the path by the river-side. She looked up the clear blue stream itself. All was still and speckless. The leafless shrubs alone trembled gently at intervals.

'Was it but a sweet dream?' she asked herself, and she had scarce spoken when her morbid imagination almost made the supposition a certainty. Her cough irritated by the cold came on with violence. By nature she was not formed to bear disappointment. Her strength both of body and mind sunk away at once, and wishing almost expecting to die on the spot, she sat down on a mossy stone and yielded to a burst of drear lamenting.

She had sat thus a long long time, her head sunk on her knees, overwhelmed with the weight of woe that, a moment lightened, had fallen back with tenfold heaviness, when suddenly there proceeded from the river a sound like the intermittent dash of oars. It drew

nearer and nearer. There was a pause, and a hoarse voice called out—  
‘What the d——ll are you going to run the barge ashore?’

‘Stand back,’ was the reply, ‘I know what I’m about.’ The words were few but they made Miss Percy start. She bounded up like a deer, across the path down the slope, through the narrow copse of hazels, and amongst the sedges and luxuriant aquatic plants, she stood ankle-deep in the pure wave. But the voice again arrested her.

‘Lady!’ it exclaimed, hailing her across the broad stream. ‘Stop! the river’s deep. If it were not so I’d tell you, my sweet lass, to venture further and wade to me.’

‘Be still, you wild Dog. That’s a real lady,’ said the voice that had spoken first.

There was a rush through the waves, and from behind the shade of a little islet plumed with majestic willows, and close to the shore, swept a barge heavily laden. A group of watermen were lying on the packages at one end. At the other stood erect a very tall figure leaning on an oar.

‘Look,’ he said, lifting his clear sonorant tones again over the murmur of the Derwent, ‘Look, I’ll send her like a race-horse under that thicket!’

With an athletic and flashing stroke he dis severed the wave and brought his barge with a swoop close up to the bank, just beneath where Mary stood. She saw herself within five or six yards of a young man of unusually erect and lofty figure dressed in a checked shirt and loose canvass trousers, without shoes or stockings, his symmetrical bony and almost fleshless feet as white as marble, bare on the wet planks of the barge, his neck bare too, his high features and thin cheeks, bloodless and sallow, savagely shadowed by dark and profuse whiskers. His hair of the darkest had evidently not been acquainted with shears for months. It floated in long wild curls on the wind and encumbered his neck like the luxuriant mane of a desert steed. His lips bore a laughing and reckless expression, but his eyes had a character of ferocity which made one glad to elude their sudden quick glance.

As the barge neared and was borne slowly away by the current of the Derwent, and the favouring wind filling its large sail, Mary saw him turn and fix on her, so eager, so hawklike a glance while the classic lips curled with such a fond and sunny smile, that dizzy with the tumultuous feelings, the wild pulsations, the burning and impatient wishes that smile and glance excited, she closed her eyes in momentary blindness.

When she looked again the boat had become a speck. He was gone almost before she had had time for recognition. His image had passed over the surface of her mind, and scarce an instant had been

allowed to seize and fix it, but it was he. She knew it, she had felt it, and now she would return home and live on the bright vision of that morning till another less fleeting should be vouchsafed to her. Oh! oh! could she have had one grasp of his hand, one word with him face to face. Why did she not spring from the bank to the barge? It was almost near enough. He would have caught her—but—thought she, 'I must hear of him again soon. Zamorna will not be long in Africa before its most retired hamlets will resound with his name. And he loves me. I know he does. His eyes told me so, I must exist for a while on that sweet smile and glance—'

'But, my father!—that barge is bound for Verdopolis. Would my father banish him again if he should be recognised and arrested; and how can he escape recognition. I almost wish he were less marked. He looked very worn and pale, but there were the same superb lines. Would I could follow him; I must, I must go to Ellington Hall. The thought gives me new life. There will be hope of another glimpse and I can watch my tremendous father. I'll set off this very day. Alnwick is a ghastly dungeon. I can live in it no longer.

'O God! look upon Zamorna, guard his life, give him victory, crush his foes, and above all in life, or death, let him not forget me!'

The sun of the 17th day of December had gone down. Hours had elapsed since the last of its beams had sunk far west-ward in the great Atlantic.

Reader you are amongst the Olympian Hills. Shut out Alnwick, shut out the winter morning—banish Mary Percy. Imagine a chain of black moors, before, behind, and on each side of you, canopied by the clear gloom of a star-lit night.

Do you see that sable swell of upland? Sloping from thence there is a broad vale of heath—which vale is at this moment filled with the fires and the tents of a camp, a sleeping camp, for it is past midnight.

Look at yonder stone. It is solitary now—the subdued wind alone moaning round it. An hour since it was surrounded by an host and upon it stood Warner the Insurgent!

Aye, an hour since had you been here you might have heard his thrilling voice high-uplifted over a listening army, uttering that Speech which will never be forgotten in Angria.<sup>1</sup> And many a young soldier stretched by his bivouac fire in yonder glen sleeps not at this moment, wearied as he is, for he still hears his heroic Leader's voice and still feels the flame his words awakened.

Dark as the night was and cold as was the wind shrieking through the passes of every hill, Warner himself had not yet left the spot. His

<sup>1</sup>Warner's Appeal to the Angrians for the restoration of Zamorna to the Throne of Angria, by P. B. Brontë, December 17, 1836. See p. 258.

staff were gone and the army were at rest, yet he himself was but now beginning to bend his course towards Churchill, his Head-quarters for the night.

Pursuing the shortest track, he entered a rocky road, or rather a ravine between two banks of heath. The lights of the village appeared at the distance of about half a mile, twinkling on the verge of the fertile Prairies that, like a green and woody zone clasp the base of the Olympian Hills. All around seemed still and solitary. There was no moon and the starry sky shone with quivering radiance.

The undaunted Guerilla stept fearlessly on, filled with thoughts that now shot like deadly bolts towards the foe, and now arose like the clear ascending thanks of sacrifice to Heaven. Light of foot and exulting of spirit, he cleared the rocks that blocked his path like one of the red deer he had so often chased over these very moors.

Suddenly he heard a rattling in the stones as though some one were approaching. A dark apparition bounded towards him through the dim star-light. There was a short deep bark and he found himself overwhelmed with the caresses of a huge and shaggy dog. Again and again it uttered its hoarse sonorous bay, cowering to his rebuke, and he could see its vast bulk creeping close to the ground as if to lead him forward.

Warner's ear, quick and experienced, at once discerned that the creature's singularly deep-mouthed bay had been at one time familiar to him. He followed it. They turned an angle of the road and lo! a broad light shot across the bed of the ravine. It streamed from a lantern placed on a mossy mass of granite, against which leant a figure in a cloak, motionless, with arms folded and head drooped on the breast.

The dog rushed to it and then back again to Warner. It was now distinctly visible—a magnificent animal, enormous and lion-like, with a noble head full of life and sagacity.

Warner knew it—Zamorna's own favourite stag-hound; Roswal the deer destroyer. Sparing as the little man is of tender demonstrations towards human beings, he loves high-bred fiery dogs, and often, laid prostrate on the hearth or the carpet with his little Augustus in his arms, the child now banished with its fair mother to a foreign land, he had allowed this impetuous creature to bound round him licking him with its red tongue bloody and foamy after the hunt. He had fed it and fondled it with his own hands and pampered it when on its annual visits to Warner Hall with its master during the shooting season, till it grew furiously fond of himself, and as furiously inimicable to all the rest of the world.

Warner knew the Lion had followed its Owner into Exile—but how had it come back—why had not the sea devoured it? Could it be

that that figure, that mantled mute apparition was—but no it lacked the height, the bearing. It was a slender feminine figure—the feet crossed over each other as it leaned against the cairn were of woman's most delicate size and shape. The hood of the grey cloak too flapped aside by the wind revealed luxuriant ringlets of long hair.

'Who are you?' asked Warner, approaching.

'Ah, Mr Warner,' said a soft and grave voice, 'You know me well. Your expectations had been raised by seeing Roswal, but expect no marvellous and joyful meeting. I am one who has never crossed your thoughts for the past six months I daresay, though you have seen me hundreds of times, and though I reckon you as one of my few friends. Here's an end to the mystery—look!'

The frieze cloak fell back and showed a beautiful young female head covered with raven curls. The lantern light falling full upon it brought out one whole figure from the surrounding gloom—a straight, slender girl as erect and stately in her carriage as a young roe. A gold chain across her breast gleamed through the folds of the cloak and as it parted back from her shoulders, the exquisite proportions of her bust were developed through a closely-fitting robe of black satin.

Standing under impending rocks with the ruddy torch light upon her and around the rugged channel, with a scathed and leafless tree projecting horizontally above it, and beyond the vast moor receding into utter darkness, she looked an unearthly apparition of beauty and lustre. But no glorious halo circled her, no heavenly smile lit her face.

She was looking down, and her black eye-lashes were wet, and so were her soft rosy cheeks.

'Madam!' exclaimed Warner in a tone of vehement emphasis, 'Madam, how is this?'

The fire of excited feeling flashed out of his eyes, and with a movement of unconscious eagerness he grasped the hand that was frankly extended to him.

'Whence do you come?' he continued 'How do you come? What are your tidings? I should think any other woman mad Miss Laury if I found her in such a place at such a time, but you are not like most women.'

'I had not need to be,' she said, 'My occupations are not like those of most women, nor my fates either. I tell you Mr Warner, she who has but one source of happiness in the world, will often feel herself somewhat desolate. But I get childish. I can scarcely ever help crying, when I am alone now. I have been waiting for you here this last half hour and I must needs fill up the time with silly weeping——'

'And have you cause to weep?' asked Warner, speaking low and quick. 'Is it all over? Is he dead? you followed his Majesty. You met

him at Marsailles. You are a survivor of the wreck—is he so also? or is he at this moment where the floods have their springs?”

“Mr Warner,” answered she “my Master is alive and in health.”

“There is a God!” ejaculated Warner, raising a glance of saint-like faith to the stars.

“Sir,” she resumed, “My Master’s foot is on the soil of Angria. He is under the shade of his own banners. He heard you speak this night, and the lances of his own army girt him round with a hedge of steel.”

Warner for a time answered not. With his own inspired aspect he gazed down towards the vast dim plain spreading beyond the lights of Church-hill. Here lay the Province of Zamorna, unfolding like an Eden from the foot of the Olympians and descending teeming with beauty to the sea.

At last he said, “Then we are Victors! History will not stigmatize our resistance as the rash attempt of Rebels. It will call it the noble defiance of Heroes.”

“Well,” answered Miss Laury, “I trust the Hurricane eclipse does indeed begin to pass away, and you Sir and all Angria, yes, and the West and the North will rejoice as the reviving light dawns again. That will be a happy day when Peace pitches her white tent on these sweet savannahs, and under the foliage of Arundel’s woods, and the swarthy brows of your own moors, Mr Warner. That will be a day of triumph which shall behold the corpse of the last dead foe buried, and the hoof of the last living one chased from the farthest borders. Aye, I shall feel a sense of exultation as on the evening of such a day I sit and watch the festal bon-fires kindling on every hill—but when I awake on the morrow I daresay I shall wish my shroud tight round me.”

“Why should you Miss Laury, you have a right to share in Angria’s rejoicings.”

“No I have not. I am no native of the soil. I am but a Western hanger-on. You know Sir, my mind is of that limited and tenacious order, it can but contain one idea, and that idea whilst it lasts affords a motive for life, and when it is rent away leaves a vacancy which makes death desirable as a relief. In other words, my master is the world to me and has been for many a long year. You must not hate me for my intense selfishness when I confess to you that during the last half year while Angria’s groans have been brought across the sea by every wind, and have shaken even France from end to end, I have been intensely happy. I have been blessed with the continual presence of my master. I have been absorbed in the delicious toil of serving him. I have followed his steps from Rousillon to Normandy, through a region of pleasant fields and vines and orchards. With him I found shelter in convents or in lonely auberges, or sometimes in the summer nights—sweet as those of the West—under sequestered

hedges, where the ground was soft with flowers and where the moonlight trembled upon us through colonnades of oleander and lime.

Oh Mr Warner could I grieve for distant wars? could I grieve for Angria though drenched in her heroic children's life-blood, when at such hours I was privileged to pillow the Great Exile's head on cushions of moss and foliage, and to sing beside him as low and soothingly as I could, some air from the thousand wild melodies of our distant Fatherland. Could I weep, could I repine when I saw my efforts, and the notes, drear and plaintive which my mother had sung many a long year ago to lull him to sleep when he lay a little seraph-child in his cradle—guarded in the heart of thy towers Mornington!—shadowed in the bosom of thy woods sacred West!—when I beheld those divine sounds lessening the settled anguish of his eye, and charming away the sharp thoughts that were breaking his heart.

God-like Wanderer—he thought of Angria, and as he brooded with bitterness over her sufferings, from morning till night his brow was clouded with that same strange expression which lowered there on that day when two years since news came of the martyrdom of Dongola!

Incessantly he was devising means to rejoin his struggling comrades (for by that name he called you all) and with this intention we visited every seaport on the North coast of France, but at each turn the Hellish French Police loosed their blood-hounds on his path.

Vague rumours had begun to spread that a foreigner of marked and distinguished appearance, who maintained a strict incognita, was hovering along the coast, and Fouche having seized and tracked these reports directed all his craft and bent all his energy to bring him within the clutch of his myrmidons. Vainly—you see the event—Zamorna has outwitted the bloody revolutionist. Before the lapse of another day it will be known over Africa that he rides again in the van of his own host.

Then follows victory, and thereafter Mina Laury will steal away into some dark stronghold of the Conqueror and he'll think of her no more, haply till he lies on his death-bed.

Mr Warner, the Duke is at Ardsley. Will you follow me? Come Roswall'

She took her lantern and fled away, with a step as noiseless and rapid as a bird's flight.

With eagle eye Warner watched her light, exquisite figure bounding so airily over the heaped up stones and storm-laid pine-trees of the ravine. She looked like a vanishing apparition, with the ruddy torch-light concentrated round her and revealing the moss-grown rocks on each hand, that flashed momentarily out of gloom and then disappeared as she flitted by.



'My God!' exclaimed he with unrepressed admiration in his tone and look, 'What a beautiful, what a devoted creature. Such a one as she should never have crossed Zamorna's path. Nature would have been violated if she had not knelt and worshipped. Heaven bless her.'

### CHAPTER III

ABOUT a mile out of Ardsley there is a large house called Ardsley-Hall, formerly well known to the grouse shooters on the Olympian Hills. Many a belated party has it harboured during the drear nights of October and November, and cheery was the shine of its lights seen at gloaming from the verge of those desolate moors!

It used to be a handsomely furnished hospitable gentleman's house. It is now thanks to war, a ransacked ruin.

Let us consider it a while. On the night treated of in our last chapter, three Officers unable to find decent quarters in the crowded ale-houses of Ardsley had agreed to take possession of this deserted mansion, and share its empty rooms amicably between them. Servants had followed them from the village with provisions and fuel. A roaring fire had been lighted in the dining room which they had chosen as the apartment which seemed to be in the best repair. Cold meat and wine had been arranged on a board propped up with stakes to supply the place of a table.

The servants were gone, the doors were secured with their rusty bolts, and the three magnates (for magnates they were) were gathered in unwonted comfort round the hearth.

Look at them reader. Do you not instantly recognize their faces and forms in that dim lurid glow. Note the tallest, whose fair hair now so thick and disordered, you have seen in other situations arranged as nicely as a lady's. That preux chevalier has often passed before your glance—one of the gayest forms in a Palace drawing room.

Behold the stately fop now, with splashed boots and spurs, and shaggy surtout communicating an interesting touch of the bear to his appearance. Unshaven beard and thin weather-beaten physiognomy, and a pair of hungry eyes like those of a half-starved tiger. Behold Lord Arundel now as he eagerly watches the simmering of some beef-steaks flung raw upon the coals.

With more methodical assiduity that broad-shouldered, vigorous young chap bends over the Fry, I need not describe him—he is General Thornton.

The other who has a cloak of some material very like a brown blanket girt about him with a leather belt, and who is taking snuff from a gold box, with such a jaunty, easy air, his person meantime

being splashed up to the eyes with the mire of the Olympian morasses, that energetic, martial-looking coxcomb is Viscount Castlereagh, formerly Lord Lieutenant of the province of Zamorna.

'Well,' said Thornton, at length rising from the kneeling posture in which he had been silently superintending the steaks, 'I think they'll do. So gat awther on ye a bite a' haver-cake and some salt, and I'll deal it out in shares among us. There's yars Arundel, and there's yars Castlereagh, lad, and this is my own.'

'The Lion's share' muttered the chevalier aside, as he began to tear away at the beef with grinders as white and sharp as a mastiff's.

Thornton did not hear this bit, and being now tolerably comfortable—that is to say, provided with warmth and food and shelter—he began in his own inimitable way to shrug his shoulders, prick his ears, and look very wise and didactic.

'A weel built house this,' said he, looking round, 'and has been a varry pleasant house for sumb-dy. I daresay noan so ould nawther. I sud'n't think it had been bigged aboon forty year—noan o' yer low ceilings and foul narrow lattices, but handsome airy sashes, if t' glass was not all dashed out on 'em—and straight even walls if t' paper and paint wor not greened over wi' mald. Who used to live here, I wonder?'

'A man of the name of George Turner Grey,' answered Lord Arundel.

'Turner Grey!' exclaimed Castlereagh, 'Why that name sounds quite familiar to me. Where did I hear it? Let me seel Oh I recollect. It was down in the Douro about a month since. We were defending Sunnybank—that is to say, myself and a band of some fifty desperate and homeless dogs who had been driven by the plague out of Chester. We had fortified as well as we could the Church and the Parsonage house, and there we were making our last stand against half a regiment of Simpson's devils. Suddenly there was a cry that they had set fire to the vestry, and a kind of panic began to spring up, but the Parson, he was a hard determined son of the Church militant that, called to us in the name of God and as we would escape d—n—tion to stand!

'Stand!' he roared out 'Stand, and remember Turner Grey!'

It was like a spell 'Turner Grey!' echoed to the leader of the Guerillas under me. 'Turner Grey! comrades, be that your watch-word. His blood is yet black and wet on his hearth.'

'Charge for Turner Grey!' yelled the whole posse like devils; and we did charge and that as if we had been exploded from the bottomless pit.

They scattered before us like chaff. Now who was this Turner Grey? You seem to know something about him, Arundel.'

'I did,' answered the Chevalier, rising as he spoke, and folding his arms gloomily.

'That is, I have been his guest more than once in this very room. It was his custom when the nights were stormy to send a servant out on to the moors, and invite belated sportsmen to rest in his mansion. He was a man of enlarged ideas, enthusiastically attached to the old hospitable customs of Angria—full of spirit and fire, a burning patriot and as loyal as I myself. He kept a magnificent establishment and had a fine social delight in sitting like a Prince amidst a ring of happy guests, and though, I daresay, absolute in command and vindictive enough in anger, he was as liberal and noble a gentleman as any but a snuffling Scot would wish to see.

When I was there the head of his table was always taken by his only daughter, Catherine Grey, a girl of about nineteen, rich in Angrian beauty—not like our divine Western ladies, Castlereagh, but blue-eyed and plump and with curling flaxen locks almost like my own.'

'Puppy!' ejaculated Castlereagh.

Arundel proceeded: 'She had such a white neck, and such a fine, full, form, and her glance was joyous and her voice so merry and sweet, and then when she talked about anything that interested her she threw her heart so into the subject. If Angria for instance was mentioned, how would her rosy cheeks glow and her animated eyes flash, and with what warm womanly unreasonableness she would exalt it above every nation that had been, was, or could be. Then for loyalty she beat her father hollow.

Adrian, (God bless him, if he lives—Heaven rest him if he is fallen asleep!) Adrian was glorious! adorable! in short just such a radiant being as Angria ought to have for her monarch. She'd give anything to kiss his hand. Now and then when she ran on in this strain I used to tease her by relating a few of the Archangel's pécadilloes, and then she would blush and curl her lip and look so embarrassed and yet at the same time so little displeased. Ah! she was a cheerful lovely creature!

'What was our Edith say if she heard all this?' interrupted Thornton slyly.

Arundel laughed. 'Edith,' said he, 'with her dark locks, her tall figure, and her straightforward authoritative mind would have scared that laughing little Angrian. Catherine, if she had seen her would have first satirized her gravity and then run away from her frown, not in fear though, for she was a firm clever wench.

But Thornton, you must know that though I like gaiety yet all the smiles in the world would not touch me as Edith's impassioned, clinging tenderness does. The devotion of such a woman as your

grave sister flatters a man's self-love. However, no more of that. Edith is in banishment and the deed remains yet to be done which is to win her home in my green Province back again.

Well, after the battle of Edwardston Turner Grey seeing that all was lost and that it behoved every man who loved Angria, to come out on his threshold and call his serfs about him, just put a brace of pistols in his breast, mounted his nag, and gave the word all over his lands, 'boot and saddle.' I saw his address to his tenantry.

'My lads,' he said, 'I have been to you a forbearing and liberal master, and now I require you to pay me back by a few months hearty service under my banner for your country's sake. I would fain that you would win a name in this Holy Strife. Let our motto be "Ardsley to the van!"' And well did the men of Ardsley act up to this motto. A finer troop of men for the partisan warfare we subsequently carried on I never beheld.

In blood and toil they struggled for many a long week. Their gallant leader always demanded for them the post of honour but they were shot away one by one and at last in a furious fight at Colnemoss they fell to a man 'with their back to the field and their face to the foe.'

'And their chieftain, what became of him?' asked Castlereagh.

'He just rode away from the battle-field and dashing through marsh and river took the straightest track back to his native hills with the desperate purpose of raising another band, to revenge, as he said, the slaughter of the fifty whom he had left cold in gore behind him. He reached this house "bloody with spurring, hot with haste." He found it not as he had left it, peaceful and magnificent within, surrounded by shady woods and green lawns without, but despoiled, ransacked, a riotous barracks, the depôt in short of a company of Scotch foot-soldiers. He learnt that not a man was left on his estate, that his farm-houses and cottages were burnt to the ground, and that his fields were utterly devastated.

He asked for his daughter. He heard a bloody tale. The remnant of her father's tenantry had rallied round Miss Grey to defend her when the Scotch attacked Ardsley. They had kept the Hall and the treasure within it whilst they could, but at last it became untenable. The invaders took it all but a single room—Catherine's own chamber, and there while war raged in the house, was she with four faithful serfs—all that remained—exhorting them to remember their master's watch-word and to yield only with their lives.

The Scotch captain came to the window and swore that if they did not surrender instantly and unconditionally and give their lady into his hands, he would shoot her dead in the midst of them.

'Be firm,' said she, 'stir not!'

The brute levelled his rifle—he cocked it. She clasped her hand and exclaimed ‘God remember Angrial’ He fired and she fell.

‘What is there to live for?’ said Turner Grey when he heard that. ‘I’ll just send my daughter’s murderer to hell and then I shall wind up my accounts in this world.’

He went and stood at the gates of his own violated mansion. Drums were beating and fifes sounding. Captain Wilson reviewing his troop of Demons. He stood directing the manoeuvres. A mandate was just issuing from his lips, when a bullet leapt between his jaws and split them from ear to ear.

All eyes turned to the Gate. There stood the Avenger. He smiled when the fiends laid their talons on him. ‘I am ready,’ said he ‘Shoot me quickly.’

‘And did they shoot him?’ asked Thornton.

‘No they cut his throat in cold blood, on the hearthstone of this very room.’

‘He murmured while dying, “You will rue the death of Turner Grey!”’

Here the tale ended and the narrator, gathering his brows in a dark frown, remained silently gazing on the embers near which he stood. A pause ensued. Castlereagh and Thornton made no comment, but folded their arms on their chests and sat still.

Whatever were the thoughts that occupied them during this interval of silence they did not long continue uninterrupted. A clattering noise like the tramp of approaching steeds was heard on the pavement.

‘Who can that be?’ said Thornton. ‘Is it an express from Churchill I wonder? Have the enemy made any fresh demonstrations?’

‘I think perhaps it is only somebody passing the Hall on their way to Pequena,’ answered Castlereagh. The words were scarce out of his mouth when a loud, long reiterated knock shook the ruined house to its foundations. The whole three started to their feet. Before they could speak, another and another, and then a loud shout—

‘What the d——l,’ said Arundel, and knocking over a bench behind him he strode away to the door. Castlereagh and Thornton followed in double quick time. Thornton was somewhat worried.

‘What’s t’ use o’ making that din?’ said he to the assailants who were now delivering a fourth and more clamorous knock.

‘General! General!’ cried two or three voices. ‘Come through the key-hole if the bolt is hard to undo—Good News!—Good News!’ and then a second huzza mingled with the blast of a trumpet startled Night on her throne.

‘I care not what it is,’ answered Thornton, who when put out is not at all times easily put in again. ‘I call it varry bad behaviour to be macking sich fáal cracks at onny body’s door at this time o’ night, and I

wish Arundel ye'd let t'latch alone. They salln't come in wi' my consent, while they behave more civilier.'

But Arundel was not so to be restrained. In his impatience he shivered the rusty bolt with his sword-hilt, and as the door burst open he stood confronting the tumultuous throng with a loud imprecation.

'I'll have out every mother's son of you' exclaimed he, discerning with a glance of his quick eye that the rabblement before him were mostly young officers and noblemen. 'I'll have ye out by turns in ten minutes time, if you don't render a tight reason for this disturbance. You've raised my expectations now and if they're not satisfied—What are your tidings Molyneux, you roaming dolt, tell me this minute. Have you got intelligence from the sea, from the south, from the EXILE? Speak! If it be anything of less importance I'll sabre you on the spot, dog.'

'Dog me no dogs,' answered the doughty Molyneux. 'The Exile! what an old fashioned idea. We who live in the world know better than to talk about exiles! Hurrah! Shout again my boys—hurrah!'

Again a round of cheering woke the echoes of the dilapidated hall, and again the voice of the trumpet was heard swelling in triumph above them, while suddenly as Arundel looked out into the night, he saw a broad blaze burst on the nearest summit of the Olympians. Further back shot up a second and third, then a fourth. A deep roll also burst from the direction where the camp lay, and at intervals came on the fitful wind from Church-hill and Ardsley strains of war-like music.

Arundel's eyes flashed, the colour rushed into his face. He looked strongly moved. 'Can it be?' he said in a low agitated tone.

'Can what be?' answered Molyneux. 'Do you doubt? I saw him with my own eyes.'

'Saw who?' demanded Thornton briefly and as if he meant to have an immediate answer. It was given satisfactorily enough:

'Adrian! the King of Angria!' answered twenty tongues.

'Nothing miraculous I hope,' remarked Castlereagh 'Its himself in flesh and blood—nought in the spiritual line, Eh?'

'Spiritual!' exclaimed Arundel, starting from a momentary reverie, 'Flesh or Spirit, from this hour the fight is won. By heaven a feeling shot through my veins when that name was uttered, that thrilled even to the point of my sabre. Molyneux this is true. You couldn't have been telling a lie.'

'Come and see! I beheld him twenty minutes since in the town-gate at Ardsley, standing between Warner and Enara, dressed so as I never saw a Christian before—absolutely (will you believe it Arundel?) barefoot, without shoes or stockings, but let it go no further.'

'How do you know it was he?'

'Because all the world said so, and because he has a nose of his own

and a pair of sunk saucer eyes as black as a coal, and such whiskers! my word, I'm afraid he's been where there are no barbers.'

'Be hanged to you, Molyneux, with your trash. Did he speak?'

'Yes, a word or two, and by the same token I'd stake my salvation upon his identity, for in spite of his dress and his gipsy chaussure and his sallow aspect, he just stood up as erect and looked as much at ease as if he'd been clad in silk and velvet; and when he bowed to ~~us~~ before going into The White Lion, he waved his fur-cap just as he used to do his helm of plumes when he was a crowned King at the head of the finest army in the world.'

Arundel was about to speak again but it seemed as if something had risen into his throat which prevented him, so he stepped back and leaned for a minute against the door. Instantly he sprung forward; a horse was standing near from which an officer had just alighted; he placed his foot in the stirrup and vaulted into the saddle. He turned round and in a hurried voice spoke a few words.

'We were not to be for ever under the cloud,' said he. 'Do you all feel as I do at this chasing away of the night? I am now going back to my pleasure, to my revelry. War as we have carried it on lately has been to me an iron hardship—it will now be my delight. Comrades I love Adrian with the love of a hundred brothers. In comparison of his advantage I care not a fig for my own. It was my joy and my glory to fight in his ranks and to know that his eye watched and approved my efforts. In ten minutes I shall see him again and tell him before his noble face that this sword, this arm, this heart are vowed for ever to his service. And this sword never was broken, this arm never was unnerved, this heart never ceased its pulsations of proud fidelity to my King, my Leader. Comrades follow!'

The steed sprung to the dash of the spurs. Fierce and fast it devoured the road at foaming gallop. Roused to emulation, the throng rushed in his train, and in a space of time shorter than it takes me to recall it, Ardsley Hall was left still and forsaken—the glimmer of dawn breaking on its walls without and within, the glare of fire-light decaying in solitude.

## CHAPTER IV

THE cheerless sun of winter was just beginning to uplight with its first beams, a breakfast room in Ellrington House. Upon a table near a noble fire was spread a damask cloth, and thereon appeared two china coffee-cups and a simply fashioned coffee-urn of silver. There was also a batch of newspapers, still damp from the press.

Beside this table bending earnestly over the columns of an opened newspaper, stood a lady in a morning-dress of grey crepe—a slight visionary figure with a complexion like one either dying or just risen from the bed of threatened death, but by the fair open forehead, by the graceful curls of auburn, and by the Grecian features, chiselled like those of some ideal Aphrodite, you may easily recognize the daughter of Percy.

She was reading intently, eagerly,—the throbbing of her heart, the heaving of her bosom, was visible through the thin robe, as her eyes devoured the intelligence contained in that morning's Standard (the first Conservative Print in Verdopolis). There in large characters, with brightening notes of admiration and emphatic italics was blazoned:

## GREAT MOVEMENT IN THE EAST

### RETURN OF ZAMORNA

#### BATTLE OF ARDSLEY!

#### DEFEAT OF THE ALLIED TROOPS ARABIANS AND SCOTCH UNDER SIR JEHU MACTERROGLEN!!

Triumphant Advance of the Angrian Army. Evacuation of the Province of Angria by the Invaders. Retreat of Macterroglen towards Verdopolis

### ZAMORNA'S PROCLAMATION TO HIS HOST

As Miss Percy read, the snowy skin on her neck, cheek and temples, began to flush and vary. The breath hurried from her parted lips almost in convulsive sobs. She clasped her hands, dropped the paper, and as she turned away it might be seen that her eyes were flashing through a sudden gush of tears.

'I could read with rapture,' she said, unconsciously speaking aloud in her agitation, 'but my Father—that recollection brings agony. Oh, what will he do? How will he elude the avalanche I see preparing to fall upon him. Treachery all round him—in his very house false rotten friends, and such burning, such ferocious foes—the Constitutionalists all iron, and all against him, and the Angrians, all wild fury, full of savage thirst for his blood. And they are advancing, led by Zamorna—Zamorna! the man he exiled, the soldier he fettered from action in the midst of his whirlwind career, the king he tore away from his darling country when it was crushed beneath the stamp of the invader. And Adrian is so fearfully vindictive. I dread the aspect of his bloodless face and of his raised lip when he sees my father.'



And now in this storm of victory and of revenge he will have no thought for me. I cannot gain access to him, and if I could would he hear me, would he allow my intercession. There will be all those proud men—Warner and Enara, and Hartford and Arundel whom my father has stung to the heart with scoffs and scorn. Noble as they are in peace they are blood-hounds in war. They hate, they abhor Northangerland and now with fangs whetted for carnage they are rushing on him. How eagerly will they throng about the Duke and incite him to revenge, and heaven knows he little needs incitement. Oh he is an awful, a terrible being in this day of his ire. Well can I imagine his aspect, pale and grave, and with an eye that seems to deny by its look of absolute and stern command, the smile of his brighter hours—so vigilant, so quick in discerning remissness, so intent on the execution of his purpose, so hard to turn aside.

But listen! my father comes. I will hide these papers. I dare not let him see them just now.’ She slipped them into the drawer of a cabinet which stood near, and she had scarcely done so when the door opened and there entered, not the Earl of Northangerland, but a lady—a small light figure arrayed in pink silk with a pelerine of Brussels lace, costly and gossamer-like floating from her shoulders.

As she entered she flung her arms apart and shook her sable tresses back with frantic gesticulations.

‘It is over!’ she exclaimed, ‘it is over and we are victims, crushed and bound. I see round us scaffolds. I feel the edge of the descending steel. I hear the blood streaming—OH!—Percy! But stay who is this?—like—hideously like—it must be—it is his daughter!’

The little lady, symmetrical and fierce as a wild-cat paused. She fixed her full prominent black eyes on Miss Percy, and while she gazed, her whole person shook, dilated, and at length a light spray of foam churned upon her lip.

‘You!’ she said, bursting forth in a shrill key of passion. ‘You! I know you. Have we not glorious news this morning. Your paramour is upon us. Now go, sell your father—barter him at a price—so many months of Zamorna’s love. He won’t have you for his wife you know, but perhaps you may do for his mistress.’

‘What can she be? Is the person sane?’ said Miss Percy with a haughtiness of manner to be surpassed only by Northangerland himself.

‘What can I be? I am the woman who has had power to fascinate Northangerland, to make him desert his wife and banish his friend, to make him revolutionize Africa. I am Louisa Vernon.’

‘I thought as much,’ replied Mary, dropping on the sofa in the attitude of a Queen. ‘I never saw you before. Till now you have been nothing more to me than an annoying word, a nuisance of sound.

Now leave the room—this is my apartment—I do not wish to be troubled with you.’

‘Leave it?’ exclaimed Lady Vernon, and she likewise threw herself into a seat. ‘Miss Mary or whatever your name is, I would have you to understand I am not accustomed to such language in this house. It is my own. Am I not Lady Protectress?’

Mary, crimsoning with the deep anger of one who is not accustomed to have her proud will thus thwarted—answered passionately: ‘Go! or my servants shall carry you away. I will ring the bell.’

She was just stretching forth her hand to touch the tassel when Northangerland himself entered. Before he could speak, Louisa was beside him clinging to his arm, and thus she broke out, half coaxingly, half wrathfully.

‘Oh! Alexander, my Alexander! you will save me from every insult, you will save me from danger. Don’t let me be guillotined—don’t, don’t. Look at my neck—you would not like it to be gashed with the sharp axe; and they are coming—they will take me—they will behead me. Look, he smiles! Are you glad? Well it is all your own doing. You have brought them. You would not listen to me, and slay whilst you had the power. I wanted you to kill, and you only banished. Fool, it serves you right—he is come back. I wish he may take you and shoot you.’

‘Thank you my love,’ said the Earl, ‘I need some good wishes and I’m likely to get them. Meantime, what has occasioned this burst of fondness? Any special news this morning?’

Louisa paused a moment to gather strength for her overwhelming reply, and during that momentary space the door was dashed to the wall. Two other females rushed into the room—one a tall imperial Verdopolitan in robes of the revolutionary crimson, sweeping and ample—the other a dark vivacious foreigner in spotless white. In a whirl of dishevelled locks and floating array they flung themselves round the knees of Northangerland.

Louisa was in his arms and for an instant thus he stood, zoned with beauty—the whole three weeping wildly at his feet, and at intervals ejaculating detached words of horror and consternation.

‘By Heaven!’ exclaimed the Earl, with a reckless and peculiar laugh, ‘I shall be murdered now, however. Verily this is too much of a good thing, but,’ he continued more sternly, ‘I must know the meaning of this. What has happened?’

Louisa and Madame Lalande (the dark lady in white) answered only by cries of ‘Save us, save us, we are lost.’ They seemed wholly taken up with their own distress.

‘Oh!’ shrieked Vernon, ‘What shall I do if I am captured? Think of Enara, of the bloody Hartford, of the savage grinding Warner. I shall

be broken on the wheel, or burnt alive, and I cannot endure pain. I never could. When I pricked my finger I would scream.'

'Et moi aussi!' chimed in Lalande 'And those barbarous Angrians hate the French. I am worse off Percy than this bagatelle. Take most care of me.'

At these words, Lady Greville, the fair and regal Verdopolitan, sprung from her kneeling posture. Her countenance, when she lifted it up, though expressing by the bold outline somewhat too free a system of thought and action, showed a far nobler soul than the dark, small selfish physiognomies of her rivals.

Dashing away the Gallician and the little semi-French Highlander, she took the passive Earl to herself. 'My Lord,' said she, 'I will tell you what has happened. Leave those wretched creatures. They think not of your sorrows but only of their own.'

My Lord, Zamorna has re-appeared in Angria, has taken the command of the Angrian Forces, has joined the constitutional troops, and defeated Simpson, who is at this moment in full retreat on Verdopolis. Hitherto his flight has been one scene of carnage. The East has risen from the Olympia to the Gazemba. The peasantry are taking frantic vengeance on their tyrants. Zamorna has issued a Proclamation lightening from the Salutation to the Farewell, commanding his people to burn their granaries, to tread their bread under their feet, to slay their cattle—to die themselves of famine rather than to leave one morsel of food to their demon-oppressors—so he calls them.

Wellington and Fidená too and the whole body of the constitutionalists are coming up in bloody leashes, hungry ravenous beasts of prey. Their whole cry is Verdopolis! Vengeance on republican Verdopolis, and—Oh Alexander!—down with the Demagogue! Doom to the Usurper! Blood to him that has shed blood.

How are you to be saved? The earth yawns on all sides. There is no bridge over the abyss. Must you slip, sink, vanish?

'Aye if that is my fate,' interrupted Percy, 'And you have spoken truth Georgiana?'

'I have.'

'So,' he continued, 'now of course I must rely upon my friends. I must assemble them, consult them, tell them that I lean on their fidelity, bid them follow me in the last charge—the forlorn hope. My friends—alas! where are they? Now will Barras and Dupin and Cuvier and my right-hand Bernadotte, all at once discover that their health requires a change of air, that they are pining for the balmy clime of France. Now will Montmorenci discover that his breaking constitution and domestic misfortunes have unfitted him to take an active share in public business. Now will Macara politely intimate

that retirement suits best with his modest tastes and habits. Now will my very Guardian Angels fly away.

Lalande, what shall I do, Empress?

'Leave Verdopolis my Lord. Fly with me to France, to Orleannois, to my own chateau de Bois. There rest till the storm blows over.'

'Très bien ma belle! that is your dictum.

Now Vernon what do you say?

'I say that I am horrified, that I already feel my joints stretched by the rack, and see myself bound and led captive by an escort of Tiger-cavalry. Oh St Cloud! I wish I were there. Let us go on board a packet immediately. There is the St Antoine about to leave yonder dock. Come, Come, I will go as I am. Cover me with your cloak, Alexander. Never mind Caroline,—she is a child and is safe. Fiends will not harm her, and as for Miss Percy, she has but to play the frightened dove and fly from the hawks of war into her Lover's bosom. She'll find her account now in loving the rebellious red-handed Detenu!'

Miss Percy who had been standing near a window gazing with phrenzied feelings upon the scene, came forward when her name was mentioned.

'Oh, father,' she said, 'You are on the very verge of ruin, and these creatures will thrust you into it. You are wrecked and you cannot swim for they cling to you.'

'Wretches!' she continued, kindling into passion as she spoke, 'They do not care for you—they are absorbed in their own pitiful terrors, and your other followers—your crew of slaves who have licked your feet, and eaten and wasted your bread, instead of gathering about you, they are drawing off. They will leave you. Deserted, solitary as you are, even I your daughter cannot give my whole heart to you.'

There was a time—I almost wish it would return—when I loved nothing, looked up to nothing, worshipped nothing but my father: Oh do leave Verdopolis, rouse the people, call Naghten. You must not be deserted.'

'I shall not,' returned the Earl rising. 'These fellows dare not all at once. A train of their carriages are at the door even now, and I hear them in the ante-room clamorous for audience. Ladies leave me. You Lalande, and you Vernon, go to St Cloud and Orleannois. You, Georgiana, I will see again this evening.'

As the three, obedient at once to the voice of decided command, glided from the room, Northangerland turned to his daughter.

'Mary,' said he, 'All this is very much my own work, and I am not more unhappy at this crisis than in hours of dead calm, so shed no tears for the matter, and as for these Angrians! do as you will. I'll not restrain you, only if you should feel particularly interested in any

of them, remember you've no ring on that third finger of yours. This I say specially—Good-bye!—you'll cut me to the heart if you forget that last information.' With these words he left the room.

Two days elapsed, during which time the army of Simpson, or rather the remnant of that army, had entered Verdopolis in a precipitate retreat. The wild bands of Jordan's Arabians and the wilder hordes of Quashia's negroes, were mingled with his shattered ranks—broken and confused. Discipline was at an end amongst them and ere long the city in which they had taken refuge seemed like a sacked town given up to pillage.

Their commander grew restive. The horrors he had gone through, added to the mortification of a forced flight before those he had treated with such unchecked and brutal tyranny, maddened him.

In vain the ministry endeavoured to soothe his outrageous passions. In vain they by turns cursed and fawned on him. He spurned all who came near him—friends and foes—and at last his officers mutinied and threw themselves and their troops under the guidance of Northangerland. Richard Naghten likewise joined him, and the French awed by his imperious threats were forced for the present at least, still to muster under his banner.

Thus that mighty rock saw again as it had seen a hundred times before, the terrified sea-fowl wheeling in flocks round its base, and as they heralded with dismal screams the storm that was rushing upon the deep, gathering to the shelter of its cliffs, the faster, the near and deeper boomed the sullen tornado.

I leave to other and abler pens the description of the approach of the Constitutionalists—of the onslaught of the Angrians. It should not be called a march, their advance was so fast and furious. The spirit that breathed through all their ranks was so desperate, and ever and anon their Leader reminded them that they should mourn for they left behind them a ravaged country which years of peace would not restore to its former state; that they should rejoice, for though desolate it was again free; that they should exalt for they had reaped one crop of vengeance; that they should change and slack not, for the second and heaviest harvest was still before them.

A thinned and wasted band they were now, but so resolved, so devoted, so unanimous, so inspired by the strength and spirit of him that led them, they were resistless, or if crushed and overpowered by numbers, it was with the last drop of blood in the last man's heart alone that they would yield.

But the record of all this and of much more, I leave to those who are much better able to describe it than I am, and again I sink back to the details of private life.

Distracted as Verdopolis was, Northangerland never once asked

his daughter to leave it, and she, spell-bound amidst the hurricane, remained lingering about the unquiet halls and tumultuous saloons of Ellrington House, watching the nearing of the crisis, the gradual deepening of the plot: exulting and trembling by turns, and as in every paper she saw, from every tongue she heard the name of Zamorna, reflecting silently to herself on the change which had taken place in a fortnight's time.

Yes, fourteen days ago she was alone at Alnwick, buried amongst its solitary groves, existing faintly in a strange dream, the stir of war asleep around her, now and then a cry of dismay, or a groan of torment borne on the plague-tainted gale from bleeding Angria—in aspiration after its exiled King, and that king's name lulled, smothered in the waves that men deemed were sounding above him.

She thought of the nights she had lain alone, in a large antique room, on a wide stately bed. She remembered how the silence of the night, the pallid glimmer of the lamps used to strike her mind. She recalled the dreamy lethargy which seemed to steal over her instead of sleep, when past joys seemed to swim away to doubt, to oblivion, and she would dread that all the recollections she dwelt on so fondly were but a void delusion. Then she used to fear to breathe the name of Zamorna, lest it should be an imaginary sound never whispered before in mortal ear, and doubts of the reality of life, of the earth, of the changeful sky and the profound sea, would come like dim clouds over her faculties and quench them for a moment in vacancy.

All this was over now. The triumphant, the plumed, the crowned Zamorna was within twelve miles of her. Africa, half in terror, and half in ecstasy was ringing with his name. Yes, he was rising again like a revived sun over the piles of calumny, of scorn, of dishonour, heaped as a trophy of his foe's success, over his buried name.

And now it was within the verge of possibility that she might once more be taken to his arms, and forget her days of weariness, her nights of woe, on the heavenly rest his breast afforded.

On these things she sat musing late one stormy night. She had gone up into her chamber with the intention of retiring to rest, but the fit of thought came over her. She had sunk into a chair near her dressing table, and with her head on her hand was all absorbed in recollection and anticipation.

A door in this apartment opened on to a narrow staircase leading by a private outlet to the garden, and often before her marriage had she stolen down this to meet Lord Douro in the dim, sequestered walks, beside some moon-lit fountain or gleaming form of marble.

The strange enchantment that called her to him recurred to her mind at this hour—the mystic and eager glance with which he would welcome her—his figure as she caught the first glimpse of him

through the trees, standing by the falling fountain, watching intently for her appearance,—silent with composed and intent aspect—then his laugh when she sprang into his arms, his embrace, his murmured and impassioned epithet of fondness—

‘Surely,’ she said as these thoughts rushed vividly upon her, ‘he will not forget me in the tumult of victory. He will ask me to be his wife again. At anyrate he will wish to see me.’

The words had scarce passed her lips when she heard a suppressed creaking sound as if the door from the garden was carefully opened. A cold blast of wind blew in and raised the carpet near the inner door. She distinctly heard it closed and the bolt drawn. She heard a cough at the bottom of the stair-case. She started to her feet. She felt beside herself. A wild idea rushed upon her with immense power. She put it back—‘my father’s house at such a time—through Verdopolis—a crown, honour, life, staked upon his freedom. I was mad to imagine it for a moment.’ The idea died away. All was again silent. She sat down. The sounds she had heard were so uncertain—they might have been all fancy—but hush!—a voice spoke in the little passage.

‘Wait there Eugene. Watch, listen. I shall be with you in an hour.’

It needed no more. The tone was like music—native idolized glorious music.

She sprang to the door. She dashed it open. Down the stair-case she swept into the little dark hall. She encountered a tall figure scarce visible in the gloom. Furs and ample drapery enveloped it. It caught her yielding form on its airy descent, surrounded, shadowed her with the folds of sable, clasped her to a warm throbbing bosom and impressed on her lips, one long fervent ardent kiss.

# FRAGMENT OF A PROSE MS.

PATRICK BRANWELL BRONTË

The beginning of this MS. is missing. The story, which relates to the period before the Revolutionists were successful, the banishment and return of Zamorna and the Battle of Leyden, should be compared with Charlotte's story *The Return of Zamorna* (see p. 281). It was written early in 1837, in microscopic writing.

The MS. (part of No. 246) is in the Brontë Parsonage Museum, Haworth.

ing awake among the lines set, when two well mounted horsemen, surrounded by a cloud of wild Arab and Negro cavalry, swept into sight and dashed to the forming lines. Then a long, loud, hoarsened cheer of 'Liberty!' roared from rank to rank, repeated as the two cavaliers bowed to the excited men. They passed me in their progress and reined up to speak with General Sir John Dinard, so I looked first at their swart and savage minions, then at themselves. One, the PRINCE, last, riding his thin fiery beast with the tenacious fixedness of a Centaur, expanding nostrils that breathed smoke as fiercely as his mettled chargers, scattering his wild oaths as he reined it and checked it and wheeled it, whose temper was as tameless as his own. The other, stately and haughty Turk, with full pale face and noble but repulsive features, I recognized at once for the brother of Lady Augusta Percy, the noted Earl of Jordan, looking as lazy and sensual as an Ottoman D—l all dashed in scarfs and turban and diamond-hilted sabre, with the three-tailed crescent borne wavingly above his head. These two chieftains passed us down the road toward Leyden and the direction of Zamorna's advance. Regiment on regiment followed too, but I in the exercise of my duties and amid the increasing severity of weather had little more time to notice proceedings till our regiment got orders to move downward too. So we all mounted and rode on file on file widening before us drawn up on the wild down and beaten by the driving rain. We were halted at one spot before a General Officer and his staff. The General, a huge man, hoary and worn with the storms of fourscore years. I knew him at once for RICHARD NAUGHTEN.

'My lads,' he said in his deep powerful voice, 'My lads, your work is before ye—Your liberty is waiting for ye to catch it, and if ye're worth it ye can take it. Down to Leyden and charge 'em like good 'uns. No quarter! and ten thousand for the head of Zamorna!'

We cheered like Stentors and rallied across the wold, descending a wild road first toward stony divided naked fields and then upon the



great cottages we had seen for fifteen miles. These were precious soon riddled of their contents, and here we first heard a low muttering amid the pitiless rain.

'Yon thunder?' said one.

'No,' said another, 'it's wind in the gullies.'

I watched and affirmed it was cannonry, but further doubt was stopped by a courier who rode boldly up and halted beside our Colonel telling him to haste his speed for the enemy were forcing Hemingley by storm.

'Clap spurs as if your nags were Angrians,' cried Col Naughten; and we cantered down, dashing through a swollen beck and into the affrighted little town of Leyden.

Above this village there was posted on the hill a couple of thousand Democrats with a battery of eighteen pounders. Within its streets thronged a horde of all sorts—the churchyard held a regiment and the little bridge over the inland station was darkened with the distant squares of men. Lord Jordan with the Arab cavalry was three miles eastward fronting Arundel's cavalry at Hemingley. But the Prince I heard was in the market place of this town, and Naughten's advanced foot were descending from the Sod. Crushed and pushed about in the screams and shouts and confusion of the town I heard nothing else and knew as little, but a dark rumour floated among us that Arundel was pressing Jordan from his post, and I got no further information till, while wearied with sitting idle on horseback amid the hubbub and din, a sudden crash of cannonry from the hill and long hoarse shouts from the outskirts opposite gave warning of immediate and terrible fight.

'Now, Sir,' I said, 'buckle to; we shall need our weapons!'

And then a sensation ran among us from man to man—the Prince's staff were pushing through us and Quashia halting cried:

'The Great Dragoons—onwards—follow me! This way, ye beggers, and H——l to the hindmost!'

Then the whole shoal of us swept the street, his Highness the first, and myself one of the next in the rush.

The cannon roared, and another broadside from the hill at our back upon the enemy who must be in our front. The end of the church was choked with white turbans and black chargers pressing hurriedly towards us and the Prince was waving his sabre and rising on his stirrups and shouting and cursing them back upon the foe.

I caught one glance of my country's colours waving through an opening in a street and not another till we were in among them with bullets whistling and sabres clashing about our ears. Oh, my blood rushed up at sight of the Scarlet Banner, but I had no time given for thought. Another moment and I had bright steel flashing lightning-

like across my eyes. I cannot describe the hurley of that charge, but both sides contested it like tigers, and right soon there was a confusion of steeds jumping riderless and men crushed beneath our hoofs, and we must have been too strong for them since they gave ground and steadily retired from the town. Then, as Gordon I understood had formed again and was between it and them, the bugles sounded and our regiment was called into the streets, now filled with wounded and stirring with a wilder din. My men had a dram and a cake each, and I took two or three to ease my aches and fever, but while we were waiting in the town General Enara and Lord Castlereagh with two divisions each of six thousand men were advancing eastward of the town up the Lille on the forces I had left that noon upon the Sod. We could just hear the far off roll of their cannonry answering each other like peals of thunder spreading from cloud to cloud and through me, that awful sound pervading every point of the horizon sent a warlike glow that drove away my pain and made me chafe at our delay.

While these things were going on, Montmorency and staff entered Leyden with reinforcements, leaving Simpson and Naughten to fight it out with the advanced twelve thousand on the sod. Boy's and Jack's negroes were filed past us, and so many battalions and guns kept pushing outward toward the Alnwick Road that I felt prepared to receive as truth the report that Adrian himself was coming up from that quarter with his main force of ten thousand men.

Evening set in however before the sounds of battle drew nearer, and then long running reports of musketry followed close upon each other in the direction of Alnwick; next heavy ordnance crashing in peals that shook every window in our street, and lastly an aide-de-camp rode in with orders for Sir John Dinard to advance his cavalry to the support of Lord Jordan's Arabians, pressed again by the bayonets of Thornton's division, the first of Zamorna's main body.

"They're coming!" was the watchword through the town, and busy preparations were observed to be making for a contest in the very streets. This was an unfavourable omen and its auspices were confirmed by the shells which soon began to fall in the very streets, one of which bursting killed a horse and wounded its rider within a dozen yards of me. But, directly after we were all sounding an advance, pushing out at full trot and gaining the outskirts, where rain and smoke disputed which should most conceal the War. Here, the reports reverberated like thunder, and the wounded were collecting among the tumbrils in wet and gory masses. But, as we drove forward, our seconding regiment came cantering backward, and pell mell after it the way was choked with the negroes in full rout and harassed by a terrible shower of grape and shells that flew before a

wild loud halloo of 'Angria for ever!' And they came! all their bayonets flashing in the charge, and their grim faces lowering and their blazing banners flying, my own old comrades, the terrible D——ls Own!

I'll not say what I felt when in an instant we crossed blade and bayonet, when I swept down a friend, and when my comrades recognized me. But I had not long to think. Lord Gordon, galloping in, backed and backed us toward the town, and the Prince took our place in an instant with his rallied Ashantees, only to suffer more terribly from the shower of iron hail. There was a deafening and whistling confusion just then when the Mighty Star flared forth against us, tearing in from the fields at the head of his own Life-Guards, himself all ribbed and breasted with gold, his white horse flashing with its trappings and his resistless troops carried forward like a whirlwind against our central line. We crossed sabres with the Guards, but that was all. Zamorna himself was the soul of his men, and never saw I man plunge more hotly than he into the headiest quarrel of the fight. I had him once at arm's length, but I dared not strike, and that minute Lord Jordan fell, man and horse beneath a bursting shell, so we there and then turned back, struck spurs, and burst pell mell for the town, Adrian smoking behind and Thornton hurraing in the van.

Our flank was turned. Quashia, I believe, tried to face Zamorna, and a stand was made in the streets, but the carnage was insufferable. Directly our horse were scattering wild across the fields. On the other end, toward Westwood, one division bore it awhile, but our commander was gone and our colonel was wounded. The field-pieces played upon us, mowing down dozens at a discharge, and with another 'Hurrah!' the D——ls Own swept filling all the street and driving us out. Each man as he could got splashing through the mud and away into the country dark with twilight rain.

Our army was beaten. The battle of Leyden had added another laurel to King Adrian's brow, for there on the surrounding hills sixty thousand men had been opposed in equal numbers for half a day of terrible conflict, and at night-fall Quashia was flying from Leyden with the horse, Dinard from Hemingley with the vanguard, and Montmorency and Simpson from the Sod with the main, leaving Lord Jordan slain and Naughten wounded and eight thousand men on the field of battle, with the town in the hands of the triumphant victor. I calculate he lost three thousand and the whole amount, on both sides was eleven thousand, but we lost a thousand more in the flight of that disastrous night, though I hardly beheld it for I kept with our cavalry quite in the front, only hearing the crash of firing behind us miles in the stormy darkness.

At morning, still wet and wild, we were within sight of Westwood and the swollen glittering NIGER, but terribly harassed in the greatest confusion of flight. Entering the terrified but populous place, Montmorency made preparations for occupying the great bridge and he planted there all his remaining guns and three thousand foot who had arrived with us from the Sod by way of Lingard. Our regiment, or the remains of it, were drawn there too, and as the rest of the flight came in Simpson stationed them about till in a while we held possession with twelve thousand troops in pretty good position and then 'The Town' became a universal cry, for in rushed our refuse, thousands of disorderly broken men under no control, spreading all through the streets, ravaging, plundering, destroying, in the very jaws of another horrible storm. I never heard worse confusion. Five thousand, or nearly, there were without guidance, and incapable of any, like wild beasts let loose. But Henri Fernando di Enara was as good as his fame, for he, the first among the foremost, began terribly assaulting the suburbs at noon, throwing bomb-shells and red-hot shells that gathered a cloud of smoke above the echoing scene and then rolled forth vast, white and columned in a frightful smouldering flame. We at the bridge unassaulted yet, sternly kept our position in waiting for his approach but we received the unexpected news that he had got worsted by Simpson and was giving growlingly back, so refreshments were again handed out to us and brandy in plenty. I was so weak and in such a fever that I could hardly sit on my horse, so to mend the matter I filled the canteen with liquor and swigged till I forsook the beast for the ground and then, vomiting violently, I gained relief enough to mount once more, beholding my comrades giving way to intoxication and leaving their ranks, to plunder. But a roar sprung up again in the suburbs and after a short struggle, strengthened anew, Enara and Thornton burst simultaneously into the streets, carrying the civilians howling before them and driving all toward the bridge where we drove them back, so that for a couple of hours they, our comrades unarmed, became the target for the shot of both armies till Simpson, putting himself at our head, we charged through them and met the Angrians with the fury of desperation.

Meanwhile, the King was sweeping along another line of streets, taking our flank and driving in a new flock of renegades, while Sir W. Moray made a desperate charge on the bridge joining a point near where we were fighting and there presenting a square till he had thrown a score of barrels of gun-powder into two boats under one of the arches. I was tacking my steed on to the quay of the river, all the press around me, with a row of high ware-houses across the way, and torrents of charging regiments joining at the centre approach to

the bridge which, filled with our own men, was vomiting fire and smoke continually, when on a sudden a horrible roar with a mighty cloud of smoke darkened all the scene into undistinguishable gloom. An universal shout followed and then a plashing into the water of stones, men, and horses that fell in bloody fragments all along my oars. The cloud rolled off by degrees, and showed a foreground heaped with destruction and a great chasm riven across the bridge but which was not a complete separation, for a narrow way joined the parts along one parapet. Then there was a perspective of the King coming abreast the warehouses and the river wall, his long lines of cavalry bearing all before them and ours fighting back and back upon the bridge till they dashed upon the chasm and met destruction by scores at a leap. I think I must have been struck, for I was bleeding and stupified, so I cannot recollect how I overpassed the narrow ledge of path. But I did cross it, and left my leaders making a lost stand while I followed thousands more in a hurried flight toward the open tract of Cirhala. A set of us halted simultaneously at a village shortly after, and alighting we scoured it entering houses, ravaging, burning, and destroying. I drunk like a fish, and raged with illness beside, so I lay shortly in the street like a log, and Arundel's cavalry charged over me, annihilating my unwary and disorderly comrades, and then in a while I came to my senses about nightfall, while our retreat was pressing through that village, so I joined it as well as I could, but that was as a delirious drunkard might be supposed to do.

We were beaten again then and terribly, though we had reached the country which our commanders wished to do, but we reached it all but completely disorganized, for, with a loss of nine thousand before, we lost four thousand at Westwood, and only retained seventeen thousand men, not effective till after a fortnight's hard marching and hazardous retreat pressed on all sides by Zamorna and edging to gain the Kumri range, when the troops re-formed again and a series of skirmishes were the constant consequence of manœuvring on both sides to gain flank or van for a stop or a forward move.

The reason why I am not able to give an account of this retreat is that I was all the while delirious with rheumatic fever and occupied a place in the waggon train in a racking and ceaseless torment. We watched Vernon on the Cirhala by the third of March but I know nothing of the stand there or the skilful evacuation of the place, for I was at the point of death just then and when we on the thirteenth of that month pushed upon Evesham I was so dependent as to be unable to notice anything or to join in the duties of my corps.

The retreat of our army was characterised by hard fighting and skilful conduct and a horrible indiscriminating plunder and devastation, but we got into Evesham at last and there we fortified the

town strongly and possessing a store of forage hoped to abide the impetuous duke till we should get some hope of succour from the reserved and passive South. To this end Mr Montmorency himself with Lord Lofty determined to proceed thither across the country to Rosses-town and my regiment was appointed to escort them, but I know very little of the journey, being ill all the time, and in the city falling upon good quarters and a quiet time so unlike my late tremendous warfare. Though I got strength with great rapidity I spent it as soon in a wild and riotous living.

It is now June. Evesham still holds out under Montmorency and Simpson but it must fall before the tremendous fire of Zamorna unless aided by Ardrah. My superiors, Lofty and Barrass are in the capital of Rosses-land where of course I am at present, and they are trying their utmost, but with what success is a secret to me and everybody else. Mr Warner and Mr Percy are righting Angria rapidly though she is terribly shaken by her sufferings and wars. The Duke of Wellington and Alexander with John of Fidenia are in Verdopolis holding a triumvirate over the Union. Adrian I said had fifty thousand men thundering round Evesham and the north is filled with Constitutional troops under St Clair, quelling the spirit that smoulders in ashes ready to be kindled should Ardrah join the Revolutionists.

Northangerland! That Mighty Name!—Where is he?—We see him not, we hear him not, we are fast forgetting the cause of all our storms. They say he lies in Monkeys Isle beneath equatorial suns wasting out that life which decay and sorrow and disappointed ambition are fast undermining. Shall we hear further of him, or shall he be known no MORE?

# ‘WELL, THE DAYS TOILS ARE OVER’

CHARLOTTE BRONTË

THIS poem is signed and dated at the end, ‘Charlotte Brontë, Jan. 9th, 1837 and is stated by her, not quite accurately, to contain 436 lines. It consists of a soliloquy by Zamorna after his return to Angria on the death of his wife, Mary. The MS. which is in microscopic writing is bound in full crushed red levant morocco by Riviere. It has been printed in Miss F. Ratchford’s *Legends of Angria* under the title *Zamorna’s Exile, Canto II*, and partly in *The Twelve Adventurers and Other Stories* (Hodder and Stoughton) 1925. The MS. is in the Bonnell Collection, Brontë Parsonage Museum, Haworth. [100 (1)]

WELL, the day’s toils are over, with success  
I’ve laboured since the morning, hand in hand  
With those I love: and now our foes’ distress  
Seems gathering to its height; my stalwart band,  
Desperate in purpose, cool and rock-like press  
Near to their aim; before another day  
We hope to smite our snared and stricken prey.

All seems in train for triumph; calm and stern  
We see our clouded sun look out again;  
Not like its summer dawn the white beams burn,  
But withering chilly, still subdued by rain—  
The rain of storms that passed and still return  
In a dim shower sometimes, and momentarily  
Cloud as with tears the light on land and sea.

Brief fits of weeping! They can ne’er subdue  
The hidden yet glorious scene of victory nigh;  
I feel it; all whose hearts to me are true  
Feel and yet veil the impulse; still, no eye  
That deep and secret consciousness may view,  
Save that which would flash fierce with sympathy:  
It is the Avenger’s latest hope, and he  
Waits for its full fruition—silently!

I’ve borne too much to boast; even now I know,  
While I advance to triumph, all my host  
So sternly reckless to the conflict go  
Because each charm and joy of life they’ve lost,  
Because on their invaded thresholds grow  
Grass from their children’s graves, because the cost  
Of their land’s red redemption has been blood  
From gallant hearts poured out in lavish flood.

Yet, oh! there is a sure and steadfast glory  
In knowing that the strife ascends again;  
And that, when we with age are bent and hoary,  
And when our children’s children spring to men,  
As we tell o’er this dark invasion’s story,  
How fires and war ran wild through every glen  
And crowned each blue hill-top with crimson crest,  
How then at last we found victorious rest,

And did not bow to demons, though their goad  
With teeth of iron urged us to despair,  
And though men called us rebels as they trode  
Upon our yoke-bowed necks, and though the air—  
The pure air of our mountains—felt the load  
Of putrid plague, and corpses everywhere  
Lay livid in our lonely homes, and tombs  
Ceased to unclothe in the rank churchyard’s glooms,

For none had time to bury; if the rite  
Were half-commenced, the summons of dismay,  
The cry to arms, the strange appalling sight  
Of squadrons charging, called each friend away;  
And often thus, even at the dead of night,  
Corpses were left alone ’midst clods of clay;  
And the armed mourners hurried to repel  
The whirlwind onslaught of the tribes of hell.

But the bare, ravaged land is swept and free:  
Out of her shattered towns and blighted fields  
The wind has driven the locusts; gallantly  
We chased the scum before us; vengeance wields  
A sword none can withstand, and as a tree  
To the bleak autumn storm its foliage yields  
So, scarce resisting, the oppressor flew  
As our tornado, coming nearer drew.

Rising at once, the peasantry hemmed round  
Arab and Scot retreating; hearths were quenched  
And homes deserted if some hut was found  
To yield a moment’s shelter to the drenched  
And starved and ravenous fiends; on the cold ground  
No glowing fire gleamed; and trodden bread  
And scattered flour to greet their eyes were spread.



Their corpses fell like famished wolves before us  
 Along the winter roads, spotting the waste  
 Of drifted snow; vindictive joy flashed o'er us  
 As the grim, belted skeletons we passed.  
 And were we wrong? And should remorse have torn us  
 As we beheld them in black ditches cast,  
 Laid under leafless hedges, pale and gaunt,  
 Murdered with hardships, dead with grinding want?

Should we have wept? Shades of our fathers! say.  
 Spirits of our dead comrades! rise and tell.  
 Angels of those whose dying relics lay  
 On beds of pestilence! speak where ye dwell;  
 Should we have wept? Some, in your early day,  
 The plague cut down: like shrunken flowers ye fell,  
 And withered hopeless in a land of slaves,  
 And knew that tyrants would tread o'er your graves.

By the last sun ye saw, by the wild weeping  
 That closed your earthly pilgrimage in gloom,  
 By the unhallowed graves where, darkling sleeping,  
 You lie forgetful of the sorrowing home  
 That waits your long departure, vain the sweeping  
 Of the sweet native breezes o'er your tomb,  
 Icy and mute; you never can return,  
 But bow from Heaven, and hark what we have sworn.

Oh, by your memories, martyrs, there shall be  
 Bloody reprisal for your fearful fate:  
 My arm is strung with giant energy,  
 By the convulsing thought that all's too late.  
 New strength springs from that stinging agony,  
 And firmer resolutions, hotter hate,  
 Weep for the pangs of fiends. By God! by Heaven!  
 I'd kill the man who wept for that unshriven!

I am alone; it is the dead of night;  
 I am not gone to rest, because my mind  
 Is too much raised for sleep: the silent light  
 Of the dim taper streams its unseen wind,  
 And quite as voiceless, on the hearth, burns bright  
 The ruddy ember: now no ear can find  
 A sound, however faint, to break the lull  
 Of which the shadowy realm of dreams is full.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> This Stanza is reprinted in 'The Twelve Adventurers'

So, then, I've time to think of each event  
That hath befallen of late to all below;  
I've leisure to recall the sudden rent  
That tore my heart a few short weeks ago,  
'Twas at an Inn in Calais, and the faint  
Cold sense of death, brought by that deadly blow,  
Whitened my cheek and glazed my eyes awhile:  
Darkness o'erswept the noonday's sunny smile.

In a far foreign land, with strangers round,  
Reading a journal of my native West  
Rung from the black-edged funeral-page the sound  
Expected and yet dreaded: there the crest,  
The arms, the name, were blazoned, and the ground  
Marked where the corpse should lie, and all exprest  
Even to the grim procession, hearse and pall,  
The grave, the monument to cover all

I went out sick and dizzy to the street;  
The air revived me; something inward said:  
'Tis but thine own work finished; time is fleet,  
And early has the gloomy task been sped;  
Yet still 'tis thy behest; now firmly meet  
Its prompt fulfilment, turn thee from the dead  
And go on prospering; thy way is free,  
And they are punished, crushed, that thwarted thee.

Amongst the multitudes of thoughts that came  
Rolling upon me, I remembered well  
My feelings some months since, before this aim  
Of death was ripe, when it began to swell  
And form within my breast, and like a dream  
The keen and reeking recollections fell,  
How I then watched my prey, and slowly wrought  
My mind to union with the awful thought.

Nothing was bodied forth distinctly then:  
I was too frantic; but at this lone hour  
The bitter recollection comes again  
Of many a night I spent within her bower;  
Of all the musings that came o'er me when  
Gently asleep beside me lay my flower  
Blushing in blissful dreams, and pressing nigher  
To the dark breast then filled with <sup>1</sup> fire.

<sup>1</sup>Space left by author.

Watching her thus, through many a sleepless night,  
I never utterly resolved to slay;  
I could not, when, all young and soft and bright,  
Trusting, adoring me, in dreams she lay,  
Her fair cheek pillowed on the locks of light  
That gleamed upon her delicate array  
Veiling with gold her neck and shoulders white,  
And varying with their rich and silken flow  
Her forehead's smooth expanse of stainless snow.

Sometimes in sleep she'd put her hand on mine,  
And fold it in her slight and fairy clasp,  
As if my fatal thoughts she could divine;  
And, as in terror she would faintly gasp,  
And nearer, closer, all around me twine,  
Holding me with an anxious, jealous grasp;  
And when I woke and cheered her she would say  
She dreamt I cast her scornfully away.

Often at night, after a long day spent  
In hearing of her father's mad designs,  
In toilsomely reclaiming projects bent  
By his perverseness out of the set lines  
I'd furrowed in the future, all I meant  
With deepest thought to execute, the mines  
I'd laid most carefully effaced and sprung,  
And all that loved me by his insults stung;

Harassed by his malignity so cold  
And unprovoked and bitter, I've come home,  
And full of stricken thoughts I never told,  
Bearing upon my brow my spirit's gloom,  
Entered the atmosphere of aerial gold,  
Of light and fragrance in my lady's room,  
And pressing her, unable to reply  
To the warm wish of her saluting eye.

'Twas strange, but Mary never seemed to dread,  
Or shun me in my ireful mood; she'd steal  
Silently to my side and drop her head  
And rest it on my knee, and gently kneel  
Down at my feet, and then her raised glance said:  
'Adrian, I do not fear, though I can feel  
Your gaze is stern and dark; but I can brook  
Even ferocity in that fixed look.'

Sometimes her lips as well as eyes would say:  
'If you are here I'm happy, though in wrath;  
But, when you keep through the long night away,  
Repose, existence, luxury, I loathe.  
Your presence forms the bright, the cheering ray  
That makes life glorious. Adrian, what can soothe  
Your ruffled mind? Tell me, and I will try  
To light the gloom of that denouncing eye.'

'Trouble yourself no more with me,' I said  
The last time she spoke thus; 'when I took you  
Into my bosom, Mary, though your head  
Was haloed with the lustre beauty threw,  
And mind and youth and glowing feeling shed,  
Yet then I swore that if your father drew  
His hand from mine, I'd give him back his gift,  
Of happiness and hope and fame bereft.'

Percy, the demon! playing with the feeling  
Of an enthusiast's heart, he shall be paid  
For his deceit, for his cold treacherous dealing,  
In miseries keen as those himself has made,  
Wounds festered deep beyond the power of healing;  
My part in the great game is also played:  
I've had his daughter, loved her, made her mine,  
And now the bright deposit I'll resign.

'Fair love! before his sight consume away;  
Reproach him with your dying gaze, my Mary;  
It is his fault; I love you each fresh day  
Intenselier than the last: I never weary  
Of gazing on that young pale face whose ray  
Of deep, warm, anxious ardour, dashed with dreary  
Poetic melancholy, charms me more  
Than all the bloom which other eyes adore.'

'You love me, yet you'll kill me!' she said, starting,  
While an electric thrill and passion woke  
In all her veins, and wild reproaches darting  
From her dark eyes, in native heat she broke  
Fully upon me, all the calm departing  
And classic grace, as if the sudden stroke  
Had changed her nature, her most perfect form  
Shaken, dilated, trembling in the storm.

Anger and grief and most impassioned love  
Gathered upon her cheek in burning blushes,  
One with the other struggling, warning strove,  
And each by turn prevailed in whelming gushes;  
She flashed a frantic glance to Heaven above;  
She called me cruel as the fiend that crushes  
Its victim after snaring it in toils  
Baited with rosy flowers and golden spoils.

‘Why have you chained me to you, Adrian, by  
Such days of bliss, such hours of sweet caressing,  
Such looks of glory, words of melody,  
Glimpses of all on earth that’s worth possessing  
And now, when I must live with you or die  
Out of your sight distracted, every blessing  
Your hand withdraws, and, all my anguish scorning,  
You go and bid me hope for no returning?’

‘Adrian, don’t leave me——’ then the gushing tears  
Smothered her utterance, so I tried my power  
To soothe her terrors and allay her fears,  
And feed her passion with a sunny shower  
Of my accustomed spells: as the sky clears  
After a summer storm, in one brief hour  
Happy and blest she’d given again her charms  
Trembling but yet confiding to my arms.

Did I think then she’d die, and that forever  
The grave would hide her from me? Did I deem  
That after parting I should never, never  
Behold her save in some delusive dream,  
That she would cross death’s cold and icy river  
Alone, without one hope, one cheering beam  
Of bliss to come? All dark, all spectral, dreary:  
Was this thy fate, my loved, my sainted Mary?

Will no voice answer ‘No’? Will no tongue say  
That still she lives and longs and waits for me?  
That burning still, though haply in decay,  
The spark of life is lingering quenchlessly?  
And that again the bright awakening ray  
Of passion in her pale face I may see,  
And watch the fervid, lightning thoughts whose shine  
Kindled each feature with a beam divine?

Again o'er Hawkscliffe's wide green wilderness  
The harvest moon her boundless smile will fling;  
Again the savage woods will take their dress  
Off dewy leaves from the refulgent spring,  
Darken in summer and to autumn pass,—  
In their wan robes of foliage withering  
September's eyes will close with dreary light  
Of moon and holy stars, foretelling night.

And shall I never wander in those shades  
Where the trees sweep the earth o'ercharged with plumes?  
Mary! among those solemn, moonlight glades,  
Are all our roamings over? Will their glooms  
Parting and bending as the breezes swayed  
Shadow our love no more? Like natural tombs,  
Where sound breathed out of darkest hush, each grove  
Of giant oaks buried and watched that love.

Others I've met by night in field and wood,  
Many a burnside has been my rendezvous.  
And furiously, impatiently, I've stood  
Under the sunless sky of sombre blue,  
While the encroaching gloaming o'er the flood  
Crept dark and still, and gathering drops of dew  
Hung on the flowers, and twilight breezes swung  
Chilly and low the whispering trees among.

And some bright eyes are closed that once to me  
Were stars of hope, and hearts that loved me well  
For years have stilled their beating 'neath some tree  
Waving above the mounds, where mortals dwell  
After they put on immortality;  
But long since I have learned the pangs to quell  
Their memories brought, and now again, again,  
Torture is wakened by reviving pain.

It cannot be; and has she cold and dying  
Been stretched alone on her forsaken bed,  
A stormy midnight's voice her requiem crying,  
And hasting on the last dark hour with dread,  
With speed none could avert, and Mary lying  
Conscious that death was near, her spirit led  
While her soul waved its wings prepared to soar  
Back to the days she never might see more,

The ghostly trance increasing; and above  
Her thorny pillow bent her father's brow  
In agony; a clouded glance of love  
The lady on her sire seemed to throw—  
Of love and strange reproach. How thought will rove,  
How scenes we think of suddenly will glow  
Present before us! Oh, I see him bending  
Over his child; I watch her soul ascending

Out of her dying eyes. Now is my time:  
All rushes on me; could I speak the feeling!  
Now, Percy, whom in spite of blood and crime  
I loved intensely, dark thy doom is sealing.  
Am I not well avenged? Struck in her prime,  
Dies thy fair daughter, her last look revealing,  
Her last word telling—to what hand she owes  
Her grave beneath this avalanche of woes.

To thine! She's gone; aye, shudder and stoop lower;  
Speak, call her back; the winged spirit may hear:  
Paramount ruler, try thy utmost power;  
Revive thy faded hope, thy blossom sere.  
Vainly; the task of the last awful hour  
Is finished: now the cloud, the pang, the tear  
Are thine forever. Brow and heart and eye  
Shall keep till death thy daughter's legacy.

Different it might have been. The actual doom  
Is such as I have said, and Mary's gone  
Floating away in light. Grief called her home;  
Her angel heard and answered; and the sun  
Smiles over Alnwick Church and o'er the tomb,  
And balmy gales come murmuring from the glade  
And pastoral walk where long ago she strayed.

I must forget her. I must cease to pine  
After the days, the dreams, the hopes I cherished.  
In truth, I could have wished to see the shine  
Of her clear eyes before the lustre perished,  
Their sad soft beam, like the subdued decline  
Of twilight parting—could I but have nourished  
Her languid, wasted strength and faded bloom,  
And taken her to my breast, again her home.

But that is not vouchsafed, and so at last  
I must shut out her image from my heart,  
And mingling that with other glories past  
Look back on what I leave before I start  
On a divided track. A winter's blast  
Howls o'er a desert where our journeys part;  
And noon is past; the shades of eve draw nigh,  
Dimly reflected from a stormy sky.

Turning amid the driving sleet and rain  
I look along the pathway she has taken,  
Now far away, a slip of emerald plain,  
With lingering sun, and freshened foliage shaken  
By a sweet Eden-breeze; and once again  
I see her like an apparition beckon  
In the bright distance in a moment gone.  
She'll ne'er return—'tis past, and I'm alone.

And alone shall I be when the trumpet is sounding<sup>1</sup>  
To tell to the world that my kingdom is free;  
Alone, while a thousand brave bosoms are bounding,  
The yoke and the fetter-bolts shivered to see.

Victory the plumed one crowns; I hear her calling;  
Again my diadem, my lands she flings  
Redeemed before me; glorious sunlight falling  
On the vermilion banner, lights its wings  
With the true hue of conquest

Alone, in the hall where the last flash is shining  
Of embers that wave in their midnight decay,  
How shall I feel as the wild gale's repining  
Fitfully whispers and wanders away?

What will it tell me of days that will never  
Smile on the life-weary mourner again?  
What will it murmur of hours that for ever  
Are past, like the spring-shower's glitter of rain?

Blown by the wind to the verge of the torrent,  
Cluster the last leaves that fell long ago;  
Some that are scattered by chance on its current  
Withered and light fleet away in its flow.

<sup>1</sup>These trial lines of an incomplete stanza appear here in the MS.



Sooner shall these on the tree or the flower  
Wave in their bloom as they waved ere they fell,  
Then I shall behold the return of the hour  
Whose sorrowful parting the night-breezes tell.

Then in the silence her picture will glimmer  
Solemn and shadowy, high in the hall,  
Still as the embers wax dimmer and dimmer  
Stirring, like life, to their flicker and fall.

How shall I feel as the soft eyes, revealing  
Sweetness and sorrow, gaze down through the gloom?  
How shall I feel when her image comes stealing  
Over me such as she was in her bloom,

Twining around me, crowding the tresses  
Curled on her white forehead into my breast,  
Wooing the love that with passionate kisses  
Wildly and warmly her beauty caressed?

Then shall I know that all mutely reposing  
She's lulled in the slumbering gloom of her shrine,  
With death on her white face, in shadow, disclosing  
The trace of his truest and awfulest sign.

Then shall I know that her lip would not quiver,  
Though with the pressure of love it met mine;  
Then shall I know that no glance can dis sever  
The sealed lids that cover her eyes' ghastly shine.

All will be frozen, all cold and unfeeling:  
Passion forgotten and sympathy gone;  
Neither a motion nor murmur revealing  
Life, in that colourless image of stone.

I shall not see it, for Mary is buried  
Far from the Calabar's war-trampled strand;  
And oh! her career to its dark close was hurried  
Many a long league from her own native land.

Could she have died with its woods waving round her;  
Could she have slept with their moan in her ear,  
Rapt in romance the last slumber had found her  
Fleeing away on the tone singing near.

‘WELL, THE DAY’S TOILS ARE OVER...’ 333

Oh that the sun of the West had been beaming  
Glorious and soft on the bed where she lay:  
Then she had died not lamenting but dreaming,  
Borne on the haloes of sunset away!

Had she but known all the love that I bore her,  
Though I had left her in sorrow awhile,  
Then when the wing of the sceptre swept o’er her  
Her death-frozen features had fixed in a smile.

But she perished in exile, she perished in mourning;  
Wild was the evening that closed her decline:  
She withered for ever; I hope no returning;  
And tears are so fruitless I need not repine.

God gave the summons: farewell then, my Mary;  
Thou hast found haven where no tears may swell:  
Hopeless and weary and joyless and dreary,  
I must forget thee—For ever, Farewell!

CHARLOTTE BRONTË,  
Jan. 9th, 1837.

# FRAGMENT OF A PROSE MS.

PATRICK BRANWELL BRONTË

This fragment, continuing the adventures of Henry Hastings, relates to events which happened after the Angrian Revolution. It is signed and dated at the top 'P. B. Brontë, Jany. 23, 1837.'

The MS. [No. 254] which is written on both sides of a half-sheet measuring 7.3" × 4.4" is in the Brontë Parsonage Museum, Haworth.

P. B. BRONTË

Jany. 23. 1837.

READER.—I think I owe an apology for the long time for which in spite of your former favourable reception of me I have absented myself from your company and neglected my task of amusement and information. But inasmuch as a young man when he rises above the station he before moved in is looked on by his forsaken comrades as one removed from their sympathy and affections and by the new society that he neighbours on as a plebeian intruder into their aristocratic circles, so I, since I published my first volume of the Campaign of the Calabar, experienced from my lofty associates and patrons repulses and jealousies, mean efforts to keep down the aspiring plebeian while when I looked for friendship and fellowship from my former companions I only found the shyness of that pride which seems to hang for promotion on an . . . sleeve and the coldness entertained toward a man who has forsaken their company for higher fortune. For my own part I have never forgotten Auld Land Syne any more than I have remembered the petty flatteries and compliments of my new-fashioned Janus-faced friends. I would have kept hearty and whole with everyone I respected either high or low but this was not decreed to be. My patron thought proper first to appropriate to himself all the little praise I could earn from a benignant public. My commander thought it expedient that a farmer's son should not shame by his advancement the pampered itinerants of Eastern Aristocracy and when I looked for consolation under those slights to you with whom my public character was entrusted, I found that you were engaged in readily devouring long stories of the dissipation and drunkenness of the mushroom Henry Hastings!—Well, I suppose amid these manifold slights and conspiracies I must henceforward look for applause and favour to a class of people who can have no personal spite against me, with whom my rise will never tear away ancient friendships or intrude the attempts of new ones. I must appeal for justice to that impartial class, the Unborn, the Readers of Posterity!—They will just want a fair and vigorous account of

the mighty events around us, and if that account is ably given to them they will be sure to praise and befriend the departed writer.

Now, with respect to the reports about my conduct, I must say one word further. It has been stated that within the last year past I have done nothing but drink and gamble and do everything that is Bad, but had I gone on in the course represented I could not by this time write one page of consecutive reason or decency. So, if I shall perform the task of describing the campaign of the west as well as I did the campaign of the east I say that you will think the writer is at least as sober and sensible a man as he was when you honoured and praised him far above his fondest anticipations. No doubt I have done many things since then which I should not have done, but recollect that the actions of a man before the public eye are subjected to a scrutiny as strict as it is illiberal, so that the slip which in a private person would be quite unnoticed is, the moment he has made it, changed into one of the seven deadly sins, and sends him at once into complete d—nation. I like my glass of a night the same as another—Well, I am in a continual and beastly state of intoxication. I bet a nominal guinea on the issue of our topics of daily curiosity, I am an abandoned gambler, and if successful an arrant swindler. I am borne at the storming of a town or village into the midst of havoc and confusion; it is a necessary consequence of my fulfilment of military duty. No matter; Henry Hastings is pronounced to be a debauched and reckless desperado. But I'll give over this talk or else people will say that he who is always complaining is generally found particularly worthy of suffering!

The invasion of my native country, its battles and defeats and ruin and despair, the intrigues and wickedness of our great party leaders, the fluctuation of their fortunes and the resurrection of Angria have all been portrayed and laid before you by my late patron with an ability which I have no intention of questioning, and though throughout all the last year's bloody and eventful warfare I have been an active and unresting slave I will not attempt to improve by my narration upon works which you have stamped with such decisive approbation. But I am just now plunged into a new and perhaps equally important scene of civil and warlike strife which if I shall happen to survive amid its terrible and varying dangers seems to give me a fair and ready chance of retrieving with you by a faithful and energetic description of it some portion of the esteem which I have forfeited.

The entrance of the Angrian Army with its triumphant leaders into a city whose streets they had not seen for twelve bloody months of defeat and danger was an event not to be passed over without more than ordinary joviality and rejoicings, which of course with

men borne from defeat and hardship into plenty and prosperity would in not a few cases increase to violent excess. Fidenia and Zamorna and Warner and the rest of the Rulers were employed day and night in rearranging the broken affairs of state and preparing for a new and vigorous pursuit of our retreating foes. So for two or three days officers and soldiers of both armies had little to do but to drink and be merry upon the exuviae of the vanished Revolutionists. I cannot say for my own part—and mind that this is to be a personal narrative—that I bothered myself greatly about either the difficulties of our Duke's position with his trustless friends waiting to take hold on Verdopolis and his own country laid in such a state of bloody desolation as to require for its regeneration all those powers and all that time which must yet be applied to face and fight an enraged mass of enemies even now spreading over the plain of Fala and Cirhala, and to watch the snake-like movements of another host of foes gathering for a spring upon the seas of Parry's and Rosses Lands—or yet that I calculated upon the strange estate of Africa falling from Power to Power disclosing only every change how convulsions upon the ruin of old defeats—I cannot say that I troubled myself about these things; but I was just then in capital quarters, saw dozens of wine finished every evening and experienced no difficulty in drinking to their memory in new dozens the evening after. Besides, all the public amusements bloomed out at once on our entrance like a Lapland's summer, and theatres, operas, saloons, and betting stands were crowded night and day with scarlet coats and threatening visages of war. True, our pay was most mournfully in arrears and neither the exchequer of Angria or Verdopolis or the North gave any signs of immediate replenishing, but so much suffering only added the feeling of Patriotic Martyrdom to ennoble and exalt our endless flow of life and every moment which otherwise would have hung heavy in other hands, was thereby absorbed and enlivened with plans and plots to evade or overcome our duns and difficulties. So, without caring a rush whether to-morrow and our Monarch's word might bring in again the marshalling in arms we determined only to spent the present hour in

‘Eating and quaffing,  
At past labours laughing.  
Better far by half in  
Pleasure than before!’

Though with regard to myself a disagreeable incident unfortunately cut short somewhat of my career of ranting pleasure. Among the countless duels that spring from every uncorked bottle during the continuance together of the Angrian and Northern Armies I one night far into the third dozen had the supreme honour of making one

and before I went to work in order to steady my hand a bit I had turned up so many glasses round the mess table that I could not even recollect my own second and straightway fell to work upon him with doubled fists in the dreamlike consciousness that there was somebody to fight with that night though who it was clear beyond my power to tell. But, in the thick of my mistake a message came from Victoria Square requesting my attendance upon the King, and 'Very Well,' was my answer, taking that road as well as I could just as if a visit to the Court of Adrian were a matter of most every day occurrence with Captain Henry Hastings of the 19th Royal Infantry.

It would be disagreeable to speak further of my interview, than to say that it was intended to be an occasion of inquiry into my circumstances with some expectation of promotion if I deserved it, but my two greatest enemies were seated with His Grace and I could not afford to be civil to them. So I was walked off in double quick time, and awoke next morning to a consciousness of my having made a precious beast of myself in the presence of those who could either make or mar me for life. I could have shot myself that day, but gaining knowledge that the King was still, if I behaved decently, desirous of taking me by the hand in acknowledgment of my literary labours in his praise, I swore I would not empty another bottle for one while and made interest to be transferred directly onto the scene of action. Verdopolis was become a forbidden pleasure to me and my roaring comrades of the 19th. The D——ls Own as it is universally called were turned every time they came across me into literal tempting feasts. But these were to be stirring times and this state could not continue long. For one day gave us news from the Freetown Mail packets that Hill and Hardinge were on the move from thence westward to Evesham. Next day saw me and my company ranged along George Street which was lined from end to end with long files of soldiers drawn forth to welcome in WELLINGTON himself from Freetown. And when the carriage had rattled through and the salute had died away it was famed abroad that Mr Warner was just departing for Adrianopolis with full power from his master for the Resurrection and Redemption of our native land. This was a warning for the Army since now we knew the Great Mogul would be on the move and he must require 30,000 servants to run before him. Accordingly, next day there was nothing to be seen or heard but carts and waggons and tumbrils laden to the skies and escorted by files of bayonets all pouring westward. Then the day after though...

# A PROSE STORY

CHARLOTTE BRONTË

This story has no title, but is entitled *Julia* in the Wrenn Library Catalogue. It contains about 15,000 words, in five chapters, and consists of 36 pp. 8vo, the first page being blank. By Charles Townshend. Signed at the end 'C. Brontë, June 29th, 1837.'

The story begins:

'There is, reader, a sort of pleasure in sitting down to write wholly unprovided with a subject.'

At the end of the MS. there is a poem of 32 lines, beginning: 'Why should we ever mourn as those,' printed in *Latest Gleanings* and in *The Poems of Charlotte Brontë and Patrick Branwell Brontë*, Shakespeare Head Press, 1934 (p. 211), under the title of *The Pilgrimage*.

This story was probably intended as a continuation of 'Passing Events' (April 21st-29th, 1836, see p. 125).

Wrenn Library, Texas.

# A PROSE STORY

CHARLOTTE BRONTË

This story, which contains about 15,000 words, has no title. It purports to be written 'By Charles Townshend' and is signed and dated at the end, 'C. Brontë, July 21st, 1837.' It has been given the tentative titles of *Lord Douro* and *Thornton*, and contains an account of events which are supposed to have happened in Angria some years before the date of writing.

The story begins: 'A day or two ago, in clearing out an old rubbish drawer, I chanced to light upon a pile of newspapers bearing dates of some four or five years back.'

Included are three poems.

1. 24 lines, beginning: 'Oh, would I were the golden light.' Printed in *The Cornhill Magazine*, Vol. II. December, 1860, under the title *Watching and Wishing*. Also printed in *Complete Poems* (1923), and in *The Poems of Charlotte Brontë and Patrick Branwell Brontë*, Shakespeare Head Press, 1934, p. 212.
2. 36 lines, beginning: 'Long ago I wished to leave,' printed in *Brontë Society Transactions*, Part xxx, 1920. This poem is an early draft of *Regret* printed in *Poems* by Currer, Ellis and Acton Bell, 1846, p. 94. Also printed in *Complete Poems* (1923) and in *The Poems of Charlotte Brontë and Patrick Branwell Brontë*, Shakespeare Head Press, 1934, p. 45.
3. 51 lines, beginning: 'But a recollection now,' printed in *Latest Gleanings* under the title of *Marian*. Also printed in *Complete Poems* (1923), and in *The Poems of Charlotte Brontë and Patrick Branwell Brontë*, Shakespeare Head Press, 1934, p. 213.

The present location of the MS. is unknown, but it has been described by Adrian H. Joline in *Meditations of an Autograph Hunter*, Harpers (U.S.A.), 1902.



# FRAGMENT OF A PROSE MS.

PATRICK BRANWELL BRONTË

This fragment is initialled and dated at the top, 'P.B.B --- tē. July 12th, 1837.' It is followed in the MS. by the first draft of the beginning of the poem

'At dead of Midnight, drearily'

a later version of which is printed in the Shakespeare Head edition of *The Poems of Charlotte and Patrick Branwell Brontë* (see page 342).

The MS. [No. 244] is in the Brontë Parsonage Museum, Haworth. It is written on both sides of a half-sheet measuring 7.3" × 4.4".

P. B. B——tē.

July 12th, 1837.

'THIS will never do,' thought I, as I came reeling home through the streets of Rosses town, after a night of debauch and drunkenness, 'I'm a gone man, and by th' heart I'll go and drown myself—Steady, heigh ho!——' In fact, I was going as fast as man could go, for the Embassy from Evesham were yet at the Court, and I, not being personally concerned in negotiations, had nothing to do but revel away as fast as my means would permit me. Besides, conscience with withering sting was constantly striking into my heart,—King, country, and cause forsaken, old associations severed, friendships torn away—and had I not received a letter from my father coolly saying he and all at home had cut me for ever and ever. All which matters, like hot sweetmeats, the more and more incited me to drink; and good credit with the tradesmen for a while supplied me with the means for such rioting. But by this time I had clearly perceived that my expenses had run largely before my supplies which when pay day came were as yet in the clouds of expectancy, and as for promotion in my new cause that did not deceive me, for it had not even talked of coming. So, every day expecting to be clapped up for debt and every hour more deeply plunged in the consequence of excess, matters had at last come to the pitch that in a drunken fit this raw morning I proposed to balance accounts by a leap into the deep dead sea.

In staggering along the pavement of Dock Street it was my luck to tumble down just before the leader of a coach, that barely found time to back ere death had made a speedier end of me than even the one I was seeking for; but I got up prettily bemired and called lustily,

'For Tartarus bound, eh?—E'dad, I'll take my passage with yel'

'The Sneachis Mail, sir,' cried the driver.

'The coach to H——' cried I; 'lend me a hand, Who-hoop! And now, off as if Daddy were at th' back of us!'

Settling myself on the seat I did not care where we were going to, but pleased with the whirl of motion I first burst into a roaring song, then swore an oath at each of the outsiders, then strove to pull the reins from the coachman, and then dropping back along the top I fell quietly asleep, so remaining through a 200 miles ride even until we halted at Banbarra at 1 next morning before the Hotel in Stevens Place, where the guards and coachman were all changed for a new era in that Iron North Eastern Stage. There was a halt here of several hours, and in that time I managed to get again so righteously drunk that the set off and route to the City was swallowed in the Lethe of another dose which only woke into consciousness at the Inn table before a rattling company and a half-dozen of wine. My reader may wonder at the long sleeps of a Veteran Soldier, but I can tell him that the stay in Ross's town had worn me out, and that this drowsiness was the natural consequence of the roaring and restless life I had led. I was hardly a man till I was half seas over, and when fairly landed on t'other side I was not a man again. All the journey long I was never as much master of myself as to be rightly conscious of where or for what I was travelling. I could not feel the disgrace and danger of my voluntary absence without leave. I seemed to have forgot that the Revolutionists were no lenient masters, and that having committed this offence with one party would make me only so much the more distrusted by the other—but matters had gone too far now to recede.

# THE HISTORY OF ANGRIA. X

PATRICK BRANWELL BRONTË

There are many fragments of the manuscripts written between October and December 1837. The first dated fragment, which has been given the title of *Percy*, is of 26 pp. in microscopic writing, approximately 20,000 words, and is in the Bonnell Collection, Brontë Parsonage Museum, Haworth (149).

The next fragment, beginning 'Of her who almost forty years ago,' consists of 2 pp., over 1,300 words and is initialled and dated October 31st, 1837. Bonnell Collection, Brontë Parsonage Museum, Haworth, [150 (1)].

## FRAGMENT OF A PROSE MS.

PATRICK BRANWELL BRONTË

Written in Branwell's microscopic hand this fragment occupies three-quarters of a single half-sheet measuring 7.3" × 4.5". It is initialled and dated at the top, 'P.B.B. Decr. 18th 1837.' The other side of the leaf is blank.

The MS. [No. 248] is in the Brontë Parsonage Museum, Haworth.

P.B.B.

Decr., 18th, 1837.

IT IS long since I had the pleasure of beholding Verdopolis so gloriously redolent of life and splendour as now upon the evening of the sessions of 1837. The vast houses that have gloomed through the winter of 1835, the dominion of Ardrah, the fevered dream of Northangerland, and the Reign of Terror again blaze forth from every window and are girt round by dazzling equippages under the genial beams of Fidenia and Zamorna. There is all Africa holds of state and beauty marshalled under the flag of the Royal Mary, there is her chivalry gathered crowned with the laurels won from a long and bloody war, there are her statesmen occupied in the redemption of our national interests, and there are our enemies now collecting anew after their dispersion, but thinned and overawed into a silent and malignant hate, nourishing in each bosom the weed that sprouts up only in damp and darkness to wither under the burning beam of day.

Preparatory to the meeting of Parliament, the following creations have been gazetted during the week :

The Most Noble Arthur Augustus Adrian Duke of Zamorna  
Marquis of Douro and Alderwood Earl of Evesham and Baron  
Leyden.

The Right Honourable Henri Fernando di Enara Baron of Etrei.

The Right Honourable Frederic Stuart Earl of Stuartville, and  
Viscount Castlereagh.

The Right Honourable Edward Lofty Earl of Westwood and  
Arundel.

The Right Honourable John Kirkwall Baron Kirkwall.

Field Marshall the Honourable Sir William Thornton Bart.

Lieut. General Sir William Percy Bart.

Well won honours all of these, and likely to be well worn. I suppose that the owners mean in a while to give proof of their worthiness again.

It is said that an Earldom was offered to Warner from the Union Government, but refused, as his master could not be without him in the Commons.

Edward Percy might have had a Baronetcy, but declined in consequence of his brother losing one.

## THE LIFE OF WARNER HOWARD WARNER

PATRICK BRANWELL BRONTË

This manuscript consists of 8 pages (of which the last four are blank), contains approximately 7,200 words and is dated Feb. 1838. It was Item 58 in Sotheby's sale of Mr Nicholls' effects, July 26th, 1907.

'The Life of Warner Howard Warner Esq., M.P., F.R.S., &c. First Lord of the Treasury of the Kingdom of Angria, Chancellor of its Exchequer and Lord Lieutenant of the Province of Angria, LLD., Late fellow of St Michael's, Philosophers' Isles, and Barrister at Law in the Courts of Verdopolis, of Warner Hall, Howard, in Angria; Warner Hotel, Verdopolis; Howard House, Adrianopolis, and Woodhouse Cliffe, near Freetown.

'By the Right Hon. John Earl of Richton, Viscount Richton and Baron Flower, Ambassador and Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of Angria.' The MS. is in the Bonnell Collection, Brontë Parsonage Museum, Haworth. [No. 152 (1)]

# A PROSE STORY—MINA LAURY

CHARLOTTE BRONTË

This story has no title but has been printed as *Mina Laury*. It contains about 18,000 words and is written under the pseudonym 'Charles Townshend.' Signed and dated at the end 'C. Brontë, Haworth, January 17th, 1838.' The MS., which is in the Law Collection, consists of 35 small 8vo pages  $7\frac{1}{4}" \times 4\frac{1}{2}"$ .

The story begins: 'The last scene in my last book concluded within the walls of Alnwick House, and the first scene in my present volume opens in the same place.'

'The opening scene of the present story is laid at Alnwick, Percy's house in Sneachisland—it was here that Mary had been sent when Zamorna decided to send her away.'

Towards the end is a poem of 14 lines: 'Holy St Cyprian, thy waters stray,' printed in *Latest Gleanings* under the title of *A Farewell*. Also printed in *Complete Poems* (1923).

From the bottom of MS. p. 24 to the end, the story is printed, not quite completely or correctly, in *The Twelve Adventurers and Other Stories* pp. 195–214, under the title of *Mina Laury. Part II*. The complete story has been printed in Miss Ratchford's *Legends of Angria* (1933) with the title, *Mina Laury*, and as she states in the Introduction:

'With the creation of Angria, Northangerland became Zamorna's prime minister and contributed powerfully to the establishment of the nation. Becoming jealous even of his own work so far as it tended to strengthen Zamorna, he began by devious methods to alienate from the king the affection and confidence of his subjects. When Zamorna exposed his treacheries and drew the issue, Percy joined a coalition against him headed by the Marquis of Ardrah. A few months later he effected a *coup d'état* which gave him supreme control of the forces that had gathered against Zamorna, and while he was in power, Zamorna was taken prisoner, tried by court-martial, and condemned to death. Percy, as we have seen, risked the anger of his allies, and spirited him away into exile. With Zamorna's return, Percy fled the country, but with the coming of peace and the re-establishment of the Angrian government, he was allowed to return and live his private life as he pleased, so long as he abstained from political intrigues. Zenobia, always loyal to Zamorna, remained aloof from her husband during the war, but at its close she took up again her position as Northangerland's wife. At this stage of Percy's history he is represented as a broken-down rake and hypochondriac, sensitive, irritable, and overrefined in his tastes. Zamorna in particular irritates him in his every movement and speech. Rarely do they meet without quarrelling in one manner or another. Yet Zamorna continues to visit Percy upon occasions, impelled as much by his own desire as by Mary's persuasion. The people, fearing Percy's influence, growl and threaten.'

# REVIEW AT GAZEMBA JULY 7th, 1838

CHARLOTTE BRONTË

The MS. of this poem is in the Bonnell Collection in the Brontë Parsonage Museum, Haworth [No. 113 (11)]. It has been printed in *The Brontë Society Transactions*, 1934.

ALL the summer plains of Angria were asleep in perfect peace  
And the soldier as he rested deemed that foreign wars would cease;  
All the slain were calmly buried—the survivors home returned,  
Crossed again the silent thresholds—where their faithful consorts  
mourned.

Stained and soiled from Leyden's carnage—dark and stern from  
Evesham's fall  
Every chieftain of the army sought once more his ancient hall;  
And the proud commander slumbered on a couch's velvet swell,  
Yea beneath his lady's bower slept the Gallant Arundel.

And the knight who never yielded in the battle to a foe  
Now like Manoah's sun is fettered with encircling arms of snow;  
The stalwart Thornton lingers by soft lawn and shady tree  
All the ills of war forgotten in his Julia's sorcery.

And why may not soldiers rest when the fiery charge is sped  
They may gather thornless flowers, who on bristled spears have bled,  
They may lie without upbraiding in the mildest sunbeam's light  
Who have watched through winter tempest and through cold December night.

Wherefore then that sound of trumpets sent at noonday through the  
land?  
Why that rustling waft of banners and that gathering band by band?  
Are there hosts upon the frontiers, are there ships upon the sea,  
Are there chains in senates forging, for the children of the free?

No, though every foe is conquered and though every field is won,  
Yet Zamorna thinks his labours for the Kingdom but begun  
And those trumpets are his summons—those deep bugles are his call  
From bower, from couch and chamber he has roused his nobles all.

The horse again is saddled, that from conflict scarce has breathed,  
The sabre flashed in daylight, that the peace had hardly sheathed,  
And vaulting to their chargers, a hundred heroes spring;  
Yea, ten thousand to Gazemba are gone to meet the King.

The morning just awaking, lights the sky from pole to pole  
Where the waters of a torrent through the arid deserts roll,  
A banner from yon fortress waves brightly in the sun,  
And from citadel and rampart, peals deep the matin gun.

Heart-stirring, soul-exalting, whence bursts that warlike strain  
Whose are the armed battalions that fill Gazemba's plain?  
On snow-white charger mounted, with snow-white plumes displayed  
The herald of Arundel is at his horsemen's head.

To louder bursts of music the desert thrills again  
As onward spurs Lord Hartford to marshal all his men,  
And Etrei's jungles quiver, when the blood-hounds send afar  
To greet their own Fernando, the Bandit's wild Hourra!

Forth staff and plume and banner, forth crest and sword and lance  
Amid the battery's thunder, the royal guards advance,  
A flash from every cannon—a shout from every man—  
For the king is dashing forward, he is spurting to the van.

Tall as a soldier should be and dark and quick of eye  
He rises in his stirrups the pageant to descry,  
He cannot speak his answer to the sounds that hail him now,  
But he reins his fiery horse and he halts to bare his brow.

There with eyes that meet the sun of the desert undismayed,  
He bends before his warriors that curled and helmless head,  
And then he signs for silence and he bids the charge begin;  
The cheer is drowned, the shout is lost in the mimic battle's din.

They wheel, they close, they part, to the signal, to the word,  
Every bosom, every heart by that Kingly voice is stirred;  
The veterans of Benguela that voice before had known,  
It had cheered the midnight march with its deep arousing tone.

By Cirhala's rapid waters that very Leader spoke  
Ere the day that closed in slaughter over glorious Westwood broke,  
And thus along the ranks had passed that haughty form [so tall]  
With bare white brow, and gallant smile on the night of Evesham's  
fall!

And a faithful noble few could remember years ago  
How young Douro led them through on a night of wail and woe,  
When by far Guadima's shore and by Angria's sieged town  
With blast and volleying roar the mountain storm rushed down.

Is there one in all that host 'neath Gazemba's rampart dread,  
But would deem life nobly lost if for Adrian's sake he bled?  
Is there one would shrink from death in the rudest rush of fight  
If he gave his latent breath for his sake and in his sight?

You have followed me in dangers, says the monarch to his men,  
When we scarce had hope to cheer us—will you follow me again?  
While you keep my kingdom free—I will reign your sovereign true  
While your hearts are staunch for me shall my hand be strong for  
you.

To seal his haughty vow, and his solemn league to bind,  
Once more he gave his brow, bare and glancing, to the wind.  
The trumpets breathed a thrill, and then paused, then wild and high  
Pipe and horn and clarion shrill, burst in triumph on the sky;  
With hearts too rapt for words, stood the troops as still as death,  
Then arose a clash of swords, but there never stirred a breath.



# THE DUKE OF ZAMORNA

CHARLOTTE BRONTË

This Angrian romance has no title, but has been called tentatively *The Duke of Zamorna*. It is signed and dated, 'C. Brontë, July 21st, 1838.' The verses which it contains have not been included in any edition of the Poems. The MS. was at first catalogued as 'Imperfect' but was found later to be complete, though the sheets were much disordered. It is in the Law Collection and consists of 42 octavo pages.

## THE DUKE OF ZAMORNA

### CHAPTER I

IN a distant retreat very far indeed from the turmoil of cities provincial or metropolitan, I am now forgetting all the worries of the past spring and winter. A plane tree waving its large leaves in the wind is the most life-like object my eyes may now rest on. Yet when I rise and look out of the narrow window—a long way off on a dim hill-side I see herds feeding. Near at hand however, in my cottage—its garden and beneath its shadowing tree—this morning sun rises over solitude. There is a woman in the house but I neither hear nor see her. Two or three closed doors intervene between her kitchen and my parlour, and she does her work quietly.

I am in Angria—but in which of her provinces, ask not. No companion accompanies me; at present I am dead to the World. When we think little of the present—when the gay scenes of the immediate past are fading from our memory like rosy clouds, or rather, like the stirring scenes of a theatre where gorgeous gold and scarlet dazzled for a time—the pomp perhaps of some oriental city, dreamlike from its very splendour—when I say, these things leave us, we either sink exhausted into longings for the future, or turn back and recall visions of the far departed past.

There is a bench under that plane-tree, and all yesterday afternoon I lay stretched upon it in the languor of July heats—just in front of the clean calm house where I lodge—musing divinely. Not much of what I had seen, but of what I had heard—anecdotes, tales, stories, almost legends—not from their antiquity but from their romance—wild and fearful hints never fully explained to me—soft but dim glimpses which had been given to the precocious child—a bliss he could not then appreciate—though when in the narrators' tales I was

shewn as through a glass darkly some scene of love either in splendid saloon or shaded grounds of a Hall, what would I have given to cast away the medium and behold the figures face to face.

I am not speaking of fiction, nor of the traditions of a wholly departed generation—no! I refer to the far more piquant rumours—news in servants' halls, and which in my childhood were rife in every aristocratic house in the West.

How often have I been an unmarked auditor of words darkly whispered by Butler to Housemaid—how in the drawing room above, Miss Fanny had been sitting as white as death on a sofa—sobbing wildly for some untold mysterious distress—how Mr Dorn had never smiled for days and would not speak to his daughter—how a lady and gentleman had been seen at dusk parting with an embrace at the gates of Chatham Grove—how the gentleman was bold and wicked-looking, and said by many to be Mr Arthur O'Connor—and the lady, from her pale face and very black hair, guessed to be Lady Anne Vernon.

Then it was related that Major St John Young was returned from Verdopolis, and with bated breath it was added, some said he had played away more than half his estates this season, and that Mr Jones the great auctioneer was come down to value St John's Grange.

Then one would ask after Mrs Young, and with finger on lip, the answer told that she had stayed behind and was not like to follow the Major soon—he intended to sue for a divorce, and people said young Lord Caversham had promised to marry her but he was not to be trusted.

Disquisitions succeeded on Mrs Young's beauty—on the splendour of the diamond ear-rings she had worn at the Opera on the very night she ran away with Lord Caversham; then lamentation about her children—her eldest daughter who was said to be like herself, very beautiful but too frolicsome for any nurse or governess to manage—her only son who was at school and whom his father would never allow to come home in the vacations.

This and much more I have lain awake for hours listening to—while the nurse sat at my bed-foot, and with her companion the chambermaid thought I was fast asleep.

## CHAPTER II

A BAD set were the western Aristocracy—terribly bad, and their's was no giddy flutter of vanity such as in sunny France keeps the gay Parisians in one ceaseless whirl of glittering dissipation. They rushed

with more of uncontrolled impulse into those vortices which the passions open in society, and excited a moment by the rapid reel of the waters, were presently engulfed at the centre and dragged down to darkness—hurled by boiling eddies upon flinty rocks where at last the shark death found and devoured them.

Women as well as men met a fate like this. So perished the Segovia in the very prime of her life and the flower of her gorgeous beauty. She among her own groves died a violent death. Like a Queen of antiquity—encompassed by more than ancient splendour—she shrieked out life in the agonies of poison, just as one before her—amid his own hills—had moaned and gasped and looked in vain for help, while in his fearful death he howled out her name as a murderess.

What else was she? The mandate came out of her saloon in Wellington. She was seen on that fatal night to rise—to leave her seat, and while her three councillors—old Lord Caversham, Mr Simpson, and Mr Montmorenci—held their breath to gaze, she—beautiful and imperial—laid her hand on Robert King's arm—bent her head to his—and in his ear whispered that instigation which none but herself dared to utter in words.

Whilst I was thinking of these things I took from my desk a pocket-book, I opened it and spread its contents on the table before me. They were letters—yellow many of them with time—stained and faded with the damp of old drawers and cabinets where they had lain. Ask not how these came into my possession—my eye is quick, my fingers are light—I had sought these autographs in houses long deserted, in receptacles long unopened—and aided by chance I had found them.

How strange it is to look upon this little billet which I now hold in my hand. It is dated 'Jordan Villa, August 1811.' The hand is that of a lady—small and accurate—the words are few:

'Mr Simpson I find young Percy has not been supplied as I directed. You will oblige me by advancing the money directly. He wants it and he must have it. Are you afraid of not receiving payment? You may help yourself if you choose. There is a way, but none of you possess courage to take it, however Lord Caversham will not wait much longer. Supply Percy.

A. di Segovia.<sup>1</sup>

On this paper then her hand lay—her fingers traced these lines—her eye directed them—(strange thought!)—seven and twenty years

<sup>1</sup> Augusta di Segovia, Percy's first mistress.

ago this was penned in Jordan Villa in Senegambia. Where is the writer now? Nothing answers—none even of her kindred survive.

Here is the answer much blotted and slurred:

'My noble lady, how long do you command me to furnish Sinews to the profligate wing of that young debauchee whom you have taken under your care. By G—d madam, and as my soul liveth, he is my debtor to the tune of 5000£. Lord Caversham can shew a much longer account, and Percy senr. is still in good health. I had your minion here this morning, and in obedience to your message allowed myself to be bled for an additional 400£. Here I stop—the lad shall have no more though he brings your ladyship's slipper to collect it in. Some new arrangement must be made.

Yours

Jeremiah Simpson.'

Here is di Segovia's hand again:

To Mr Wood, Manager of the Queen's Theatre.

'Sir,

Your Prima Donna insulted me last night. I met her at Lord Vernon's private concert, and I repeat it, Miss Hunter insulted me. She turned to a gentleman who was in my suite, and with a look I could not but notice, summoned him from my very side, to turn the leaves of her music-book, while she sat at her harp.

Sir, you yourself must have seen her conduct to this same gentleman. Last Thursday night when she appeared on the boards at your Theatre in the character of Juliet—did she not Sir, direct her eyes full towards my box; and did she not utter all the amorous speeches meant for Romeo, to one young man who was leaning on my chair back. That young man, Sir, is in my hands. I am his protectress, and I will not allow his principles to be corrupted by the impudent freedoms of a woman like Hunter.

Sir, you will look to it. I will throw up my box-ticket and withdraw my countenance from the Queen's Theatre if you do not instantly dismiss that Prima Donna from her engagement.

I am,

A. di Segovia.'

I possess too the answer to this note, not however from the pen of Mr Wood. It is a female hand—all the words are not quite correctly spelt.

'Lady Augusta di Segovia,

Wood is a gentleman and he gave me your precious billet. So you

imagine the manager of the Queen's Theatre really dares to part with his Prima Donna in the middle of the Theatrical season? Wood would as soon dare fling off his skin. You're jealous are you about your fine young Adonis. You had need to be. Let me whisper in your Ladyship's ear. After Lord Vernon's concert was over I had a quiet select little supper at my own house, and your lambkin formed one of my party. The next morning he politely sent me a pair of bracelets clasped with pearls.

If your ladyship would like to settle this business we can do it convenient in the Green room to-morrow night. The Italian Gabriella Cena and I had a turn up there scarcely a week ago. Her voice never displayed such a compass before. Wood and the Earl of Ellrington will be my seconds. You may bring young Montmorenci and anybody else you like.

I am &c

Eliza Hunter.'

These reader are creditable fragments, are they not? How, you will ask, did they come into my possession? Never mind!—trifles of this nature are scattered up and down the world—a piece of paper is light and may be blown by any breath. Mementos of disgrace live long to blot the characters of the departed. Besides, 'men's evil actions live in brass—their virtues we write in water.'

Here is another, dated 'Harcourt, June 1810,' addressed to

'Major Streighton, Oakwood.'

'Dear Major,

I have asked out a lot of them to Harcourt here, just to make a row in the old place. The Sultana is coming with her court, and amongst the rest little Harriet. Now this is to give you notice that I wish no one to meddle with that last save myself. You may talk to Mary Dorn or whosoever else you like, but Harriet is to be my companion when we ride out in the morning, and my partner when we dance in the evenings.

You'll come of course, the Sultana forbids cup play, but we'll see if she sticks to it. Mont says her fingers will itch when she sees the dice. "What's bred in the bone &c." To speak truth I never saw a woman so given up to the vice as she is.

Of course she'll bring under her wing

The unfledged dove that shares all our love.

You see I am turning poet. Simpson swears he can't leave the shop, but, God willing, he'll look in upon us every other evening. Remember my hints about our mutual friend Harry, and believe me

Yours truly

George Vernon.'

## CHAPTER III

Here is another almost illegible scrawl, written as if with a faltering hand, from

Lord Caversham to Edward Percy, Esq., Percy Hall.

'Dear Percy,

I am sorry to hear that Alexander still continues so wild. I am afraid he has got entangled with a sad set at Wellington. That Lady Augusta, of whom I told you, is one of the most vicious women in the capital. Alexander is with her constantly—she seems to have bewitched him. He receives challenges from her other followers almost daily. Mr King tells me he has fought three duels within the last month. In one of them his antagonist was a Signor di Rossi, an Italian Fiddler,—formerly a great favourite with her ladyship.

He is gone now in her company to Lord George Vernon's, who is entertaining a very large party at Harcourt. I have had an invitation, and, if you wish it I will accept it, that I may have an opportunity of watching over your son and screening him, if possible, from the arts of that truly infamous woman. King hints darkly about the state of his young master's accounts. He says it is not to tell how he has concerned himself with moneylenders. In spite of all these untoward circumstances I wish you would take care of your health and dismiss care if possible from your thoughts. How is that short troublesome cough with which you were troubled when I saw you last?

Believe me,

Yours Sincerely,  
Caversham.'

What scrap is this, hastily written in a hand scarcely yet formed—almost that of a school-boy—directed to

Miss O'Connor, O'Connor Hall.

'My dear Harry,

You know I take an interest in you and therefore you will not be surprised at my writing a note the first thing this morning, to ask what made you look so out of spirits last night. I could never raise my eyes but your's were fixed upon me with an aspect of suffering I don't understand.

Has your termagant step-mother been making your home more uncomfortable than ever—or (I speak as a friend Harry) are you in love? If this be so, just tell me upon whom you have placed your affections. I hope you do not intend to rival me. I hope you are not lifting ambitious aspirations to my glorious Augusta. Dear Harry, anywhere but there.

If this evening should be fine, as the day seems to promise it will be, just throw your shawl round you, and at sunset run down to your low plantation. I will meet you there and we'll have a friendly walk *au clair de la lune*, during which the topic I have touched on may be discussed more fully.

Keep up your gallant little heart. Set the sex at defiance and believe me

Your sincere friend and brother,  
Alexander Percy.'

Here is a letter written in the most delicate female hand addressed to Robert King Esqre.:

'Sir,

I want your assistance in settling a little troublesome affair I have now on my hand. The Earl has turned restive and I am now in straits. If you can spare half an hour from the concerns of di Segovia and her handsome new favourite I shall consider myself obliged. Ride over to Ennerdale to-morrow evening at nine o'clock. You will find me in my boudoir alone except Pakenham. The Earl is to attend a levee in town on that day. Pakenham grows very urgent about a final decision. He wishes me to leave all, take up my cross and follow him. You will see there are difficulties in the way of such a step.

I want your advice. Mr Simpson tells me he cannot at present be of service to me. His veins are emptied by Augusta who I understand exacts terribly in behalf of her pretty protégé. Seriously, I saw your pupil about a week since at Jordan Villa. He is very young and slim, but in truth exquisitely beautiful. I told him my opinion of his looks. He answered me in my own native tongue in some wild romantic stanza from da Vega.

The boy overflows with sentiment—he kindles an ardent flame in these our select circles—all admire him. Augusta meantime guards him vigilantly—*she* does not let "her tassel gentle slip a little from her hand."

Pakenham's eldest daughter is come home from school. I will never approach Grassmere again if she is suffered to stay there. In compliance with my wish he has sent both his sons to work their passage abroad.

In haste I am

Paulina Louisiada Ellrington.

Ennerdale House—May 1809.'

These letters are all unconnected, and I give them without arrangement. Here is one of five years' later date:

To Hector Montmorenci, Esqre. Derrynane.

‘Dear Hector,

I went to court yesterday as you told me. I saw the young Duchess whom you raved about so. She was always pretty—she is now divine. Mr Percy—Alexander I mean—was at the drawing room. He swore grievously at the Duke of Wellington but said nothing about the Duchess. Her Grace seemed to remember me, Anne Vernon said her eye followed me after I had passed her. Mrs Alexander Percy is much admired in the metropolis.

You will come here soon of course. I feel less feverish, but not so strong as I was. I never hear Augusta’s name mentioned now—she is forgotten.

Good-bye—Yours &c.

H. Montmorenci.’

My Pocket-book is nearly exhausted—that is the last letter. I will relinquish my pen for a moment and go and lie down in the shade of that plane-tree. In the whispering of the leaves I will recall the voices of the departed. I will close my eyes and see shapes dawning out of the sun-lit air—whose phantom faces shall bear as they come and go a mystic semblance to the pictures I have seen in many old houses of the West. *Aura Veni!*

#### CHAPTER IV

THE south wind blew and the (that is my visions) were scattered. I return to my pocket-book:

From Dr Sinclair to Mr Bland, Surgeon.

‘Dear Bland,

I am sorry to say my patient is a great deal worse. I have summoned a consultation to be held at Percy-Hall to-morrow—will you attend? This child too—her third son, a fine boy—is removed. The father disowns them. Judging from his conduct we might entertain doubts of their paternity. The child only came into the world last Wednesday, and Mr Percy ordered it to be dismissed from the house this morning.

I was summoned in haste to-day. She was in great agitation—weeping bitterly. “Why may I not keep my children?” she exclaimed when I entered the room. I muttered something about unnatural barbarity. She was silent directly. She will not hear a word of reproach against her husband. Her temper must be very gentle—no bodily pain extorts complaints from her. She is adored by her servants. Percy roams about his grounds like a wandering spirit. I hear



him open the hall-door often after midnight; and then I can see him from my window, cross the park towards his woods.

Mrs Percy may recover this time but she cannot last very long—I fear decline. She has all the constitutional mildness and sweetness often inherent in that complaint. These bereavements prey on her mind. Not infrequently she expresses an intense wish that her children had been daughters instead of sons. She talks however, little on the subject, and always in such a way as to screen her husband.

The Duchess of Wellington visited her yesterday. I am informed that her Grace adverted devoutly to the peculiar affliction of her circumstances. She answered calmly: “Yes, Alexander thinks I am not strong enough to nurse my own children—he sends them out to be fostered.”

The Duchess had brought with her her own son and heir who is now three years old. She left him in the carriage for she feared lest his appearance might agitate Mrs Percy. The little Marquis however, who has a somewhat wilful spirit, tried to give his attendant the slip, and by some means, unfortunately, made his way upstairs to the very apartment where his noble mother was. I came in a few minutes after and found him seated on her knee, laughing at her efforts to hush him, and stretching out his hands to Mrs Percy who pressed his little fingers with her thin and trembling hand, and tried to smile in answer to his gleeful salutation.

“I will speak to her mamma,” he said, “Why do you want me to hush—Mrs Percy how are you—Dr Sinclair says you have been poorly”—and bending forward from his mother’s arms he would lay his round rosy cheek on the pillow of her couch—pressing it against Mrs Percy’s pallid face.

All at once her eyes gushed over with tears. “Let him stay” she said as his mother drew him back, but the Duchess with a grieved look rose, took him in her arms and carried him herself from the room, after saying to Mrs Percy that she would come and see her again to-morrow “without this unconscionable little disturber.”

I could not help remarking the contrast of the two figures as poor Mary Percy lay white and languid on her couch, looking up with sad eyes at the blooming Duchess who stood with her son clasped to her breast—a fine lovely woman, and her child—one of those bright picturesque creatures young mothers doat on most intensely. I wish Percy himself could have seen them. Surely he would have relented.

I have written myself into a most pathetic mood, but this old hall with all its melancholy scenes would melt an alderman to pathos. Excuse my maudlin thus, but believe me

Yours

J. Sinclair.’

Well reader is not it odd—to think that that rampant thing which flung its round curled head beside young Mrs Percy's—was taken in her feeble arms to her aching heart—kindly tolerated in its wilful clamour—to think that that unthinking animal (all laughing selfishness even then) should be now a big man—riding forth in the middle of a General's Staff to review ten thousand troops at Gazemba. Can he remember being carried in a lady's arms down the staircase of Percy Hall? Can he remember that figure that crossed the passage as they entered it, and stopped to speak to his mother—the young man of the unusual height and slim mould, with a head conspicuous in its Grecian curls—how he as the graceful Duchess approached, and after assisting her to enter her carriage, bowed again—waved his hand without smiling, but with a sad dark look that seemed permanently settled on his features?

I have heard his Grace of Angria mutter something about a slight remembrance of Mary Henrietta Percy. How one bright summer afternoon she came to Mornington Court, and he was sent for to his mother's drawing-room where he saw a lady in a white dress sitting by the open window—how she smiled as he entered and called him to her, and he—never bashful—ran and most willingly assumed the offered seat on her lap. I have heard him say too, that she talked to him and that her voice was soft and slow—much slower than his mother's. That he dimly recollected walking with the same lady once—he knew not where, but in some garden when it was evening and a star was shining above a long grove—that she told him that star was a world, and the sky a wide and lofty sea, more distant than the Atlantic and which none ever crossed but dead people—that beyond it there was that place which in the Bible is called heaven—and that Angels would come out to meet such as were good and lead them to the shore.

He asked her if she were good, and if she would go to heaven. She said she hoped to do so, and then she stopped and sat down on some steps that led up to a terrace.

'She drew me towards her,' said the King of Angria, 'and at this moment I seem to feel her breast heaving beneath my cheek as she gave a sudden sob. I felt dismayed—it seemed strange that a lady like her, whom I had looked up to as one of the Angels of whom she told, should all at once cease speaking, sit down and weep.'

'Some high bleak trees waved over my head from the terrace. It was growing dark and the garden was quite lonely. I know not what suggested it to me, but I remember asking if she was afraid to die. She said, "sometimes," and then she wiped her eyes and added—smiling at me—"but you love Augustus, need never fear death if you believe in your Bible, and as you grow up try to act as it directs you"'

My mother now came to call me. I was glad to leave that pale lady's arms, and run from the dreary garden into the house which I recollect was lit up and filled with company.'

All people have their faults it is said reader, and sometimes when I look over the wicked world, I am tempted to think that all people have nearly the same number of faults—that the shades of difference in individual vice are not so many or so various as people in general suppose. Look now at Angria—look at the higher orders there. Carry your mind's eye along the country—pause a moment at the gates of every park-surrounded mansion as you pass it. Who now of the whole set is free from the stains of ambition—tyranny—licentiousness—insolence—avarice—blood-thirstiness—bad faith?

Perhaps the ingredients vary a little in their proportions, but the deficiency of one vice is made up by the redundancy of another. Mr Warner for instance is not lewd as some, but what he wants in looseness of morals, he atones for by preposterous ambition in politics. Lord Hartford professes strict honour in all affairs of state. In private life he is one of the most dissolute men alive—even now. Then when a man sets up for decency like General Thornton—do not trust him.

The fact is, all the different qualities I have mentioned exist in such persons' minds, and the seeming moderation of their characters, results from the accurate proportion one vice has with another—so that no single gesture of crime stands out conspicuously from the accurately adjusted whole.

'Tis the same with their wives. Who can think highly of Lady Stuartville? What Pope would canonize Lady Julia Thornton? When will Lady Maria Percy be entitled Santa Maria? Is even the Countess Arundel, with all her pride, equivalent to an Angel?

Are not these, and others whose names I have not mentioned—fleshly, vain, silly, extravagant, overbearing—some having a tincture of disreputable gaiety—others selfishly and lavishly prodigal—others imperiously haughty, hot and sudden-tempered.

But you will say there are some exceptions. I cannot charge my memory with any living instance of that kind, but one or two dead I have heard of, and of the number of these was undoubtedly, Mary Percy. To form a character like hers there must be a combination of qualities and circumstances which rarely indeed meet together.

She was intellectual—poetically so: she was constitutionally soft-tempered, and had indeed sweet and kindly manners. She had no satire in her disposition and but little fire. She would not have hurt the feelings of the veriest wretch in nature. She could not be harsh or haughty—she was mild to everything that came near her. Her aspect was benign—her voice was low and peaceful—her deportment very full of the grace of kindness.

All this seemed very fascinating in one so young and so very lovely. You would have expected on being introduced to the fair and aristocratic Mrs Percy, to see some consciousness of rank—some air of peerless beauty—some frivolity or caprice of youth—but she shewed none. She looked kindly at you with her dark eyes, and spoke kindly to you with her sweet voice, and moved with unostentatious though perfect grace—a fair young Christian lady.

She was not gay—even in her smiles she seemed softly sad. She thought much, and all her thoughts were tinged with a high religious melancholy. She really loved to ponder over the glories of a heavenly hereafter far better than to play with the frivolities of the earthly present. This it was which seemed to free her so from the selfishness—the vanities—the pride of her station.

She had subjects for reflection which suited her system of mind better to dwell on than the magnificence of this world, or its cares or its vexations. Percy she loved—how well, how deeply—with what morbid fervency of devotion—no mind but such as her own could fully conceive.

But she died, and thousands were sorry for the untimely end of one so wholly beloved. She had no enemies even among the proud and profligate—for there did not breathe the man or woman on earth whom she by word, look, or action, had insulted. Her death changed the destiny of Africa.

From the close of that August evening when Percy turned away from Mrs Mary's grave, and went home a desolate man, he was no more what he had been. Heart and feelings were embittered—life and motives utterly perverted. Perhaps a recollection of his former self may have returned upon him when he has stood alone looking at the sepulchral tablet—but at all other times—in all other scenes, he has been a torrent turned from its original channel.

## CHAPTER V

THE course of things in this world is strange—inscrutable. Seventeen years elapsed after Mary's death, during which her husband gave himself up to the wildest extravagance of vice, partly in obedience to the impulse of his own very bad mind, partly to drown in the ruling rush of debauchery all recollection of that soft spirit which had once charmed him to alienation from his evil genius and communion with his guardian angel. During those seventeen years he never spoke of Mrs Percy—never revived by words the remembrance of her features, her voice, her pure life and saintly death.

At last we see him again—spent almost with sin—lying down looking upwards, confiding his long pent-up feelings to an ear which to us seems all unmeet for the confession. Who can calculate the probabilities or possibilities of this our changeful life? Percy, who had never referred to his wife or her actions or his feelings towards her since the first spadeful of earth rung hollow upon her coffin-lid, now contradicts every previous habit of his life and chooses a friend. Who is that friend?—a young man of rank with a handsome face—a hot heart—an iron mind—in the first flush of existence—mastered by the wildest passions of youth—intractable and fierce and amorous—eager to have his stake in every desperate game, political or private, of his day—a boy of lawless will and unruly desire, and of mental gifts vigorous enough to overlap every boundary which social right or civil law raised against his wild ambition.

Such was the confidant to whom Lord Ellrington—the frozen cynic—the man-hater—revealed the tenderest, the holiest feeling his heart had ever known—It was strangest—if young Castlereagh or Frederick Loft, or poor Arthur O'Connor, had ventured to speak to him as Douro spoke—to come about him and importune him and worry him as Douro did—he would have lifted his endless limb and caused them to evacuate his presence with more speed than ceremony—but still more if these or any other had turned on him those glances of feeling—clashing, ardent, enthusiastic—which sometimes glowed in the Marquis's dark eyes when they rested on the rebellious Democrat. If, I say, Rogue had discerned anything like attachment to his person in any other man or boy than Arthur Wellesley, the first moment of such a discovery would have been marked by a testimony of his intense and eternal hate. He would have persecuted the unfortunate sentimentalist from that hour with a malignancy to be appeased only by his annihilation.

Somehow it was different in the present case. Douro pestered him—thwarted him—opposed his will, counteracted his projects, ridiculed his peculiarities, stormed at his prejudices—hated his adherents—shunned and scorned his mistresses—and still he was endured. Douro sought his society—followed his footsteps—hung spell-bound on his persuasive lips—insinuated his way to his confidence—listened with changeful cheek and fettered sympathy to the revelations of his inmost soul—and Douro was not repulsed: he was retained—almost clung to

True Ellrington broke upon his young comrade sometimes with fury, and at other times he seemed to freeze and turn away with hollow coldness from his enthusiasm. This the Marquis felt at his heart's core. He could meet Percy's passion with wilder passion, and it so happened that Rogue, even when intoxicated, never inflicted on

him the reckless violence by which he certainly shortened the lives of some of his own associates.

Once or twice he is known to have held a loaded pistol to Douro's very temples—after some mad provocation of the young scoundrel—but he never drew the trigger though dared to do it by the bold tongue and defying eyes of his prostrate vice-president, who was sure, when Ellrington had relaxed his hold, to spring up and grapple with him again and again—though at that time almost always overmastered by the superior strength of the Drover. However, coldness mortified him in a way he could not conceal. The varying complexion alone was sufficient to reveal it, and Percy had a real pleasure in thus agonizing his proud heart by feigning to check its affections with rooted rocky indifference.

Then he would swear that he never could feel anything but detestation for such a depraved treacherous old debauchee—whose heart was far too cold and false to cherish for an instant one noble or lofty feeling—that he hated—despised him, saw through him, etc.

Yet after all, twenty-four hours would hardly elapse before they would be bound again together—perhaps reasoning calmly on things high and sublime like Milton's Angels—perhaps sitting almost silently side by side—or it may be, again in furious contention—ready to drink each other's heart's blood.

All this I have written before, but the subject is a strange one and will bear recurring to, and the fact is, when I once get upon the topic of Douro and Ellrington I cannot help running on in the old track at a most unconscionable rate.

## CHAPTER VI

I ALLUDED in my last work<sup>1</sup> to the Duke of Zamorna's visit to Selden House in Rossland. Here it was that the latest renewal of the Ellrington and Douro's conferences took place. Let me sketch one if I can:

'Is Arthur here?' asked the Earl of Northangerland, opening the door of his wife's library.

'No,' said the Countess, looking up from the pages of a book which the very latest light of evening faintly enabled her to read.

'Where is he, Zenobia?'

'I don't know. Last time I saw him he was talking to the Duchess in Lady Helen's drawing-room—but that was just after tea.'

Northangerland closed the door as quietly as he had opened it, and

<sup>1</sup>Completed June 28, 1838, no title, manuscript in the Bonnell Collection, Parsonage Museum, Haworth.

went wandering all through the long quiet passage separating two suites of rooms upstairs.

'Is Arthur here?' he again asked, gently pushing back another door which led into his mother's apartment.

'No,' answered a tall dark-robed figure sitting in the dusk at the open drawer of a cabinet.

'Where is he, mother?'

'I don't know my son—perhaps Mary can tell you—she is in her dressing-room.'

Again his Lordship closed the door and followed his quest with the same silent tread. Entering a large chamber he opened a door within.

'Is Arthur here?' he reiterated, precisely in the same patient equable tone of enquiry he had used twice before.

'No, father,' replied a voice of music—and the speaker turned from the darkening casement at which she stood gazing down on the quiet grounds.

'Where is he Mary?'

'Gone out father, three hours since, to see what has been done about the larch plantation which he ordered Wilson to thin and prune this morning.'

'Damn the larch plantation,' returned the Earl very quietly, 'and pray Mary when did he say he would be back?'

'Before supper, father.'

'Why can't you keep him in?' continued his Lordship, in a tone slightly expressive of irritation.

'He won't be tied to my apron-string,' answered the Duchess, 'I asked to go with him, but he said he thought I had better not as the day had been so hot, and he thought there would be a heavy dew in the morning.'

Northangerland sat down and was silent.

'What do you want with Adrian?' asked the Duchess, approaching her father, and seating herself on the same sofa.

'Not much, Mary. I only want to tell him he has been long enough here. I can't bear his commotion—he keeps the house in too great a bustle.'

'Will you have some music?' inquired his daughter, smiling to herself.

'No, Mary, not now.' He put his hand on her head and stroked her ringlets to soften the refusal, which he saw she did not like.

'Father you don't want Adrian really to go,' she said, looking up at him.

'Is he kind to you?' asked the Earl, not answering her question.

'Yes,' replied her Grace briefly—blushing, though the twilight veiled her blush.

'Have you been out to-day?' he enquired.

'Yes, I took a ride on horseback this afternoon as far as Alderley Wood.'

'By yourself?'

'No, with Adrian.'

'Are you very well now, Mary?'

'Yes, quite well.'

'You don't feel that tightness on your chest which you complained of some time since?'

'Not at all.'

'Do you ever cough?'

'Never!'

'Well take care of yourself.'—He got up and slowly loitered out of the room. His footsteps were heard on the carpeted stairs as he descended to the hall below.

'Damn him!' muttered Northangerland, as he paused from his restless pacing through a large lonely room shrouded all in dusk, without candles or fire, and with a moonless evening looking coldly in at the windows.

He threw his worried form on a couch—all was silent—one dreary whisper of a tree in the grounds mocked his impatient ear. There came a sound remote, from the distant kitchens or the upper rooms—a hurried thud or the sudden closing of a door. He started, listened, and it was hushed.

'Damn him!' he again groaned, and again his listless head dropped on the sofa-cushion. Something rushed through the grass waving outside a glass door at the other end of the apartment.

There was a kind of snort, and a large dog rooting with its muzzle, appeared through the panes. Percy saw it—he did not stir—he pressed his aching temples more closely to the cushion. A voice was heard remotely—gradually approaching nearer.

'—Wilson, when you've finished that job in the plantations, do look after these plants. On the front here they've been sadly neglected. These creepers must be cut and trimmed—they quite darken the windows; and I want some of those rose-trees transplanting—"Hey Juno, is that a bat you've got?"—take it from her Wilson; she struck it down with her paw—"Well, old lass, what do you want?—therel therel down now!"—Well, that's all I have to say to-night Jem—you'll not forget the grapery—it must be thoroughly repaired.'

'No, my Lord. I wish your Grace Good-night.'

'Goodnight!—call at the porter's lodge as you pass and ask Crabbe if he thinks the flies I sent will make good baits—and tell his eldest lad I shall want him to-morrow at eight o'clock for the fishing.'

'I will my Lord—Goodnight!'



'Goodnight, Jem.'—'Now Juno—now you may have your bat—it's killed dead. What?—too thorough-bred to touch it—down lass—there put your head on my foot.'

The voice ceased, and the room was made darker than ever. A lofty gentleman stood on the lawn just without the glass door before mentioned—his back to the house, and his face to a wide dim campaign—waving with sombre trees and canopied by a sky of blue. He seemed at his evening meditations—he was silent and motionless—his head a little lifted towards a southern constellation which was slowly kindling star after star out of the cloudless heaven.

Whistling a wild stave he turned away—unhasped the glass-door and stepped over its threshold into the house. 'Hey, all darkness!' said he, looking around, and his hand was immediately stretched to the bell-rope.

'I desire you won't ring for candles,' murmured a languid voice out of the impenetrable gloom of a recess.

'What for, old codger? What are you doing here by yourself?'

'I shall esteem it a favour,' returned the voice, 'if you would so far do violence to your natural and acquired habits of colloquial coarseness as to give me my right name in my own house.'

'By all that's demure!' exclaimed the intruder, 'I must certainly go to a lady's finishing boarding school, or I shall never be able to please in this country seat of a prim old Beau of the last century. Brummell where are you?'

'Brummell may be a name for ought I know,' replied the viewless spirit of some sweet sound, 'but it is certainly not my name. Perhaps you intend it for a soubriquet. Those are vulgar things which only vulgar persons use. I daresay Lord Arundel calls Mr Enara "Blood-sucker," and Signior Fernando designates Chevalier Frederick "Soap-suds." Mr Howard Warner will likewise often in your court be denominated "Nanny-Goat," and the farmer person who lives at Gimington will be familiarly termed "Muck-midden."'

'Come now my bold buck,' said the tall gardener who had been giving orders about rose-trees—'Come now my primitive peacock, that's very well said, let us have a little more of the same.'

'Have you been about compost and manure, Arthur?' asked the unseen oracle, 'I don't think you're quite sweet—an odour of the stables—eh?'

'Why I believe I did go into your stables a few days since,' replied the land-surveyor, 'and I found them in such an Augean condition for want of looking after that really it's not impossible the scent may be haunting me even yet, though I changed my clothes on the instant after coming out, and took a bath besides.'

'What makes you so fond of looking after brute animals?' inquired

the voice. 'Is it because Arundel employs you to purchase his dogs and horses and gives you a go of gin whenever you get him a sound charger or a well-broke pointer?'

'Not exactly!—it's rather because I find relish in their dumb society when weary'd with the inuendos and back-bitings indulged in by an elderly individual of weak vigor and strong venom.'

The voice was going to reply when it was broken by a harassing cough which, when it passed away, left a short hurried respiration, audible enough in the silence which succeeded.

'Come now you're no worse this evening, are you?' said the Duke of Zamorna, taking a chair and placing it alongside the couch where his father-in-law lay reclined.

'I'm worse every evening Arthur.'

'Pooh!—that's hypochondrical. On the contrary I believe you improve daily. I could not help noticing to Zenobia this morning how buckish you were beginning to look in the silks and smalls.'

'Arthur, your language is unpleasant to me, and there's a jaunty kind of slang in all you say which annoys me extremely.'

'O you get so refined and romantic with living out of the world. I think now, if I could get you off to a fashionable watering-place—Mowbray for instance—it would do you an incalculable deal of good, especially if you would consent to see company and dine at the ordinary.'

A slight rustle was heard in the recess, as of one feebly rising, and a voice murmured 'I'll go!' but Zamorna drew his chair to the front of the sofa and held his arm out by way of barrier. 'Be orderly,' he said, 'let us have no hysterical outbreaks at the thought of eating your dinner in the society of half a score well-dressed, well-bred persons—one and all of whom would I'll be sworn deem themselves much more rationally than yourself.'

'Have you entered into a conspiracy to send me to Mowbray?' asked the Earl.

'Don't know. I am thinking about it,' returned his son-in-law, 'especially if you don't shake off these solitary habits—'

'D—n you!—none of your hectoring!' ejaculated Northangerland, with sudden alteration of tone; and he sprang erect on the couch and sat glaring at his son-in-law with eyes whose gleam was visible even through the shade of gloaming.

Zamorna laughed. 'Now what new crotchet has come over you?' he asked. 'Why you remind me of nobody so much as Louisa Vernon—you've all her ladyship's theatrical starts and trances and capricious changes of temper.'

After a moment's pause the Earl's wrath seemed gone, and he sank down to his pillow as quiet as ever.

'Where is Louisa now?' he inquired—'Is she still in your custody?'

'Yes, safe enough—I keep her at a little place on the other side of the Calabar.'

'I thought she was at Fort Adrian.'

'No, she took such a conceit against the place that I thought she'd fret herself to death out of sheer obstinate wilfulness. I was obliged to remove her, but it was under threat of being carried back again if she did not rest satisfied with her new home.'

'Do you ever see her?'

'I saw her once about three weeks since for the first time since my return from the Cirhala.'

'Are you sure it was the first time, Arthur?'

'Yes Sir—why do you ask me so particularly—surely you're not jealous, old Puritan?'

'I never had occasion to be jealous of you yet, but Louisa is very pretty, and though I don't care a curl of your royal locks for her now, I should not like to transfer her, even to your Majesty.'

'Never fear Sir—I think your tastes and mine very much opposed. I never thought Vernon pretty—she's so dark and fierce.'

'Does she frighten you Arthur?'

'Almost, especially when she turns sentimental.'

'Then the witch tries that method with you now and then. Now confess the truth, has she not made love to you sometimes?'

'Very furiously,' replied his Grace laughing.

'Damn her!' muttered Northangerland, 'What did she say?'

'That she adored me—not so much she stipulated as she had once adored her divine Percy—for that was her first love—and, said the little Grecian-bred actress, laying her hand on her heart—"Your Majesty knows that the sentiments of a first love can be extinguished only with death."'" Zamorna mimicked Lady Vernon's tone and Percy nichered<sup>1</sup> a faint laugh.

'Tell her' said he, 'I am of the same opinion, and therefore, however frequently I may have been called aside by the songs of Syren Opera-singers, and by ardent eyes and raven hair, I still in the end remain true as steel to my first love—Robert King, Esqre. By the way Arthur, does she ever strike you?'

'Strike *Mel*' exclaimed Zamorna in a tone of great surprise. 'Why Percy I never met with such a little coward anywhere. She always begins to tremble if I come near her, and if I lift my hand suddenly or speak sharply, she gives a nervous start and ejaculation.'

'Poor Louise!' said the Earl pityingly 'I daresay she lives in hourly terror lest you should chop off her head some fine morning.'

'I have no doubt of it,' replied Zamorna. 'Once I recollect she was

<sup>1</sup> This rare and expressive word is used in *Jane Eyre*, Chapter XIX

singing to me—she always contrives to introduce a song when I go, though I understand she sometimes says that Zamorna has no soul at all for music compared with Northangerland, or else she is certain she would have won her way out of captivity long since. Percy was so soft and gentle when she sang to him, there was nothing he would not grant her for the sake of “Angels ever Bright and Fair” or “Thou Wilt not Leave My Soul in Hell,” but as for Zamorna, he would stand by and hear the divinest harmony, the most heavenly melody, from morning till night, and yet when she turned round and looked at his face, it was as hard and austere as ever, and gave as little hope of freedom. However, as I was saying, on one occasion she had sung me

“Hark ’tis the Breeze of Twilight Calling”

very exquisitely indeed, and without turning round for applause which I dislike, she had struck softly into “The Soldier’s Tear.”

I am fond of ballads of that kind, and I came very near and leant over her. The little sorceress as she sung waved her head after her fashion and in so doing loosened a curl. It escaped over her eyes and annoyed her. She shook it aside again and again but it still fell back upon her brow.

Now don’t be jealous Percy, when I say that I at last put out my hand and gently secured the tress with the comb from which it had escaped. Shall I tell you how she behaved when I did so?

‘Go on,’ replied the Earl. ‘You can tell me nothing which I cannot guess beforehand.’

‘Well then,’ continued Zamorna, with a look which showed how well he enjoyed the narration—‘As my finger touched her brow the music ceased. She let her hands pause on the piano keys, relax their position and drop slowly onto her lap—her voice died with a kind of falter—she looked down and then she sobbed.’

What’s coming, thought I, but I had not time to think long—by Heavens Percy, she stormed the fortress. My own Nineteenth couldn’t have done it better.’

‘What do you mean Arthur? Don’t bring in any coarse metaphors.’

‘Why she jumped up—threw her arms round me and kissed me to her heart’s content.’

His Grace closed the anecdote with his most hearty laugh. If there had been light enough to see, his eyes at the moment were twinkling and flickering with most ineffable mischief and his complexion coloured high with delight.

Percy keckled too. Very faintly. ‘What did you do?’ he asked.

‘Why what would you have done under the same circumstances?’ retorted his son-in-law.

‘Surrendered at discretion to be sure’ answered Northangerland.

‘But I did not’ replied the virtuous Duke with emphasis—‘I just

extricated my royal person from her grasp as soon and as quietly as I could, and then making her sit down, I begged her to be composed—but that was out of the question. She flew into a most unimaginable fury—tore her hair from her head and shrieked like a rabbid wild cat.

I walked about the room meantime, till she had exhausted herself, and then I made her get up from the carpet, on which she lay all her length, and taking a small Bible from my pocket, which I always carry there, I put it into her hand and told her to read aloud some passages in Paul's Epistles which I marked out for her. She shrieked and cried and stamped, but I compelled her to go through with it, and then when she had finished I thought she would have died with vexation. There was no word of reproach which she did not in her frenzy bestow upon me. I was unmanly—brutal—cold as ice—unfeeling as adamant. Then I was harsh—vindictive, barbarous—and after all the tide turned and she broke, raving out about her adoration, her idolatry of me.

I said at last I should be obliged to bleed her if she was not quiet, and to confirm my words produced a penknife. As soon as she saw the bright blade, and felt that I had got hold of her arm and was loosening her sleeve to commence operations she sank mute and began to tremble.

"My Lord—my Lord" she said, wiping her eyes and looking up as subdued as possible—"I am still now—I'll cry no more—only don't hurt me—I shall die if you draw my blood—forgive me—forgive me."

She was absolutely as white as clay and shook like an aspen leaf. I put away my instrument though I could not help smiling at her. I still shook my head. "People say you are wild" sobbed she—"but I am sure you are not—I never saw anything like gallantry about you yet. You seem to be impenetrable to love—neither music, mirth, sentiment, vivacity, nor even an absolute declaration of intense passion can make the least impression on you. Even as you smile at me just now, there is something so scornful about your lips. I do hate you!—I abhor you!—I could kill you!" she said, grinding her teeth, and then, crying afresh, she added: "But still, still—I love you too till my heart aches as if it would break."

"The accursed fool!" exclaimed Percy, "The flimsy witless idiot, throwing herself thus at the feet of a man whom, when I was in power, she was day and night tormenting me to murder. So she has acted all through her wretched life. That D——I Vernon loved her and promised to marry her. She was flattered by a nobleman's homage and swore she loved him. I saw her and turned her brain. She cut with Vernon and ran after me till utterly weary I jilted her and went beyond seas. She crawled back to Vernon and coaxed the maniac till

he married her. I came home in a few years—looked at my lady and bewitched her again. She could not help herself—she would have gone with me to Hell. For about ten years she stuck to me. At last I could endure the leech no longer: it absorbed my blood too greedily. I turned her over to a close jail and a hard jailer. There I thought I had her for she hated you like death. The silly thing mad with ambition and vanity rushes from abhorrence into cupidity.

Arthur, I'll hear no more about the person—curse her!—If she comes near me I'll tell Shaver to speak to a druggist—I will by G—d, and if I hear that you go to see her above once in six months or so I'll alter my Will.'

After a pause the Duke remarked 'I wonder Percy you never ask me a single question about your daughter—about Caroline.'

'I had forgot there was such an existence' uttered the Earl feebly. 'Pray is anybody taking care of her, or is she running quite wild?'

'She lives with her mother,' answered Zamorna, 'and I have furnished masters to teach her something, but they complain of her extreme volability and wilfulness.'

'Do you ever look after her at all yourself, Arthur?'

'Now and then. She grows tall. I should think she must now be eleven years old.'

'Thereabouts—will she be handsome?'

'No—scarcely I think, that is according to my ideas. She is like you, but it is such a strange likeness—almost bold and hard for a little girl—but she has pretty eyes and plenty of shining hair. She has too, a kind of intuitive, perhaps hereditary grace. She likes notice too well and has very uncurbed and ardent feelings. However her head is naturally much stronger than her mother's, and her heart has no vice yet, whatever it may acquire.'

'Does she ever speak of me, Arthur? You know I've no genius for male friendship and therefore I cling most tenaciously to the notion of being loved by a few women and children.'

'She speaks of nothing else,' replied Zamorna, 'at least not in my hearing. Last time I called I thought her looking a little pale and delicate, so I asked her if she would like to go with me to Hawkscliffe for a few days. She jumped up from the carpet where she was kneeling and gave a wild scream of delight, more like a liberated falcon than anything else.'

'Yes!' she said, 'Yes, and then I can talk to you about Papa all the time, and perhaps if I am with you three or four days, I can persuade you to let me go and see him.'"

'Well, she went to Hawkscliffe?' said Northangerland, evidently pleased with the subject and wishing his son-in-law to pursue it.

'Indeed she did—and I never saw any living thing in such a fever

of enthusiasm as she was all the time she stayed. All the winter she had been cooped up at Fort Adrian, and this week of freedom seemed to transport her.

One day, I recollect she had followed me into the forest, and I took her to a lonely glade where I had great pleasure in wandering myself. It is green and wide, and some splendid trees tower in the midst of its sweep. Towards the centre there is a marble statue on its pedestal which I ordered to be placed there. It is a female figure standing as if in meditation with downcast eyes and long drapery flowing to her feet. The features are not ideal. I had them moulded from a bust now in the West somewhere; and when I look at that face, cold as it is, and mute and vacant of all answering expression, I feel always a revival of thoughts which were once bitter, but are now from the lapse of time and the utter change of circumstances, mournfully sweet.

The day was hot and clear and the sky of a deeper blue than is often seen in Angria. Caroline gazed at the Statue—glowing in almost Italian sunshine. She placed her finger on her lips and stood for a moment silent. Gradually, as if at the recollection of some remote idea, the tears swelled into her eyes. I lifted her face and asked what ailed her. "This is like St Cloud," she said, "and the Gardens at Fontainebleau where I used to walk with Papa."

On another occasion she had been sitting in my study as quiet as a lamb. I was writing, and had told her to go and amuse herself at the window. For above two hours she had been so still that I had forgotten her presence. At last I heard her softly whispering something to herself in a very solemn cadence. It was getting dark and I laid down my pen and looked at her. The window was open. She sat in the window-seat—her arm on the sill, and her head leaning upon it—intently gazing toward the Sydenham Hills which, at that point of view, look peaked and high. She half sung, half said—

Beneath Fidenæ's Minster  
A stranger made her grave.  
She had longed in death to slumber  
Where trees might o'er her wave.

An exile from her country  
She died on mountain ground,  
The Flower of Senegambia  
A northern tomb has found.

Why did he cease to cherish  
His Harriet when she fell?  
Why did he let her perish  
Who had loved him all too well?

She called on Alexander  
As she sickened, as she died.  
When fever made her wander  
For him alone she cried.

But Percy would not listen,  
Would not hear when Harriet wailed.  
Where Europe's ice-bergs glisten,  
Far, far away he sailed.

But memory shall discover  
Her woes some future time.  
Ere long that haughty Rover  
Shall darkly mourn his crime.

'Now Sir, what do you think of that?' continued Zamorna, as he finished this fragmentary lay.

'Where had she got it?' asked the Earl with hollow tone.

'She said she had read it in an old magazine, and had learnt it by heart because it had Papa's name in it.'

'Was she at all aware what it referred to?'

'Not in the least—she thought it merely an old song which by some strange chance echoed the name of Percy.'

Just then a chime was heard from another room as it struck eleven. At the same moment the door opened, and a clear narrow beam penetrated the almost total darkness in which the saloon was by this time shrouded.

'Will you come to supper?' said a pleasant voice, and the speaker—a young graceful lady—raised her lamp and looked smiling towards the recess.

Zamorna turned to her and his eye as it caught her illuminated figure at the door, emitted a gleam of latent lingering fondness. He got up without answer to her summons and followed her through the hall. As the lamp faded in the distance a laugh was heard, happy but subdued. Then a door closed and all was silent.

'They have left me!' moaned Lord Northangerland. A heavy sigh escaped his lips, and thenceforward the saloon was still.

## CHAPTER VII

'ARTHUR, what features were those you spoke of last night?' asked the Earl of Northangerland suddenly, without any preamble, as he and his son-in-law sat by themselves in the afternoon shade of Selden



House—the lawn and grounds being calm, and the garden-seat sequestered amidst the leaves of a vine.

His Grace of Zamorna suspended the whistle in which he had been for some time indulging, and looked round at his relative with an expression that seemed to say: 'What whim are you harping on now old Cock?' He made no audible answer but presently began his whistle again—which he soon changed into a hum and then a song:

Why do you linger and why do you roam?  
I'm feared o' the gude-wife: I dare not go home.  
What will she do lad, and what will she say?  
She'll send me to Hell man, the Devil to pay.

Just cut her a stick lad and give it her well,  
Let her pay the Devil, let her go to Hell.  
As I've settled my wife, go thee settle thy wife,  
What bother 'twill save thee it is not to tell.

Down from the Barracks  
Came four bold Dragoons.  
Every man swore roundly  
And shouted 'Blood and 'oons.'

Each had a red coat  
And each had a helm.  
These are the fellows  
For holding the helm.'

'What have you had since dinner, Arthur?' asked the Earl with patient resignation of look and accent.

'Some coffee with Zenobia,' was the answer.

'And rum in it?—eh!'

'Go and ask the Countess,' replied the polished monarch, and clearing his organ pipes he struck off again:

Your mama's in the dairy, your father's in the field,  
The moon's rising slowly as round as a shield,  
Come through the back door, there's no one to see,  
'Tis a sweet summer evening for courtship with thee.

The dusk follows sunset with hush and with hum,  
Now I'll tell you my secret to-night if you'll come.  
Hidden and wondrous and dark though it be,  
You shall know all if you'll hasten to me.

Wave me no signals and glance me no signs,  
Evening is wasting and daylight declines.  
'Tis not in laughter or love that I crave,  
Hasten, remember the promise you gave.

## CHAPTER VIII

ONE cannot live always in solitude. One cannot continually keep one's feelings wound up to the pitch of romance and reverie. I began this work with the intention of writing something high and pathetic. To the more perfect attainment of such an aim, I had withdrawn myself from the mercantile suburbs of Zamorna to a soft seclusion on the farthest verge of green Arundel. There amid summer gales and July suns, I strove to lull myself into a sort of dream which should recall all the fair, the wild, the wondrous of the past.

I meant to tell how some had died the victims of strange treacheries and some of unutterable woe. I saw again the close of that fatal night which in Jordan Castle sealed such a doom. The fast pelting rain blown aslant by an autumn wind—the woods groaning through the grey twilight, and shaking their heavy and sere boughs over glades all wet and dim. Within the house, everything tranquil—quiet fires glowing in the saloons, just before the time of lamplight, cheering with serene glimmer the dusk reigning everywhere.

I seemed standing at the foot of a great staircase in the midst of profound silence and gathering gloom. The wind roared without—the rain beat upon the Castle casements. Within all lay in apparent peace. I heard a bell sound from a remote chamber above. Then a distant but dreadful cry. What could it be?

Voices came, and footsteps, and with dismay—hurrying from an inner chamber—stept out an attendant figure, exclaiming 'She is dying!'

Then awakened imagination painted before me the death-bed of Augusta Di Segovia. I saw her struggling with yet unquelled energy against that Death which she so hated, but which now so resistlessly overwhelmed.

Struck at once in the prime of life and the fullest, deepest tide of voluptuous enjoyment—there her proud strong form was stretched on the couch. Not still—madly struggling, so that no attendant could hold her—her almost masculine vigour as yet unweakened, but convulsed by mortal pains—one fine round arm flung out, the other across over her head—her noble features livid—her splendid hair, of which she was so proud, loosened—hanging down over the couch, spread wildly over her bosom—all black in masses, silken and

sable and streaming. Clytemnestra in every limb and feature, a murderess and now murdered—she cannot die—life is still so full of temptation to her vicious nature, so rich in gratification for her warring appetites.

And where is Alexander, oh where!

There comes a change. Till now she has raved like a fury with blasphemous violence. She has been cursing her murderer, for she knows she is murdered. She has demanded life of God, and has blasphemed him when she felt mortal anguish collapsing all within. Then she has shrieked in superstitious horror as her polluted vices and sanguine crimes crowded black by her dying bed.

The frenzy all at once is softened—it dies away in sorrow at one thought of Alexander. There her passions centre—she had loved him long—she is touched. Augusta turns on her bed—on her arms conceals her brow, and gushing tears and stifled sobs lament their eternal bereavement. Where is he?—where?

At last she looks up and commands all to leave her. The pain of the poison is over and with it the mental agony. She has nothing now to do but die. Strong in mind as in sin, she has power to calm herself and to meet Death at last like a martyr.

She is by herself—laid straight on the bed—‘chilly white and cold’ with hair parted from her forehead and hands clasped on her breast like the recumbent marble of a tomb. Two or three lamps watch to see her die.

And now approaches the last scene. One that has ridden far, through a night of awful tempest, comes at last—how brought, by what strange impulse, and by what more than natural intelligence, it is vain to conjecture.

All is calm and stately—no shriek now, no curse or yell of blasphemy.

The ante-room is hushed and still,  
The lattice curtained close.  
The tempest sweeping round the hill  
Awakes not its repose.

And there before him reclined his own Augusta—her beauty and her splendour as mute as a dream—her large eyes are open but they never move—her cheek ne’er changes—her robes never wave.

He calls upon her—

AUGUSTA! but the silence round  
Could give him no reply,  
And straightway did that single sound  
Without an echo die!

But reader, why should I pursue this subject? All this has been told you before<sup>1</sup> in far higher language than I can use! *Revenons à nos moutons!* Let it suffice to say that I found this pitch far too high for me. I could not keep it up. I was forced to descend a peg.

## CHAPTER IX

I GREW weary of heroics and longed for some chat with men of common clay. The following letter which my landlady brought in one morning whilst I was at breakfast, let me down easy. I knew the hand directly its clear mercantile strokes and turns revealed what had once been the calling of the writer, though now detested and disowned by him.

'Ah Sir William,' said I half aloud, as I removed the franked envelope, 'this epistle tells tales of the counting-house.' Whilst munching my toast and sipping my coffee I read as follows:—

'Well Townshend, if I can imagine what you are doing with yourself at a Farm House in Arundel, may I be carbonadoed. 'Tis such folly going away to those back provinces. You might as well play Alexander Selkirk at once and locate yourself in the Ascension Isle. After all, Zamorna, Adrianopolis, and a segment of Arundel, Angria, are the only portions of this our oriental realm which boast other inhabitants than the fowls of the air or the beasts of the field.

I shrewdly suspect you must be in love. Some fair belle of Zamorna has sent the shaft of Cupid through your heart, and like the wounded deer, you have fled away to the shades that you may lie and gasp out your soul in peace.

Can it be our quondam mutual acquaintance, the fair lady of Kirkham Lodge, has done this? We were both you know, smitten by that first glimpse of her, cantering gaily on her palfrey down Hartford Dale. Ah, Townshend!—that long purple riding habit—that graceful horse-woman's cap—so piquant, so dashing—set on a fair brow, a trifle on one side to shew the cluster of bright hair; that light whip too, Townshend, and the hand that held it—lady-like and fairylike, even through its glove. My poor fellow—I'm afraid you smart.

Do you know I've seen her again? That remarkable ass, Hartford, just awaking from a torpidity of twelve months, has begun to shake his ears and dash out like a good 'un. Nothing to be heard of but parties at Hartford Hall—Horse-races and Shooting Matches under his lordship's special patronage—new Exchange Buildings at Zam-

<sup>1</sup>By P. B. Bronte, see the poem 'Misery,' pp. 264 to 285, *Poems by Charlotte and Branwell Brontë* (Shakespeare Head Edition): for the two verses above, see lines 12 to 15 and 32 to 35, on p. 270

orna, the first stone whereof is laid by the noble Baron—musterings of the Zamorna Yeomanry at the back of their distinguished commander—splendid County Balls got up under Lord Hartford's direction, &c. &c. &c. At all these stirs he appears furbished up like a new brass warming-pan, with his chest padded and set out with stars and chains and orders—his waist strapped in, and his grizzling locks curled and oiled like my lady Stuartville's.

Some say all this resurrection, renewal of youth, casting of the slough &c., is owing to success in a certain quarter—diddling of one too sublime to be named—hel hel hel Townshend my buck; how do you like that idea? Shall you and I go try our fortunes some fine day. I think we're every bit as good as the sun-burnt, leather-skinned, frowning, poker-backed old Dragoon, that glorious creature is said to have smiled on.

Oh there *is* no accounting for the caprice of women. However, I was talking about Miss Moore. It was at Hartford's County Ball that I saw her. She came into the room late, being one of my Lady Lieutenant's party, who always you know is of the last, hindermost.

Bah—but Jane was in her glory! A murmur through the company warned me of her approach, and when I turned there she was at the lower end of the long Assembly Room, standing quite erect, looking round on her first entrance to discover the faces of her acquaintance. A smile was ready on her lips and in her eyes. She knew she came to be courted and adored.

A group passed between me and her and I lost sight of her. In a few minutes she was visible again with her shining blue satin dress—her proud neck and falling shoulders as white as snow, half-veiled, half revealed by a fall of dazzling yellow curls.

She was in the act of being introduced to somebody and was curtsying low and smiling at the same time. The prig with whom my Lady Stuartville was making her acquainted, bowed like a Frenchman, far projecting the swallow-tails of his embroidered blue coat; and as he ungloved his right hand and carried it to his breast, a couple of rings glittered on his little finger. This was one of the crack personages of the Ball, being no other than the noble Ambassador the gallant and illustrious Earl of Richton.

As Miss Moore passed him he lifted up his eye-glass and watched her progress up the whole length of the room. Scores of gentlemen thronged about her, and as she gave her right and left hands to them, she raised her head and nodded over their shoulders to the ladies who stood behind. She seemed to know all and she would not omit one.

I wonder if she is afraid of female envy, or whether it is simple good-humour, which makes her so affable to everybody? But what do I talk about affability—the girl is no Countess or Duchess or

Queen—she has not even one drop of patrician blood in her veins. Her father is an Angrian Lawyer—an understrapper of that profligate Hartford's—wealthy, but so void of all honourable principle that for aught I know he may have so carefully reared and so highly educated his splendid daughter with a view to seeing her one day high in office as Hartford's mistress. I like to take the worst view of human nature.

In a little while Miss Jane as she passed along at last reached her chieftain, and I thought I would observe how she conducted herself towards him. His Lordship was leaning against the arm of a sofa where Lady Thornton was sitting, talking to her and watching the play of that discreet young woman's dark ringlets and darker eyes, as she shook about her head, and laughed and jested with him as naively and of course as innocently as possible.

'Good evening to your Lordship' says Miss Moore—quite frank and open. O that openness—it's a convenient thing isn't it, Townshend? So interesting you know—such a mark of a pure mind which is not afraid of its thoughts being known to the whole world.

'Good evening Miss Jane' groans the magnifico, in his profound bass, at the same time changing his posture as if on drill, and folding his stalwart arms afresh.

'Your Lordship will dance with me to-night?' says the beauty, looking sweet and languishingly bending her white neck on one side till the curls reposed gleaming on her shoulder.

'I will waltz with you Miss Jane—come.'

'Ohi waltzl' she exclaims with a pretty and certainly most affected scream, 'not for worlds—I would waltz with General Thornton or with the noble Ambassador there if he would condescend to ask me—but with your Lordship! never!'

'The exception is flattering,' replied the Mulatto, 'You think me too handsome—too attractive—you would get confused.'

'Ah, and then your Lordship is a single man,' interposed Lady Thornton with all due simplicity.

'Yes, and people would say I wanted to marry you,' says Jane, looking as it appeared to me, ineffably silly.

'I am sworn a bachelor' replied the haggard Fop, trying to smile but only grinning, to use an expressive Angrian word. 'I am bound by the vows taken over the sacrament and Bible never to ask a woman's hand again—if a woman asks my hand, it's a different thing, so come Miss Jane.'

Miss Jane tittered a little bit, and then she says, with what seemed to me a very heartless smile, 'Will your Lordship favour me by being my partner in the next Quadrille?'

'I will,' was the answer.

'But,' says she, assuming a tone of playfulness, and it might be all playfulness—for what I know not—women are such deep dissemblers—but remember if I perform the gentleman's part in asking I will carry it on all through and your Lordship shall be the lady. I am a sailor—Captain Arthur Fitz-Arthur, commander of the *Formidable*—one hundred guns. Your Lordship is Miss Jessie Heathcote. I love you and intend to run away with you. You are very little and very slender, and you like me because I am so brave, and such a tall handsome man—quite young, though not half as old as your Lordship, and not half as dark—and I never frown, at least not at ladies. I believe I am good-tempered. Now Miss Jessie, will you dance with me?—the musicians are beginning.'

I believe Hartford had not had the manners to hear her out. His eye kept wandering as she spoke, and when she had done he suppressed a yawn and said he really feared, to speak seriously, he could not dance to-night, and then he threw into his demeanour a certain indescribable haughty peculiarity which effectually silenced Miss Jane.

She was not however in the least abashed. She threw a sly look out of the corner of her eye to Lady Julia, as much as to say 'I can't get him—there's no sense in him'; and with her finger on her lip she walked away.

Five minutes after I caught a glimpse of her flashy satin robe whirling past in a waltz, and there she was—smiling—her head thrown back—reeling round, round in whose arms do you think? Why our sage Lord Lieutenant's.

After the dance was over I saw her again promenading the rooms with his Lordship—leaning on his arm so confidently, Townshend, and listening to his gallantries, and replying to all his pretty compliments—evidently so smartly and readily and with such a sparkle of her deep-blue eyes. Oh, it was charming!

Then as she swept up and down the long rooms waving her plume—dividing from her brow her tresses when they encroached, with a hand as white as—what? Why, Plaster of Paris, of course.

She was all unconscious of the gaze of admiration drawn by her stately height, her perfect form and flushing bloom—bah Townshend? You and I know a thing or two.

Stuartville led her to a seat and instantanly up stepped or rather rushed two or three aspirants for her hand in the next Quadrille. 'No, I am so tired,' says Jane, and she quietly leant back in her chair and looked as unaffected, as unflattered as possible. Her admirers gathered round in a circle and Jane allowed them to talk and answered them with all kindness and no coquetry—no none in the least. She bantered a few but she snubbed none. They might have been brothers, she was so cordial with them.

Just then another personage approached the group. 'Will Miss Moore admit me to the honour of being her partner in the Lancers?' asked a quiet high-bred voice without any of the fluster into which the canaille put themselves into upon such an occasion. And Miss Moore looked up—lo, her eyes met the blue embroidered, swallow-tailed coat again, with a white silk waistcoat and a gold eye-glass set with brilliants—also on the breast of the coat, a star and the August Order of the Rising Sun, conferred not long since by royal favour, and now sported, with the Noble Ambassador's good taste at an Angrian County Ball.

Miss Moore looked—the Earl's aristocratic hand was held out. Don't suppose the Rose of Zamorna could resist this honour—no!—she entrusts her fingers to that patrician palm—throws back a quizzical glance on her deserted trail—and my Lord bears away his prize in triumph.

Poor Townshend, to see the Mandarin dancing—eyeing his partner all the while with that lofty critical look of his—pointing his illustrious toe—laying one hand gently on his side, then on his breast—approaching and receding from Miss Moore, and smirking meantime, confoundedly.

After he had conducted her again to her seat I saw him sidle away to Lord Hartford, and the two stood at the upper-end of the Ball-room, conversing in all friendly confidence. The Ambassador every two minutes te-he'd his snivelling laugh, and Hartford curled his lips into a half-sour, half-rakish smile.

I could not during the whole night satisfactorily unravel the puzzle of our heroine's character. That is, I could not perfectly ascertain whether she has beneath her fluttering folly a grain of sense, or whether it's all empty froth to the far-end—if her apparent good-temper, affability, and equanimity is genuine natural &c. Why she's a fool—she's one of no heart, no acute perceptions, no powers of intense attachment. She must be destitute of reflection, feeling, and passion.

If this smiling, pleasing outside which shines unabashed on the proudest and cannot find in its heart to frown coldly on the very meanest—if *this* be discerned, she's a knave, and I would not trust the depths of that mind—strong and original though it might be—which thus puts on character and acts a part at will. Neither, Townshend, would I step within the influence of passions whose vortex is too deep and rapid to be exposed rapidly to view, but must be concealed by the curtain of an indifferent demeanour.

If this view of her character be right, the organ of secretiveness must be too large. A thousand thoughts must be ever passing in her mind which for worlds she would not utter. Nerves must often be



out why people talk so much about Miss Moore. The girl is a fine girl but I saw nothing in her to create such an amazing sensation.

'Oh Mrs Chester, make out your bill and let me go.'

I had been a fortnight without seeing the face of any living creature except those of my landlady and her servant and of the half dozen milkfetchers who came morning and evening to Hill-foot with their cans.

Once indeed, when I was walking out, a nurse-maid had passed me in the fields, with two fair little girls running before her—tiny animals in white, having long flaxen curls hanging down on their necks; and I spoke to them and gave them each some scarlet hips which I had been gathering from the hedge. And then as they looked up at me and curtsied, at the nurse's suggestion, like well-bred little ladies, one of them lisped with a very pure and not at all Angrian accent: 'Please will you get me that rosel'—lifting at the same time her large blue eyes to a brier-spray drooping above.

As I was plucking the flower—(I like to humour children)—a voice near me said: 'How do you do Mr Townshend?'

It was a lady's voice—calm and soft—and when I turned in surprise the speaker was within a yard of me—a young woman of stately mien with a pale olive face, and very black hair separated in two glossy folds on her forehead. Her eyes were grave and deeply set—her features good.

I took off my hat and bowed. I was standing in the presence of a greater personage than I had calculated on meeting.

'A lovely morning!—your Ladyship is wisely availing yourself of it,' said I.

'Yes,' she returned, and after a slight pause—'Are you staying in the neighbourhood Mr Townshend?'

'I am Madam,—at Hill-foot.'

'Indeed,—it will give me pleasure to see you at the Hall any day, though my Lord is at present in town.'

'Amelia,' (speaking to her little daughter, who was pulling my coat for another rose) 'Don't be troublesome to Mr Townshend.'

'I wish you good morning Sir.'

And so with serene inclination of her head she glided on.

'Is Summerfield House in this neighbourhood?' I asked of the nursemaid.

'Yes Sir, about three miles from here by the high-road, but only a mile and a half by the private way through the plantations.'

'Does the Countess often walk out so slightly attended?'

'Very often, Sir, when she is in the country, though she is considered high in town and keeps up a great deal of state.'

'I know she does' thought I, and more betoken that she never

spoke two words with me before—but some of your great folks make a practice of drawing these nice distinctions, according to the air they breathe. When the Countess of Arundel sits in the drawing-rooms of Frederick's Place in Adrianopolis, there is not a haughtier woman breathing, nor one more attached to the forms of state.

It seems she unbends here, and I looked at her again as her figure lessened in the distance. The path was winding and she slowly traced the mazes with head gently bent in the perusal of a book. Now and then she looked up and turned an anxious yet smiling eye towards her children. She spoke once or twice with a mild voice of caution.

Lord! I could hardly acknowledge her as the same woman whose haughty plume always waves foremost in Court Drawing-rooms, State-dinners—and whose glance, when amongst her equals, ever seems to say: 'I was born a Princess—do not approach me.'

I did not avail myself of her Ladyship's invitation, because really I am not at all used to the Society of either Arundel or his Countess. They are not of my set. She considers me, no doubt, as a depraved, half-crazed sort of being—and he regards me as just nothing at all.

If I pass Lord Richton now, in any circumstance of pomp and splendour, his Lordship and I always exchange a glance, or a nod at least—but the Chevalier, when mounted on his snow-white charger—perhaps curbing it at his Sovereign's side—would as soon think of bowing to a turnspit as to me. His gallant Lordship has no literary turn, and in his eyes I am nothing more than a small mean man of doubtful rank and eccentric habits with whom he has not a single idea in common.

Well, I care as little about him as he does about me—and so our accounts are even.

I've just asked Mrs Chester if she can get a boy to carry my carpet-bag as far as Beckford. She sent Susan across the fields to fetch one—and then Goodbye to Reverie and Solitude—and away to life and cities again.

## CHAPTER XI

READER, I will close my present work with another letter from Sir William Percy, which I found lying in the post-office at Beckford, awaiting my arrival there.

'Townshend,

I am writing to you in the midst of the most confounded bustle of packing &c., for I am going off somewhere to serve my country in an official capacity. You shall hear how the matter came about.

I was sitting down quietly as could be to a cup of excellent chocolate, when my morning batch of letters came in. I gave a careless glance towards them, thinking I'd finish reading the newspaper, and sipping the beverage before I examined into their contents, which I opined were of no great importance, when lo! my eye caught the glance of a broad red seal, and when I looked a little nearer it was stamped with the arms of Angria!

'The D—ll' said I aloud, and hastily turning it to look at the frank, I saw a strange hieroglyphic, scarcely referable to the characters of any known language but which I knew by instinct to denote H. F. ENARA!

Now it happened that that morning I was breakfasting at Girnington Hall, having stayed there all night after being present at a party which was given the evening before. Consequently Sir Wilson Thornton sat opposite to me, trifling with a pound or two of ham and some half dozen or so of eggs.

'A grand hay-day!' says the General, turning half round in his chair and staring out with all his eyes through the open window towards the wild clumps of wood waving in that savage Park of his—whose shade hardly allowed you to see the morning sunshine or to feel the fresh early breeze which was tossing their antediluvian arms.

I fear I was hardly civil enough to answer his remark, for my attention was wholly absorbed in the important letter whose outside I still continued to contemplate.

'There's naught I like to hear as weel as t'craws, first thing of a summer morning,' observed the college-bred Baronet again.

'Very musical sound, Sir,' says I.

'I alluss thowt so!' replies the General, and rising, he lifts the sash a bit higher and puts out his sandy pate through a screen of the roses about the casement, in order that he may obtain a better view of his favourites wheeling and screaming in the air above their rookery of firs.

Coming back to the table he exclaims: 'What the mischief is Julia doing that she does not come down—I wonder ony body can fashion to lig i' bed such a morning as this!'

Just then the door slowly uncloses and in saunters my Lady in a stylish undress, scarce awake, looking as slovenly, as lazy, and as handsome as possible

The General shakes his head and sets her a chair.

'Well Thornton,' begins her Ladyship, 'it's only nine o'clock.'

'Three hours too late,' replies Sir Wilson, 'I wor up at six.'

'But Percy there, has only just come down, I am sure,' says she. I nod assent and inquire if her Ladyship has passed a good night.

'No,' says she, 'I had such an odd dream, I thought I was sitting

in the drawing-room there one afternoon and a servant came in and told me a gentleman wanted to speak to me, and so I thought I said he was to shew him into the library, and when I went there, I saw a very tall gentleman sitting at the table writing——'

'Come, come, Julia,' interrupts the General, 'tak yer breakfast—n'er heed dreaming and sich nonsense.'

'Well, but I must finish it,' responds Madam, 'And so, Sir William, I asked him what he wanted—and he looked up and I was so frightened—his face was exactly the very picture of Lord Northangerland's—it had just his kind of hair.'

'That must be a wig, Madam, I suppose,' says I, 'for I understand his Lordship doesn't sport much natural decoration of that sort.'

'Well, it had his forehead and nose and eyes, and I am sure, whatever people say about him, he is exceedingly handsome.'

'I often think woman-folk hev varry little sense,' remarks the General, 'It may be neither polite nor civil-like to say so, but I am sure they are far away sillier nor men i' many things.'

'Thornton, will you give me an egg?' asks Julia.

'Tak it lass, and let's hear no more of your havers abaat dreams. I know nowt more childish nor telling ower senseless cracks like them.'

'Eh, Colonell what's that letter?' exclaims Julia, suddenly catching a glimpse of my still unopened dispatch. 'May I look at it?'—and her little white hand was on it in a moment. She paused however and looked at me for consent before she took it.

I don't much admire her Ladyship. I always think she's something of a simpleton. However, at that instant she looked a very pretty one—her Spanish eyes just waking into vivacity and fixed half interestingly, half smilingly on me—her taper fingers fastening on the letter.

'You may read it,' said I, as if it were my death-warrant.

'Is it from the Duke?' she said in a low tone, and the idea evidently struck her childish mind with awe. She paused before she broke that imposing broad seal.

She half cracked it, then with characteristic indecision—'Nay!' said she, tendering it back, 'I dare not—he'll perhaps get to know that I have been opening his letters.'

'You need not fear Madam, that billet doux has General Enara's frank on it.'

'O!' exclaims her Ladyship, 'then away with scruples—the bandit and I are good friends. I've promised that he shall be my second when Thornton goes.' She broke the seal and read:

'Lieutenant Colonel Sir William Percy is requested to repair to Adrianopolis immediately. General Enara has authority to intimate to Sir W. P. that it is in contemplation to appoint him to some situa-

tion where his merits may be fully appreciated. General Enara begs to congratulate Sir William on his flattering prospects. The General is of opinion that Sir William has a chance of being sent farther into the interior than any of his Majesty's troops have as yet penetrated. The General considers that in procuring this commission for Sir William, he has taken the best and most acceptable means of testifying his approbation of the gallant and gentlemanly manner in which Sir William discharged the duties of his late arduous station at Cuttel-curafee.

FOREIGN OFFICE, ADRIANOPOLIS.'

'There, you *are* honoured,' said Lady Julia as she finished the letter, 'but does the General really mean that you are to be sent back again to those horrid regions where it is so hot and where the rivers are haunted by amphibious blacks instead of alligators?'

'I'm afraid his letter will bear no other interpretation Ma'am,' returned I

'And will you like it? He speaks as if it were a reward.'

'Whisht Julia!' says the General, who meantime had been listening to Enara's billet with a sufficiently significant smile. Then turning to me: 'Well Colonel ya mun set off direct for t' capital at ony rate. You sall have my horses as far as Zamorna, and then ya can tak t'mail.'

'But will he like to go?' says Julia, 'I think the Colonel scarcely looks strong enough for such a climate. Wouldn't it be best Thornton to write an answer to Enara and say he'll take a few days to consider it?'

'Julia my woman,' returns Thornton, 'Go thee upstairs—put on thy hat and shawl, and then come down, and when I've seen Sir William off I'll tak thee a drive as far as Cheshunt i' t' phaeton.'

Julia left the room and Thornton proceeded to bustle me away with all expedition, for you know I'm somewhat dilatory, Townshend, expecially when other people seem fussy. For the present, Goodbye. I'll write you the result of my journey in another letter.

Yours W. Percy.'

## CHAPTER XII

In a few days I received the continuation of the affair thus:

'Townshend my chuck, you and I ought to be very good friends. There's no one to whom I write so many letters, or communicate so many secrets as yourself. Perhaps a similarity in our destitute conditions and vagabond propensities has produced a sort of sympathy. We do love each other, don't we Townshend?

Howsumdever, here I am at Adrianopolis—and I've had my audience at the Foreign Office and another at the Home Office, and I'm as uplift as a midden-cock upon pattens. You shall hear now how I proceeded.

Having left Gurnington with a last look at my fair pitying hostess, who came running down the oak-stair-case into the old dark hall to bid me good-bye—after a farewell squeeze at her pretty little hand, and a long romantic gaze on her blooming face smiling at me from under the brim of the bonnet she had just donned—after asking for a tress of her raven ringlets as a keepsake, and being refused—after promising to think of her when I should be lying far away on the soldier's bed of reeds and looking up at the moon of the desert sailing high above the blue Benguela—after these things, Townshend, did I mount the good spunkie saddle horse which your all-but father proffered to lend me, and away I dashed among his woods—all rushing in the morning wind and glancing in the morning sunshine.

In a quarter of an hour I had passed Edwardston Hall at full gallop, with my valet behind me. My spirits were at such an unusual pitch of elevation that I could not resist the impulse of reining up at the grand Gates and just doffing my beaver, giving it a walt in the air and catching it again with a loud huzza of scorn.

Then I broke away again and scarcely ever slackened gallop till I reached the suburbs of Zamorna. I was just thundering in at Adrian Road when behold a gig just before me smacking along like a Doverham collier in a brisk gale—one man in it in browns and stones—all bright, complete, and slap-up.

'Ho,' thought I, 'this is the very chap I should like best to meet at this identical moment.'

It was our Edward. Dashing my spurs into the beast's sides, I came up to him with a spang. There were plenty of people on the causeway—ladies &c.—for this is a fashionable street, but I was at such a pitch of effervescence I did not care who saw me. Off again then with my Castor—hurra my hero!—lift it up!—I'm on the high road for promotion. G-d d-n the ledger! Charge for a Field-Marshal's baton—hip-hip-hip hurrah!!

'Fire and Fury—butter and brimstone—what the Devil have we here?' shouts 'Brandy and Water'—'I'll settle matters.'

Up goes Ned's arm—whizz!—his whip cuts the air—but my bonny bay springs to one side and we both miss it within a straw-breadth. Striking sparks from the stones I'm off again. Rising in my stirrups Ajax and I vanish, waving a white handkerchief as a parting token of fraternal affection.

I think it was just about sunset when the mail entered Adrianopolis, and without waiting to put myself into any kind of order, but

just sweating—puffing—disarranged and travel-stained as I was—having my coat powdered with the white dust of the Adrianopolitan road, which you know traverses with a broad bleached line as white as milk the whole region of green fields and heavy dark woodlands through which it runs—just I say in this predicament did I spring from the top of the Oriental Mail in the yard of Westwood Tavern, and instantly hiring and entering a cab, order it to convey me then and there to the Foreign Office.

The room was darkened into which I was shown on my arrival, and two tapers were twinkling through the doubtful dusk which had settled on every object.

A pale undersized man sat at a desk—beside him a hat and gloves. 'Sir William Percy?' said he, rising with a bow.

'Yes Sir! Can I see General Enara?'

'General Enara is not here. General Enara has withdrawn Sir. The regular Office hours are over—you call late—you should have been more punctual.'

'I've ridden express since I received General Enara's despatch,' said I, considerably chagrined, and I sat down and began to wipe my forehead with my handkerchief.

'You will do well,' continued the pale provoking undersized man—'You will do well to come at an earlier hour when you have any business to transact with General Enara. However, I am here. I can probably supply the General's place. What have you to say Sir William?'

'That it's very warm travelling Sir,' I replied, 'and very dusty roads, but charming weather for the hay, charming—don't you think so Mr Warner?'

'Come, come,' replied the busy interfering little fellow, with more calmness than I had expected, 'Come, come, Sir William, drop that affected strain of yours. You ought by this time to be above it. I am surprised that you should have business with General Enara, concerning which I have received no intimation. I thought you were in the country on furlough. Have you been recalled?'

'Not exactly Sir,' I paused. I was not going to entrust the imperious all-controlling little Bonaparte with another word. What business had he at this time of night in the Foreign Office?

After a few minutes mutual silence he rose. 'I was on the point of retiring,' said he 'when you were announced. Are you provided with apartments in town?' he said this with a sort of stately politeness.

'No Sir, but I can soon get them.'

'My carriage is at the door,' he continued, 'If you will step into it I shall be happy to escort you to Warner Place. Mrs Warner will be glad to see you.'

I bowed to him—muttered my acknowledgements for civility which I had not at all expected, but declined it.

He did not seem vexed—he can be very imperturbable when he likes. By this time he had drawn on his gloves, and taking his hat he made a slight inclination of the head—murmured a good evening and departed. I was glad to be rid of him. Now thought I, I will see my old grim commander if I can only catch him. I entered my cab again, and ordered it to drive to Calabar Street where the Tiger has his Den.

I reached it but my difficulties were not yet over. It was with a world of entreaties, threatenings, bullyings, that I got his people to carry my name up. He was dining they said and not to be disturbed—the General admitted nobody at that hour—I must call to-morrow, &c.

I prevailed at last. A footman went up with my card and in two minutes returned with an invitation that I was to follow him. I found him in a rather grand room with dark walls and five or six large pictures—wild Salvator scenes. It was only half-lighted with four large wax candles on the table which served to illuminate the centre but left both sides in obscurity. There were two magnificent chandeliers—royal gifts both of them, as I afterwards understood—but neither of those were kindled.

The General was at his dessert. He had no company except the members of his own family—persons whom I had indeed seen by glimpses before, but never obtained a full view of—four, I think, all girls with white dresses of gauzy muslin, bronzed skins and dark brilliant Indian eyes.

The three youngest were strange sunburnt creatures who seemed to have as much idea of polite manners as the most uncouth little Angrian you could pick up among the Howard Moors. The eldest, who might be about thirteen, was of a paler, clearer complexion—less scorched. She restrained the fire of her glances somewhat, and her raven hair instead of hanging in savage elf-locks was arranged in long jetty curls. She had been educated a trifle I think. I should doubt if the others know their letters.

Well, the Tiger got up when I entered and waving me to a chair which stood vacant at the table, asked if I had dined. I said 'Yes!' which was a lie, but the fact was I had no appetite for dinner, and so didn't want to be bothered.

'But you'll drink wine,' said he. 'Maria,' (speaking to his eldest girl) 'pass the decanter of Shuraz towards Sir William.' Maria did so but a smaller cub rearing itself upon the bar of its chair, pushed it back, saying with an odd un-English accent that wine was *sacré*—it was not for heretics.



'Maria, take your sisters to their attendants, and go yourself to the Senora Grey,' said the General. Maria rose, called 'Giulietta,' 'Francesca' and 'Gabriella,' and with a profound curtsy at the door, and a lingering solemn gaze at me, vanished with her wild charge from the apartment.

'I see you've lost no time Colonel,' says my Commander glancing with approbation at my fair clean face and elegantly arranged habiliments.

'I was at Girningham Hall when your summons reached me this morning,' says I, 'and I'm here to-night.'

'Hum, very well—now you want to know what irons are in the fire for you I suppose?'

'Yes Sir!'

'Well you shall learn all in time. Final arrangements are not yet completed—plans are not fully ripe for the expedition I hinted at Eastward. You must curb your impatience for a month or so yet. Meantime there is a trifle to be done abroad—a sort of Diplomatic Affair in which Our Master wished to make you useful. I know this kind of work will not be so congenial to your disposition as the more honourable service of the field, but still I have that opinion of you, that I think whatever task is to be done,—provided it be such as a gentleman may without reproach put his hand to—you will not scruple to bend your back to the burthen. If I thought otherwise I'd despise you Sir!—D—n the fools that stand paltering about their own frivolous inclinations while the King's work is lying at the wall.'

I answered naught to this tirade but smelt at a vinaigrette and waited for more. He now bid me draw in my chair, pass the bottle, and he would explain matters to me. Thereupon followed sundry revelations of State which it would ill suit my new character of Diplomatist to reveal. However, I'll just tell you that in a week's time I shall be in Paris—not with any public splendour and stir but merely as a private individual. They've trusted me however, and William Percy will not be such a fool as to betray them, because in so doing he would betray himself.'

### CHAPTER XIII

A THIRD letter from the Baronet shall conclude this work:

'Manhood is the best portion of human life after all. My childhood and early youth were poisoned with bitter feelings I shall never forget—no never!

I am unfettered now. I see my steep path clearly, and I have got

strength to climb. It is no labour to me—it is a delight to mount, up, up, clinging to every projecting stone—grasping at every tough root and wild stem of heath. Gazing at the far above cloud-piercing summit—when I do reach it—what will strained sinews, weary limbs, dizzy brains be then?

I shall forget all when I look down at the unbounded prospect. Once or twice during the ascent I have turned and for an instant seen the green stretch of plains—the grand overclouding of groves—the wide blue flash of waters—but I dared not gaze long. Oh what will it be when I see it all?

I knew nothing of this glorious hope six years ago. I thought only of gaining reckless freedom where I might live without the crushing insolence of tyranny. I thought of enlisting as a private soldier and hardly had a wish to rise above the ranks.

When Edward and I were in penury, kept chained together by want, and abhorring each other for the very compulsion of our union, I used to endure worse torments than those of Hell. Edward overwhelmed me by his strength and bulk. He used his power coarsely for he had a coarse mind, and scenes have taken place between us which remembrance to this day, when it rushes upon my mind, pierces every nerve with a thrill of bitter pain no words can express.

I always affected indifference to his savage, hard, calculating barbarity, and I always will affect indifference to it to my dying day. But if there be a power superior to humanity, that power has witnessed feelings wringing my heart in silence which will never find voice in words.

However, I am discovering my own strength now—it reminds me of a higher destiny, and I am leaving the dreary path of my youth far below. If I had died in that midnight desolation, in that cold solitude of feeling—but Fate spared me.

I tell you Townshend that I will never marry till I can find a woman who has endured sufferings as poignant as I have done—who has felt them as intensely—who has denied her feelings as absolutely and in the end, has triumphed over her woes as successfully.

A woman so gifted with youth and refined education, would attract my love far more irresistibly than the beauty of Helen or the majesty of Cleopatra. Beauty is given to dolls—majesty to haughty vixens—but mind, feeling, passion, and the crowning grace of fortitude are the attributes of an angel.

Amidst all the vicissitudes of life it has been my lot to see one such woman and only one. She indeed added fine symmetry of form and transcendent beauty of feature to the interest of a noble spirit and disastrous destiny.

How often have I looked at her with wonder and absorbing sym-

pathy. Imagination in her had to struggle through no dull intervening obstacle to show its light divine. That face offered a clear medium; her eyes were large with dark orbs and long romantic lashes. Sorrow in them was doubly wild—they flashed frenzy when the tears gushed into them—and joy, hope, love, looked in their expressive smiles, so soft and touching.

She never smiled on me however, nor ever wept for my sake, and whether her fair image be still lingering in a world that was not worthy of her—or whether she lies asleep amidst holy bounds which even sacrilege would hardly profane, it imports little to me to know. It is enough for me to have seen her once, and after that to carry the vision of her pale inspired face to my deathbed.

Townshend you'll never dare to twit me about what I have written above—but if you do I've an answer ready. How do you know whether the sentimentality is in jest or earnest? Aint it very probable that I may be bammung you by doing a bit in the soft line?

Well, to proceed. I'm at Doverham now, as the date of my letter will shew, and to-night I embark for Calais on board the *Little Vic* Steam-Packet, so named, let it be remarked *en passant*, after the famous Heiress, Miss Victoria Delph, whose half-million is said to have turned more than one Peer's coronet, and a great Earl's bald-head, and magnificent Monarch's crowned one into the bargain.

You heard the story about that royal spree, and the young man of prepossessing appearance being found chanting a serenade one wet night under little Vic's chamber window. Also another tale still more remarkable, which is very popular in the Adrianopolitan Court at the present moment, concerning the discovery made by Miss Delph's maid, who found a poor lunatic of the name of Flower—in other words a Peer of the realm very much intoxicated, sitting at the top step of a flight of stairs which led direct to little Vic's apartment, and when questioned as to his motives for being there, the noble Lord hiccuped out that his intentions towards Miss Delph were perfectly honourable.

The eve of my departure from Adrianopolis being come, I fell, as I usually do on such occasions into a melancholy mood. All the excitement of preparation was over. That morning I had taken my last instructions from Enara, and the whole afternoon had been spent in a long interview with the Premier at the Treasury. One step only remained to be taken, and the time was not yet arrived for that. I was alone now in my Hotel. It was near sunset. The summer day, after a long flight, was quietly folding its wings of gold and setting like a bright bird on the remote hills which swell to a ridge between Zamorna and Adrianopolis.

Some flowers which stood in the casement had closed their petals,

and the sun—pausing, as it seemed, before its departure over the purple summit which was soon to conceal it—shed through the myrtle leaves and geranium blossoms, a crimson glory which was seen chequered by leaf and stem on the opposite wall.

In evening silence—a three-legged stool—a fatted calf—or even the Marquis of Harlaw—might think; and as I walked to and fro in my parlour—now facing the refulgent west window, and now a solemn picture of old times against the wall, I also thought:

‘Well Percy’—suggested the inward voice with which we all converse at times—‘To-morrow thou wilt leave this land for a foreign shore. Thou art bound on a far journey, and hast in thy keeping the mandates of a Ministry and the secrets of a King. Bethink thee now, hast thou naught to do before the farewell word is spoken? The farewell word!—Percy to whom wilt *thou* speak it? This is a great city—a capital! Surely amid all its wide Squares—its long Streets, its thousand houses—there may be one who will feel heart-touched if thou leave without a token. Is there no fair gentle ladye bound to thee in love, who every night when thou art gone, will send her deepest aspirations after thee?’

‘Monitor, there is none!’

‘Percy think again—surely some one breathes who will wish thee well—clasp hands with thee kindly when it is known that thou must leave Angria on a dangerous and mysterious mission—it may be for ever.’

I thought and thought—and all seemed vacant. I could not call up to imagination the face of one bound by any ties to love me. At last the inward voice whispered a single name. I believe I smiled with hollow doubt at the suggestion. Nevertheless I acted upon it.

However, before that interview could take place, one last act of business remained to be performed, for which the hour appointed was now come. Before I left Mr Warner that afternoon he told me I had now in my hands every necessary document except a single paper which would be delivered to me at eight o’clock that evening at the Zamorna Palace.

It was eight now. As I left my Hotel the sun just dropped behind the hills. I can’t bother myself with describing to you the transit in a dashing barouche through two miles of street to the Palace; nor the first entrance there; nor the ushering up staircases and through galleries to the vicinity of royalty.

Imagine me at last in the anteroom—standing alone, while the usher is gone to announce me. He soon returns and says: ‘You will be sent for presently, Sir William,’ bows, closes the door, and I am again *solus*.

By this time it was dusk. The great royal Pile seemed unusually

still, and when I looked from the row of windows at the end of the room, I saw spreading up to the walls, a wide garden planted with thick shade and here and there, dimly visible at openings, the pallid gleam of sculpture. It was too dark to see much, and I soon grew weary of the sombre trees.

I walked about the room—I paused and listened. There was nothing to be heard—neither step, voice, nor whisper. Do they make the walls of Palaces thick, Townshend, that the ongoings of the royal inmates may be concealed from one another?

As yet I had not been informed whether it was from the hands of some Minister I was to receive the document in question, or from those of the King himself. What a tantalizing position of alternate expectation and doubt, for an ambitious courtier like me.

There was a sound at last—the smooth parting of folding doors—some one entered.

‘You will attend me, Sir William, if you please,’ said a treble voice, and I saw before me a silken Page with hair parted on his forehead like a girl.

The folding doors led into a long passage softly carpeted, with lamps shining along its whole length. I followed the Jackanapes sent to summons me, and ere long stood at the threshold of another pair of folding doors, whose polished dark panels reflected the lamps so brightly that at first I mistook it for an immense mirror.

‘Are you conducting me to his grace?’ I asked the Page, stopping him when his hand was on the door-lock.

‘I don’t know,’ said he, ‘I was ordered to bring you here.’

‘By whom?’

‘By Lord Hartford,’ was the answer.

‘Lord Hartford!’ I exclaimed somewhat astounded you may be sure. He was the last person one would have expected to have the power of ordering in the Zamorna Palace. I hate that Lord, Townshend.

Before I could speak my surprise, the doors had rolled back and poured upon me a flood of light. When the dazzle passed away I found I was within a large apartment, the entrance of which had immediately closed behind me. It was all shut close: the heavy curtains of deep crimson were dropped over the windows—though it was yet twilight—as if for midnight conclave. Enormous wax-lights were blazing upon the table—over the mantle-piece, and in every recess. It might have been lit up for some regal festival I looked round expecting to see the flash of diamonds and the waving of plumes—nothing of the sort.

Four plain figures sat at the centre table, looking into each others faces with anxious worrying eyes, and besides them not a living

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creature was visible—only on the rug slumbered an enormous dog.

One who sat erect in his chair with his arm thrown over the back and his legs crossed, I recognized as Lord Arundel. Another who bent over the table and wound up a gold-repeater with a hand that trembled too nervously almost to admit of the operation, was beyond contradiction Warner Howard Warner, Esqre. The third, who turned to the side-board and filled a goblet of crimson wine, which was drunk afterwards in solemn silence as if to the memory of the dead, bore the indisputable lineaments of H. F. Enara. But who was the fourth—that gaunt man leaning both his elbows on the table and his wolfish cheeks upon his spread palms, rolling his wandering eyes with a disturbed ghastly glitter from one face of his associates to another—contracting his forehead with a scowl, and dis severing his lips with a furious grin? That, Townshend, was Lord Hartford!

I looked for another face, but in vain—the Duke of Zamorna was not there.

Three of the Statesmen shook hands with me as I advanced to the table. Hartford never stirred. I took my seat. There was silence for a little while. It seemed evident to me that some strange kind of scene had taken place just before my entrance, and when I looked round there were tokens that the Duke *had* been there. There was his arm-chair at the head of the table, and his pencil-case lying on an open map.

'Is he returning?' I asked Lord Arundel in a whisper. Arundel was going to answer, when a sudden interruption of the silence prevented him.

'Well,' broke forth Lord Hartford. 'Well, you've all seen this d—d injustice to-night—you've all beheld me insulted and repulsed and trampled on, and none of you had the manliness to take my part—not one!'

'My Lord, your conduct is unprecedented,' said Mr Warner. 'No Ministry could have taken the step you solicited his Majesty to command my Government to take, without tarnishing its honour. My word was pledged. Sir, was I to recede from that? And if his Majesty rejected your proposal in a pointed and bitter manner, what else had you to expect?'

'It is infernal injustice!' retorted Hartford. 'I, who am the representative of one of the oldest families in Angria, and whose whole wordly interests were staked in the country before Zamorna drew breath—I solicit an appointment of trust abroad, and am rejected with harsh sarcasm—while a parvenu officer of Hussars is elevated to the post over my head. By Heaven and all that's holy I'll make him grind his teeth in remorse for this last thrust. I'll tell him that that will burn to the quick every nerve in his whole proud d—d blasted carcase!'

'Did you hear that, gentlemen?' said Enara with a grim smile. 'Mind you mark it, for such eloquence is scarce—it is not often to be heard out of a lunatic asylum.'

Hartford glared at him—snatched his card-case from his pocket, and threw a challenge to him on the spot.

'I'd desire no better sport,' growled Enara, coolly taking up the card and thrusting it within his waistcoat. 'It's just the chance I've long been looking out for my Lord; and the charging pill that I shall administer will purge of lust and lunacy at once.'

I could have kissed the old grim Tiger—his words came so pat to the purpose. These words were echoed by a low laugh of cold and bitter sound. It came just from behind my chair, and at the same moment I was sensible of a hand strongly grasping the chair-back. I had no need to look round: I knew who was there.

He began to speak in a voice whose tone reminded me of the night before the battle of Leyden. On that night he had given me some orders in person, and I had never heard it since.

'Henri, you will not exhibit that dose which you have so ably prescribed. A duel with an insane person will by no means add to the number of your honourable exploits—and, as my Maker shall judge me, I believe that Lord Hartford is not in a sound frame of mind. At this moment his eye shews all the uncertain glare of derangement.'

Lord Hartford looked up at him—his nostril quivered with passion, but he suppressed it. 'Your Majesty is opening your second campaign against me,' said he with forced calmness, 'And you have now given me the clue to your system of tactics for the season. I am to be studiously excluded from employment in public, and denounced in private as a raving madman.'

'If you had said "confined in private" you would have expressed my intentions more correctly,' replied his Grace.

Hartford muttered something under his breath, and then he rose and walked round the table to the Duke, 'I have a secret to communicate to your Majesty,' said he. 'I should like to ease my mind of it before our Council breaks up for the night.'

'I do not wish to hear it,' returned Zamorna with haughty indifference. 'Madmen often have strange crotchets.'

Hartford pressed nearer. The Duke did not retire, but he erected his lofty head and threw into his countenance more scorn than a horse could stomach.

'But I must confess all to your Majesty,' said Hartford. He stepped a little behind him—placed his lips to his ear and muttered in a fiendish kind of undertone, some sentence which took about two minutes in delivering.

I watched Zamorna intently, and so did the rest. Whether it was

that he was conscious our eyes were fixed upon him and he was resolved not to let us see that the communication affected him, or that he really took it with indifference, I know not—but not a muscle of his face moved. His features remained fixed in the same cold haughty smile to which they were moulded before. However, he lost all colour. When Hartford finished the whisper and stepped back from that close proximity, his Monarch's cheek was rather livid than ruddy.

'I am flattered by your confidence my Lord,' he said, with precisely the same sneering accent he had used all along, 'and will take an early opportunity of rewarding it by some corresponding token of regard. I pity the aberration of reason and the taint of morals which puts imaginations of that sort into your head—but courage, my Lord—with proper attention from keepers and mad-Doctors you may yet do well.'

'Good evening to your Grace,' replied Hartford, grimly smiling.

'Good evening, my Lord,' said his Sovereign, with a smile equally grim. 'You and I will meet again yet.'

'Aye in Hell!' retorted Hartford, as he turned on his heel and left the room.

I noticed that Enara heaved an unusually profound sigh when he was gone, and directly afterwards the worthy Tiger remembered that he had a piece of business to transact that night which could on no account be neglected. He was rising to go and look after it when his Majesty placed his hand on his shoulder and so restrained him in his seat.

'No Henri, that move shall not pass. I know what piece of business you allude to—but if you interfere in it remember this; I shall consider it the unkindest cut you ever gave me.'

'I am not accustomed to dispute your Majesty's commands,' said Enara, 'and so I shall hold my hand at your bidding, but allow me to say that I think you take a most mistaken view of the proper method to proceed in this matter.'

Mr Warner, who had been regarding the whole of these transactions with mute lips but not less vigilance of eye, now took up the word, 'I confess myself,' said he, 'unable to comprehend this affair in all its bearings. Scenes may have been acted behind the regular stage which, if known, would change the aspect of the business and amply justify many things which now seem of doubtful discretion. Yet judging according to the light which I have, I feel it this night to be my bounden duty to communicate without false-play to my Sovereign, the opinion I have formed on this subject. Your Majesty knows I have always told you faithfully what to me seemed right and what far wrong in your dealings with your subjects—and I will fol-



low that straight path now, though it may to me sometimes be a rugged one.

My Lord Duke, Lord Hartford spake truly this night when he said he sat here the representative of one of the oldest families in Angria—and being such, and also a man of sound political principle,—whatever his private errors may have been—reason tells me he was entitled to consideration whenever a servant of the country was wanted to promote that country's deepest interests. Sir William Percy will allow me to say in his presence that I know not a braver or more honourable man than he, or one whose career in the service of Angria has been more wholly free from the sin of selfish defection. But still, even he, I think, cannot resist the conviction that Hartford had higher claims to the confidence of his Sovereign than could possibly have been possessed by a stranger to the country—his subaltern in rank and by twenty years his junior in age.

Your Majesty will recollect that I was not primarily consulted about this appointment or I should have stated these objections before. You applied to General Enara before, and on General Enara's shoulders be the responsibility of the advice he gave you.'

'I take it' said Enara, 'I've borne worse weights than the sin of ousting a half-mad rake from Office.'

'Well Arundel, have you nothing to say?' asked the Duke, addressing his handsome Chevalier, who sat silent opposite him, displaying by far the finest head of the three Councillors—but between ourselves Townshend, I conceive the least brains to furnish it.

He changed his position, and looking at his Majesty, answered: 'It seems to me that Mr Warner is disposed to assume a very dictatorial tone to-night. I wonder where he would limit his encroachments on the royal prerogative, if your Majesty is to be denied the privilege of excluding from your confidence, a man who before now has abused that confidence so basely as Lord Hartford has done.'

Mr Warner was now getting irritated. He dismissed his calm manner and returned to his usual querulous tone:

'Your Majesty' said he 'is surrounded by flatterers—those filthy fungi that feed on the vices of royalty and eat into its heart. As far as I can understand the matter, Lord Hartford has entertained no thought of a nature to sully your Majesty's honour. He has only disoblged you where your irregular passions are concerned, and why for such a venial offence as that, should a nobleman of the country be persecuted and neglected as he has been?

I know very well by your Majesty's eye at this moment, that your blood is boiling against me for my plain-speaking. I know your resolution is so fixed of barring every door of preferment and every avenue of Court favour against that unfortunate nobleman, that you

would rather put all to the hazard than admit him. Your Majesty is rash—revengeful.’

‘Mr Warner!’ said Lord Arundel in an undertone expressing mingled surprise and indignation, ‘Mr Warner! you had better pause. If you speak many more words in that strain, I shall feel it my duty to take measures I would rather abstain from.’

Mr Warner was now fully excited. He turned like a wild-cat on Lord A. ‘Do you hector me Sir? Do you dictate what I shall say, and what I shall leave unsaid? I tell you it is you and such as you who are the bane of Monarchical Government. You are the panders to royal vice—the instigators to royal crime.’

A youthful King surrounded by men of your stamp and Enara’s—is like untried innocence exposed to the temptations of experienced infamy. You minister to his carnal desires—you inflame the lust of the flesh, the pride of the eye, and the pride of life—you stifle every better and higher thought in him—you prejudice his heart and stop his ears against the solemn voice of whosoever would warn him of his danger. You tempt him down to Hell along a path strewn with flowers.’

‘Amen!’ exclaimed his Majesty, who during the exordium had been alternately taking snuff and looking at a map. ‘Amen, Warner—is the Sermon over? It went off with a twang. Now that was none of your sugared dainties—the cakes the Devil flings to poor deluded souls, with a view to persuade them they’ll have such every day when they come to his place. It was a taste of the real bread of life—bitter as gall—sour as vinegar—choky as chaff—Frederick and Henri, how do you like it?’

‘It’s what we’re used to,’ said Enara quite coolly.

‘But,’ continued the Duke, ‘don’t you think the reverend Gentleman was particularly strong in that last clause! The word “Hell” comes in like the genuine thing. I’ve heard an old fellow in the north whip it into his sermons with just such an emphasis.’

‘My Lord Duke, you may jest,’ said Warner, ‘but it is true nevertheless. Sir I can have no interested motives in what I have said. I am not partial to Lord Hartford—you know I am not. There was a time when your Majesty made him your bosom companion—when his Lordship formed one of that very set against which I have just now been inveighing—and outdid them all in prostrate adulation of your Majesty’s failings. His character, I think, is more nearly akin to Lord Arundel’s and General Enara’s than to mine; and when your Majesty was partial to him I used to warn you of his atrocities and show you to what bourne they tended.’

‘Yes!’ retorted the Duke. ‘When I thought well of Hartford you traduced him, Warner. Now, when I hold him in utter detestation,

and when you know I have formed resolutions against him too strong ever to be softened—you shift ground and call him an Angel. Were I to do as you wish me and give him my hand again, he would be a Devil to-morrow—and Enara I've only to quarrel with you to produce the same effect. The moment we parted in wrath, Warner would discover sainted virtues in your character which he never dreamt of before. O, Howard, but you're jealous—jealous!

'Your Grace is privileged to insult me with impunity,' said Mr Warner, evidently touched at the quick by this insinuation.

'I don't insult you, Howard,' continued our Czar, leaning over the table towards him. 'I know you wish me well and have a most magnanimous notion of doing your duty without reference to selfish considerations. Much too of what you say about these fellows is quite right—they're all raff Howard, and but very little better than they should be. Moreover, it is not to tell the harm they've done me. Enara there has been my ruin. I was one of the best-intentioned young men that ever blew, before I made his acquaintance. You know what a spotless character I bore in the days of my Marquisite, and now my reputation's so damaged it has hardly a leg left to stand on. However, one little puzzle has entered my head which I should like you to solve.

I remember two or three years ago when there was a harmless old aristocrat about by the name of Northangerland, you entertained a somewhat different opinion of the persons here present. All the vials of your wrath were then emptied on the innocent head of the elderly nobleman before alluded to. He was the seducer of my youth—the misleader of my morals, and above all, the underminer of my royal popularity. These gentlemen were the true props of the throne—the real friends of the Monarchy. I can distinctly recollect growing very weary of the changes continually rung in my ears on the honest worth and ill-rewarded fidelity of General Fernando di Enara and Frederick Lord Arundel. How is this, Howard?

'Your Majesty can best explain paradoxes of your own framing,' replied Warner.

'I shall explain it easily' said the Duke 'but to do so I should have to repeat that little word which annoyed you so before.'

'Then,' said the Premier, 'all my labours in your Majesty's cause turn on the point of jealousy, do they? And from that motive I am wasting life and health—sacrificing time and happiness in the service of a Sovereign who rewards me by taunts.'

Warner was looking down—his head, which judging from the heavy aspect of his eyes, seemed to ache, rested on his hand. He did not see the look which was turned on him by Zamorna—and the proud magnate would not express his feelings in words.

There was a silence of some time, and then his Grace turning to me said in a changed and cheerful tone: 'Well Sir William, you will leave us to-morrow if all be well. Now my lad, do you think you'll have heart and nerve to go through with this ticklish business? Those must be quick away Percy who would work in secret and escape the dangers of detection.'

'I have considered that, my Lord Duke,' returned I, 'and I don't see the sense of being terrified at risks which will be hazarded.'

He smiled quietly. 'I know you've some determination Percy or I should not have selected you to be the concealed agent of these transactions. You have I believe all instruments and documents needful in your commission.'

'All but one paper Sire, which I was instructed to ask for here.'

'I know,' said he, and taking out his pocket-book, he opened the silver clasp and handed to me a letter on which, when I cast my eyes, an autograph direction including a name which somehow made my hand tremble.

'That will speed you on your way,' said he. 'You will halt one night at the place where you deliver that letter and receive a few instructions which cannot be given you so satisfactorily elsewhere.'

I bowed. The letter I will just tell you was directed to 'Miss Laury, Lodge of Rivaux, Hawkscliffe.'

Zamorna now rose from his arm-chair. It was a signal that the Council was dissolved. At the same moment a clock struck eleven, and the three statesmen rose also, and so did I. They bowed to the Duke, and wished him Good Evening. He standing on the hearth returned the greeting of each. Arundel and Enara left the room together. Warner was last, and I saw his eyes meet those of his master as he turned at the door. The Duke smiled and turned away.

You will ask me Townshend, why I lingered when these great men departed. It was to make a request which I did not chuse them to hear.

When they were gone and the door was closed, I walked up to my mighty brother-in-law and said boldly: 'Sire, may I see my sister?'

He said something about it's being late, but I did not withdraw the petition. Then he told me to follow him, and I did so. He took me through a great many winding ways—the mazes of which he seems very well acquainted with—though it was now pitch dark. He stopped at a little curtained door and went in, saying I was to wait without a moment.

I stood in the dark, listening to the low sound of his voice in the room, and the scarce audible answers of another person. I heard him call me and I entered. My sister's apartment was what you might expect such a man to lodge his Queen in.

She and Zamorna were standing together by the fire. I have always determined in my intercourse with her to demean myself towards her as an elder brother may without degradation. I feel towards her as the only thing in the world between whom and myself close blood-relationship has brought natural affection.

I went towards her. 'I thought sister I should like to bid you Good-bye,' I said.

'You go away to-morrow I believe?' she returned in a low hurried kind of voice.

'Yes.'

'Is there anything I can say or do for you before your departure?' she asked.

'No.'

'You do not know when you are likely to return?'

'No.'

'If you have time it would interest me to hear from you during your absence.'

'I do not think I shall have any time for writing private letters.'

'Good-bye William.'—She held out her hand and I took it.

'Good-bye Mary.'

'I wish you well,' she continued, turning her face away.

'God bless you.'—I pressed her hand again—bowed to my brother-in-law who stood leaning his elbow on the mantle-piece and watching my sister.

And so she and I parted.

Townshend you Prig, the postage for this packet will burn a hole in your pockets. To-morrow, hurrah for Paris! Like a cossack I don't care a cracked penny for the whole world. I'm a made man. There'll be no old Talleyrand to baffle me—and let meaner vermin set their houses in order.

Your's the first Statesman of the day,  
William Percy.'

# LOVE AND WARFARE

PATRICK BRANWELL BRONTE

The following prose fragments are all Angrian in subject. The MSS. are in microscopic writing and contain a total of about 13,000 words. They are bound in full calf under the above title.

1. 'Five years have now elapsed since the close of the Angrian War,' 2 pp., initialled at the top, Dec. 15, 1838.
2. 'My Lord, circumstances which have occurred in this neighbourhood,' at the top 'Head Quarters, Combs on the Etrei, Jan. 1839.' 2½ pp., signed at the end, 'John King, Major in the 19th Infantry.' Addressed to an imaginary secretary of war.
3. 'To begin in the received manner,' 6½ pp., initialled at the top, Feb. 4, 1839, and containing two pieces of verse—'Drink to me only with thine eyes,' and 'From the thunder of the battle.'
4. "'Matilda," said I to the Countess,' initialled at the top, Feb. 21, 1839, 8 pp., signed also in full, Haworth and the same date.
5. 'Upon one of the . . . ' initialled at the top, April, 1839. 1½ pp.

Bonnell Collection, Philadelphia.

# THE LAST OF ANGRIA

CHARLOTTE BRONTË

Of the fragmentary manuscripts of Charlotte for the period 1839, there is in the Henry Elkins Widener Library, Harvard University, a short story of the adventures of Captain Henry Hastings of the 19th Regiment, who shot the commanding colonel. It is written in microscopic handwriting on 49 pp. 8vo.

There is also a manuscript 'Caroline Vernon,' c. July 1839, which is not signed or dated, and which has been printed in an abbreviated form in Miss F. E. Ratchford's *Legends of Angria*.

It contains seventeen chapters and is written on 106 pp. in microscopic writing. On the last page of the manuscript appears a copy of the poem beginning 'Life believe is not a dream' printed under the title of 'Life' in *Poems by Currer, Ellis and Acton Bell* (1846), and in The Shakespeare Head Edition of *The Poems of Charlotte Brontë and Patrick Branwell Brontë*, p. 42.

A determination to cease writing on these Angrian subjects is contained in a quarter page of a manuscript which runs as follows:

'I have now written a great many books and for a long time have dwelt on the same characters and scenes and subjects. I have shown my landscapes in every variety of shade and light which morning, noon, and evening—the rising, the meridian and the setting sun can bestow upon them. Sometimes I have filled the air with the whitened tempest of winter: snow has embossed the dark arms of the beech and oak and filled with drifts the parks of the lowlands or the mountain-pass of wilder districts. Again, the same mansion with its woods, the same moor with its glens, has been softly coloured with the tints of moonlight in summer, and in the warmest June night the trees have clustered their full-plumed heads over glades flushed with flowers. So it is with persons. My readers have been habituated to one set of features, which they have seen now in profile, now in full face, now in outline, and again in finished painting—varied but by the change of feeling or temper or age; lit with

love, flushed with passion, shaded with grief, kindled with ecstasy; in meditation and mirth, in sorrow and scorn and rapture; with the round outline of childhood, the beauty and fullness of youth, the strength of manhood, and the furrows of thoughtful decline ; but we must change, for the eye is tired of the picture so oft recurring and now so familiar.

‘Yet do not urge me too fast, reader: it is no easy theme to dismiss from my imagination the images which have filled it so long; they were my friends and my intimate acquaintances, and I could with little labour describe to you the faces, the voices, the actions, of those who peopled my thoughts by day, and not seldom stole strangely even into my dreams by night. When I depart from these I feel almost as if I stood on the threshold of a home and were bidding farewell to its inmates. When I strive to conjure up new inmates I feel as if I had got into a distant country where every face was unknown and the character of all the population an enigma which it would take much study to comprehend and much talent to expound. Still, I long to quit for awhile that burning clime where we have sojourned too long—its skies flame—the glow of sunset is always upon it—the mind would cease from excitement and turn now to a cooler region where the dawn breaks grey and sober, and the coming day for a time at least is subdued by clouds.’



# PATRICK BRANWELL BRONTË

The following little play, which Branwell wrote in June, 1830 and which he states was finished in two days, is remarkable evidence that this child of 13 was well read and had some considerable knowledge of ancient history. The manuscript is now in the Brotherton Collection Library, University of Leeds.

## CARACTACUS

A DRAMATIC POEM

BY PATRICK Branwell

Bronte

IN

ONE

VOLUMN

QUARTO

B

Y

YOUNG (TR)

SOULT

Cheif Glass Town Printed and Sold

by

SEARGEANT TREE

Duke of Wellingtons

Glasstown. S. Price & Co

CAPTAIN E PARRYs

Glasstown S. Jenvills

CAPTIN J. Ross's

Glasstown & Caleton

“In Dramatic Poetry the passions are the cheif thing and in  
“Proportion as exelence in the depicting of these is ob  
“tained so the writer of the poem takes his class am  
“ong dramatic authors”

C. Bud's Synopsis of Dra  
matic writing Vol 1 p 130.

JUNE 26. A D 1830.

# THE CARACTACUS.

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matic Literature Vol 7. p 130.

JUNE 26. AD 1830

# CHARACTERS

I CARACTACUS		16 times mentioned.		
II MUMIUS	Fabulous	23	”	”
III CARTISMANDUA		8	”	”
IV CLAUDIUS		6	”	”
V CARAUSIUS	Fabulous	3	”	”
VI ICENUS	Fabulous	4	”	”
VII BRIGANTES	Fabulous	1	”	”
VIII OSTORIUS		4	”	”
IX CAPT <sup>n</sup> . OF THE				
GUARDS	Fabulous	2	”	”
X BARDS	Fabulous	1	”	”
XI PEOPLE OF ROME		1	”	”
XII BRITONS		2	”	”
XII		72	”	”

## PREFACE

OF the events recorded in this poem, those which are not fictitious are took from the early English History. And the truth stands thus:—

‘When the Romans under the command Ostorius Scapula A.D. 51 invaded Britain Caractacus a British King undertook to defend his country and therefore put himself at the head of a large army of Britons. With these he retired to the Mountains of Wales perpetually harassing the Romans for nine years, till at last being obliged to come to a decisive engagement wherein he was defeated: but however he fled to Cartismandua Queen of the Brigantes who basely delivered him up to the Romans. He was with other prisoners carried to Rome. When he was brought there nothing could exceed the curiosity of the people to behold a man who for nine years had braved their choicest legions. On his part he testified not the least sort of dejection and while the other captives were mostly begging their pardon, Caractacus stood before the Tribunes with an intrepid air and seemed rather willing to accept pardon than meanly solicitous of suing it, and in consequence of his manly and heroic behaviour, the Emperor Claudius gave him and them full and immediate LIBERTY.

This is the true history of Caractacus, but whatever deviations I have made must be ascribed to the Nature of the Poem not Myself, which allows far more latitude in this respect than I have given it, but I now leave the work to my readers. Let them who are impartial judge me and my work, not the base and sneering critics who having no excellence of their own employ themselves in underrating those of others.

Young Soult.

Paris, June 28.  
Anno Domini 1830.

P.B.B.

## ACT FIRST

P. B. Brontë June 26.

AD.1830.AD.

### SCENE

#### I

*The palace of CARTISMANDUA, the queen seated on her throne, CARACTACUS BRIGANTES and CARAUSIUS kneeling before her. The Druids &c. standing round.*

CARACTACUS.

O Queen a humble suppliant kneels before you,  
Caractacus my Name, once high in Power,  
But late there came to desolate my land  
The Romans keen in war and eagle eyed:  
They drove us from our homes and native forests,  
They burnt our towns and ravaged all our lands.  
Long I withstood but Fortune on them shone,  
And we were worn with Famine Plagues & care;  
Like billows rushing onward to the shore  
Even so they came in thousands after thousands,  
T'oppose were vain. So slowly we withdrew  
And wandered exiles. Till amid these woods  
We saw to cheer our souls these rising towers,  
And now, O Queen, I kneel before your throne  
A suppliant not for my life but my country's.

CARTISMANDUA.

Arise, Caractacus I, know your deeds,  
Your Wars your exploits Fame round all the earth  
Has blown them. In my Palace rest yourselves  
Till from these clouds the smiling beams of Fortune  
Burst forth and show the way to glorious victory.

CARACTACUS.

O Queen your name for this in after times  
Shall brightly shine 'The Helper up of Britain.'

MUMTUS, a Druid.

Will the Romans give rewards to those who take you?

## CARACTACUS.

Yes! For my head they offer crowns and kingdoms  
And heaps of gold.

## CARTISMANDUA.

Proclaim a splendid Feast  
To receive a king with Honour worthy of Him.  
Go now Caractacus, you needs must want  
Sweet rest for 'tis the balm of every pain.

*[CARACTACUS and his Followers depart leaving the queen alone with  
her Druids and a chief named ICENUS. Druid MUMIUS, chief ICENUS.]*

## MUMIUS.

Queen, hearest thou what he said? Crowns, kingdoms, gold  
Are offered for him. Ill would it beseem  
One so renowned for wisdom not to seize  
That way to power shown to thee by the Romans.

## CARTISMANDUA.

What say you? Shall I act so base a part  
As to deliver up a stranger, one who fled  
To me for shelter? Rather would I die!

## MUMIUS.

Stop Queen! The gods require not such a strict  
Performance of the rights of hospitality,  
They offer to thee riches, glories, honour.  
Why should thou slight these offers?

## CARTISMANDUA.

Slight them! yes!  
There are no gods who offer these to me  
To yield a stranger to the merciless Fury  
Of the ferocious and cool blooded Romans!  
'Twere not the act of human creatures, rather  
Of the most savage & the wildest beasts.

## MUMIUS.

No one shall know the deed; thou needst but tell  
The Roman General thou hast seized Caractacus,  
In he will enter like a noiseless River  
And seize the wretch among his silent waters.  
Icenus what sayest thou?

ICENUS.

Naught but what thou sayest.  
For what else should I say? Seize him, O Queen!  
Or else thou wilt repent when in the dungeon  
Thou liftest up thy eyes and sees him seated  
High on thy throne thy sceptre in his hand,  
King of thy country, having seized thy power  
Who too securely trusted him.

CARTISMANDUA.

I waver, shall I? No the—

MUMIUS.

Away the thought!  
The rights of hospitality! away! away!  
Icenus, go thou to the Roman general  
He's not far distant.

ICENUS.

Yes, and quickly too!

[*Depart.*]

CARTISMANDUA.

Stop, O Icenus. Stop, what can I do  
T' avert the storm which hangs upon thy head  
Caractacus? Mumius, I am a queen  
Remember that. How dare you—

MUMIUS.

Kill me Queen,  
But if thou dost the vengeance of the gods  
Shall fall upon thee like some dreadful tempest  
Which rushes on the plain with horrid noise,  
Sweeping away whole woods and villages  
Into eternal everlasting ruin.

[*All depart.*]

SCENE 2D

*Night. A Hall in Cartismandua's palace. CARACTACUS, and his companions in misfortune CARAUSIUS and BRIGANTES seated together conversing.*

BRIGANTES.

What unexpected changes oft the Gods  
Give to us. It is like a low'ring sky,

Black clouds and tempests overcast its surface  
 While we despair of all but storms and waters;  
 But lo, the clouds break up, a beam of sunshine  
 Shoots through the hazy mist to cheer our souls,  
 The flowers lift their heads, the wild birds sing,  
 And all is joy and lightness, so our state.  
 Lately the Romans with a bloody Fury  
 O'erwhelmed us, drove us from our native soil,  
 But now we find relief and joyous comfort  
 Protected by this queen.

CARACTACUS.

'Tis so my friend,  
 But hope not thou too highly; damp forebodings  
 Now chill my soul. I feel surely  
 We have not yet passed through our hardest journey.  
 Sawest thou that Druid, hoary white with age,  
 Who stood beside the throne; saw'st thou his frown,  
 His eye which shone upon us with a radiance  
 Which show'd that Death was brooding in his heart?  
 Yet though I fear him not, yet still I'll heed him.

CARAUSIUS.

Fear him! No!

[*Enter OSTORIUS Roman general, MUMIUS the Druid with soldiers.*]

MUMIUS.

Now we have caught the sin in the toils!

CARACTACUS.

Stand back! what want you here?

MUMIUS,

Come, soldiers, bind him.

CARACTACUS.

Stand back or die! What you, O Roman, here?  
 Think on my power on the well-fought field  
 Of Cambria when the rivers red with blood  
 Ran rolling to the main. Think on my power  
 When with my sword I forced your men to yield,  
 And made my way through lanes of slaughtered foes!



OSTORIUS.

I know you Briton, then you conquered me;  
But now your turn is come, or yield or perish!

BRIGANTES.

What! yield to you foul Roman? No, I would not  
Even though I stood with thousand enemies  
On all sides round me with uplifted swords.

MUMIUS.

Rush on them soldiers, bind them with these chains,  
Kill those who dare oppose you.

CARACTACUS.

Old man what say you?  
Die first thyself.

*[Rushes on MUMIUS who flies off.]*

CARAUSIUS.

O Brave and valiant man!  
*[The Romans rush on & seize all but CARACTACUS who stands still, menacing them with his drawn sword.]*

CARACTACUS.

Come on, ye Romans, is a wall before me?  
What hinders you from rushing on me? Come!  
How is't that you before whose conqu'ring eagles  
Whole Kingdoms tremble kneeling to adore you,  
How is't that you are held at bay by one?  
One only man and he a wand'ring exile!

OSTORIUS.

Give thyself up.

CARACTACUS.

Take me, I stand before you.

OSTORIUS.

Rush Soldiers bind him fast with iron chains.

ROMANS.

We dare not!

## CARACTACUS.

Firm as a rock I stand, around  
 Whose base the billows dash and loudly murmur,  
 Striving to shake it but amid the clouds  
 It soars unmindful of their din.

[MUMIUS again enters surrounded by guards, and trembling—

## MUMIUS.

Gold, Romans,  
 Gold will I give you, this shall be your pay.  
 [holds out a purse of gold.

CARACTACUS [advancing towards them].

I now myself surrender. Keep thy gold  
 Old man, for all the world is not like thee,  
 All prize not gold as the chief human god.

[They take him.

## MUMIUS.

Now burn him on the Altars of our gods.

## OSTORIUS.

Thy gods, old man. But know the Romans care not  
 For gods like thine. Caractacus, thou goest  
 To Rome. Imperial Cæsar there shall judge thee.

[Him and his companions are led off.

## SCENE 3D.

*Another room in the palace of Cartismandua. MUMIUS and CARTISMANDUA herself, with Bards.*

## MUMIUS.

Well, I have executed half my purpose,  
 I've set my face against the least compassion  
 Like some vast rock its stony front opposing  
 To all the rage of warring elements;  
 But still 'tis not accomplished, yet the villain  
 Must go to Rome th' eternal city, there  
 To meet the scorn and the reproach of thousands  
 For having braved so long their choicest armies.

## CARTISMANDUA.

To meet the scorn and the reproach of thousands!  
 O Mumiſ, could they scorn the man who waged

A war of nine long years against all their force,  
The force of Rome?

MUMIUS [*aside*].

Ah! does the queen still thwart me?

But she shall suffer.

[*Enter ICENUS with the reward given them by the Roman general.*]

ICENUS.

Here is the reward;

Of all our bloody deeds I now repent.

What have we done! The thought like piercing lightning  
Strikes me—we have betrayed a confiding stranger.

MUMIUS [*eagerly snatching at the money*].

What now Icenus? Why so womanish?

Call up your spirits like the new fledged eagle,

Lo, here is gold enough to buy a kingdom,

Half's for my self & take the rest to thee,

And to the Queen, for I—I have worked the hardest.

CARTISMANDUA.

No, Mumius and Icenus take your gains,

I will have none. I wash my hands of all

Your foul and murderous and base conspiracies.

[*She departs.*]

MUMIUS.

Icenus! how she thwarts us let us kill her,

For she'll not let us rest till in the tomb

She lies.

ICENUS [*starting back*].

Ha! Villain! Murderer! base conspirator!

What, having killed thy guest, at least nigh killed him,

To kill thy Queen!

MUMIUS.

Soft, softly speak Icenus,

Or else the Bards will hear our plots and darkness.

Icenus now I feel an inward dampness.

A horror in my soul, 'tis guilt, guilt, guilt!

Sing Bards. It may divert my melancholy.

BARDS [*sing this song*].

- 1       Unto our Fathers in the sky  
          This joyful song we raise,  
          Round the whole earth their Fame shall fly  
          Borne by our tuneful lays.
- 2       If, on the billowy ocean  
          Like misty clouds they sail,  
          Or on the Tempest howling loud,  
          Or on the mighty gale.
- 3       Or, if in distant kingdoms  
          They pour the storms of war,  
          Upon the cursed inhabitants  
          In civil hate and jar.
- 4       Or if in Desert Halls they  
          Sit like giants hoar,  
          Our gladdening and our tuneful songs  
          Into their ears we'll pour.
- 5       Like sweetly murm'ring waters  
          Which through the meadows flow,  
          Or like the loud and passing wind  
          Which 'mid the forests blow.
- 6       And when thou diest Mumius,  
          Thy Fame shall swiftly run,  
          From the rising to the setting of  
          The chariot of the sun.
- 7       Unto our Fathers in the sky  
          Our joyful songs we'll raise,  
          Round the whole world their Fame shall fly  
          Borne by our tuneful lays.

End of the  
FIRST ACT. P. B. B.  
June 26 1830.

## ACT THE SECOND

## SCENE FIRST

*CARACTACUS having been conveyed to the City of Rome, is seen seated in a dismal dungeon lighted by a glimmering lamp and the moonbeams which stream through the small grated window.*

CARACTACUS.

Fortune, how fickle and how vain thou art,  
One hour thou smil'st upon th' unhappy wretch  
Who is deluded by thy tempting offers,  
The next struck by thy with'ring frown he falls  
Into the black abyss of hopeless woe.  
Just so the sky unspotted by a cloud  
Foretelleth not the dark and coming tempest,  
All is serene, but lo! above the brow  
Of yon high mountain thick and gloomily  
It comes, o'ershadowing all the wide stretched plains,  
Fierce lightning flashes from its sides, and thunder  
Mixed with rain rolls round the darkened world.  
And where so late was calm and joyous sunshine,  
Now stretches wide a bleak and stormy region;  
For thus, O Fortune, hast thou been to me  
Who late in Britain braved Rome's choicest legions.  
But 'Thou and Fell Adversity conspired  
To throw me from mine eminence, Adversity!  
Who enters in the roofs of king and peasant  
All men are subject to its visits; all men  
Have seen its haggard features, fierce as lightning  
It hurls the monarch from his throne, the proud man  
It makes to bite the dust in wild despair.  
Excepting Hope, nought can allay its terrors.  
Hope which e'en in the dungeon lights the eye  
Of the poor criminal and bears him up  
When tossed upon life's wide and stormy ocean.  
And the huge billows of Adversity break o'er him.  
And now, while in this damp and darksome cell,  
O Hope, I cast my ling'ring eyes upon thee.  
Thou art my lamp where bright but glimmering rays  
Do light me on my way, when o'er Adversity's  
Thorny and darksome wilderness I travel.  
Nor wilt thou leave my footsteps till I gain

That broad and stormy torrent which no man  
Has e'er o'ercome, 'Death's loud and billowy waters.'

*[Enter MUMIUS the British Druid, who wishing to see Caractacus's death has come to Rome to see it, and also Guards to take him before the Emperor Claudius.]*

MUMIUS.

Rise up, thou wretch, and make obeisance to me.  
Is not thy spirit broken yet?

CARACTACUS.

No, Mumius,  
Nor ever will be. 'Tis a giant oak  
Which winds and storms do not o'erthrow but strengthen.

MUMIUS.

Wretch, villain, know that like a criminal  
Thou'rt to be dragged before the Roman Emperor,  
And there to die amid the shouts of thousands.  
Look, here is my reward for taking thee. *[holds out his gold]*  
Do you not envy me my riches, villain?

CARACTACUS.

No, Mumius, I do not, but hear this,  
Not all the gold and wealth of Rome would tempt me  
To do the like to thee or such another.  
Would I betray a wand'ring exiled stranger  
Who trusted I would save him from the fury  
Of the merciless Romans! Never, Mumius, never!!!

CAPTAIN OF THE GUARD

Caractacus, come to await the judgment  
Of Rome's imperial monarch, as to you  
Old Briton, know we Romans do not reverence you,  
So scoff not at the oppressed and desolate  
Though he must die, yet not a better fate  
Awaits you, rascal.

MUMIUS.

O valiant Roman, if you'll get me pardoned  
This gold is yours.

CAPTAIN.

Ah! Ah! vain man, nor gold nor all thy treasure  
Could get thee pardoned if it were decreed  
That you should die, but 'tis not yet commanded.

MUMIUS.

O Valiant Roman, much I thank you for  
Your generosity to me your slave.

*[Gladly puts up his purse. All depart.]*

SCENE 2.

*The Amphitheatre. CLAUDIUS the Emperor seated on his throne surrounded by his attendants &c. OSTORIUS his general with several others, on his right hand. The British Chiefs BRIGANTES and CARAUSIUS, with other minor Britons before him, an immense crowd of Romans &c. looking on*

CARAUSIUS *[kneeling]*.

Spare us, great Emperor, spare us yet a little  
We do implore thee, O august and mighty  
Claudius before whose golden eagles fly  
Whole kingdoms, and before whose awful frown  
Their Monarchs fall, we in the dust for pardon  
Beg, repentant, and never more against thee  
Will we uplift our vain and feeble arms.

BRITONS.

O King, we echo these our chieftain's prayers.

CLAUDIUS.

Where is your King Caractacus? Go Soldiers,  
Go bring him hither.

SOLDIERS.

Yes, but lo! he comes.

*[CARACTACUS enters surrounded by soldiers, with MUMIUS who very officiously has come with them.]*

CLAUDIUS.

Art thou the king of these ferocious Britons,  
Who has for nine long years braved all our Legions?

CARACTACUS [*advancing forward and standing intrepidly before the Emperor*].

Yes, I am he. I glory in my deeds,  
 And if I had the power this glorious city  
 Should soon be one wide waste of tossing flames!  
 And you, O King, should perish by these arms!  
 What did I do? Defend my native country  
 From desolation—from the merciless fury  
 Of you, O greedy and destructive Romans!  
 Ah! how is it that you, O mighty Romans,  
 Possessed of such magnificence, these Temples  
 Whose glitt'ring domes shine like the meridian sun,  
 This wide-spread city and whole hills of gold,  
 Whose glory fame has spread round all the world!  
 How is it possible that you should envy  
 Me, a barbarian in my native forests  
 A peaceful cottage and unharming people!  
 But such you are—can never rest content  
 Without the world lies prostrate at your feet.  
 But King, your victories resound as much  
 Unto your honour as to my disgrace,  
 For had I given up the war as hopeless  
 When first it shed its lurid beams upon us,  
 Then neither my dishonour nor your glory  
 Would e'er have drawn the thunders of applause  
 Which now I hear from these your mighty subjects,  
 Not then would all this height of human grandeur,  
 This pomp, these golden eagles and these chariots,  
 And high triumphal arches have been planned,  
 But softly stealing waters of Oblivion  
 Had flowed on you, Ostorius and on me.  
 But Roman, now I stand alone before you,  
 Not with my armies and the storms of war,  
 But a poor prisoner bound with iron chains  
 I'm at your mercy, if my life be spared  
 I shall remain an everlasting monument  
 Of Roman clemency and moderation.

CLAUDIUS.

Caractacus thou now hast shewn thyself  
 An enemy worthy of the Roman arms.  
 Thy air, thy stature and thy kingly dignity  
 Do give thee title to complete forgiveness  
 Soldiers, release their bonds.



ROMAN PEOPLE.

Long live the Emperor!

BRITONS.

We thank thee with our hearts, most mighty Claudius.

MUMIUS [*throwing himself before the Emperor*].

Hear me, O Emperor, hear me of thy clemency.  
This villain whom thou now hast rashly pardoned  
Thinks to dethrone thee, nay he has already  
Planned his design. Then let the executioner  
Send him a victim to the shades below.

CLAUDIUS.

Old man! who art thou?

CARACTACUS.

Great Emperor, this is he  
Who has betrayed me to your conqu'ring legions  
With such a malice as might well befit  
One whom I had persecuted and destroyed  
His house and all his wealth with wasting flames.

CLAUDIUS.

Hence with him, give the wretch that recompense  
His guilt demands, go soldiers, go behead him.

MUMIUS.

Mercy O Emperor! Spare me yet a little!  
Grant me a day of life and all my gold,  
My choicest treasures I will yield to thee  
For but an hour, one only hour of life.  
I cannot die!

CLAUDIUS.

Wretch, thinkst thou that thy gold  
Can buy thee Life? No! To the scaffold with him.

MUMIUS.

Then must I die! O Life fly swift away!  
I hate the sun! I sicken at the sight,  
But yet I dare not, no, I will not die!

Despair now seizes me. I feel the flames  
Of guilt, of opened guilt, Caractacus.  
I have betrayed thee, and now thou'st conquered.  
Little did I expect this thunder bolt  
This piercing arrow, this unmoveable sentence!

*[He is hurried off to execution by the soldiers and followed by the shouts  
of the Romans and Britons.]*

### CURTAIN FALLS

Young Soult.

Begun June 26. Ended June 28. A D 1830. Therefore I have  
finished it in 2 days, Sunday, which happened between, being left out.

P. B. BRONTË.

# THE ODES OF QUINTUS HORATIUS FLACCUS

## Book I

PATRICK BRANWELL BRONTË

THE extent of Branwell's reading and scholarship are best illustrated by his translation of 'The Odes of Horace,' the manuscript of which was once in the possession of John Drinkwater. They were privately printed in 1923, at the Pelican Press, with the following Introduction by Mr Drinkwater, which is here reprinted by kind permission. In it he makes a very careful study of this, perhaps the most important, of Branwell's works. The manuscript is signed and dated June 27th, 1840, when Branwell would be 23 years of age. It is now preserved in the Brotherton Collection Library, at the University of Leeds.

## INTRODUCTION BY JOHN DRINKWATER

### I

PATRICK BRANWELL BRONTË died in 1848, at the age of thirty-one. Little celebrated for any achievement of his own, he is a not unfamiliar figure to students of the ever-increasing volume of Brontë literature. Through the life story of his more famous sisters, already sufficiently tragic in itself, his failure of character sounds, perhaps, the most unhappy note of all. The scourge of disease that destroyed the family, and the incessant problem of ways and means, could be faced with a greater fortitude than the constant betrayal of the hopes that were centred in a brother at once highly gifted, beloved, and incurably weak in fibre. Most of the biographers and critics have been agreed upon the matter, and the evidence is plain enough. Branwell made a mess of his life, and he was a cause of great suffering to three brave and devoted women. When drink and opium made an end—or hastened it, since, by the letter, he died of consumption like the others—natural affection can but have been conscious of a deep anxiety gone. But, while bad remains bad, there are aspects of the badness in this case that have, perhaps, been overlooked by Branwell's detractors.

Formal acknowledgment has generally been made of his gifts; they have even been allowed to have been brilliant. Mrs Gaskell tells us how among the children, all pretty much of an age, busily writing their poems and romances, it was the brother who by common consent was to bring fame to the family; she adds, on her own

account, 'he was very clever, no doubt; perhaps, to begin with, the greatest genius in this rare family.' We are told that his wit and talent were sought for the entertainment of strangers by the landlord of the 'Black Bull' at Haworth, in return for a share in the bottle. Other writers, speaking in censure, have nevertheless allowed that the disaster of Branwell's life was the more miserable because of the promise betrayed. What this promise actually was we are not so clearly told. Mrs Gaskell quotes only one fragment of his juvenile verse. It is not notable, but the poor opinion that the biographer expresses of it would be more convincing if she had not already given an equally indifferent specimen of Charlotte's writing as showing 'remarkable poetical talent.' When the sisters published their book of poems in 1846, Branwell's work was not included, though it almost certainly must have been known to them, and was, in flashes, better than anything that the book contained with the exception of Emily's best poems.\* Francis A. Leyland, in *The Brontë Family*†, gave several examples of his work, which did not reappear in book form until Mr A. C. Benson included a very clumsily edited selection in his *Brontë Poems* of 1915. Mr Benson's introduction pays a qualified tribute to Branwell's 'instinct for poetry,' and a yet more qualified one to his expression. This was, perhaps, all that could be asked, it was, in any case, nearer justice than the merely uncritical petulance of Mary F. Robinson and some other writers. The poems recovered, carelessly enough, by Mr Benson, had no more than traces of genius. But they had that. *Noah's Warning over Methusaleh's Grave*, and some twenty lines scattered among the other poems, were not enough to call up more than the ghost of a reputation for Branwell. But they are very good in themselves, and they have this interest: they are tokens of the something in him that gave rise to the tradition of his rare gifts that survives from the family records.

The cherished hope for Branwell, however, was not as a poet, but as a painter. When he was eighteen he was to be sent to the Royal Academy school, but the scheme came to nothing. Yet here, again, we hear of great promise, but when an occasional reference to performance is made, it is disparaging. And, again, the evidence, slight though it is, is against disparagement. I have in my possession one of

\*The reason may well have been that the sisters, in their desire for pseudonymity, could not trust Branwell with the secret

†*The Brontë Family, with special reference to Patrick Branwell Brontë* By Francis A. Leyland Two volumes Hurst & Blackett, 1886. Leyland's book is the most important plea that has been made for Branwell. Mr Shorter, than whom the sisters have had no more faithful and generous student, but who shares the common inability to see any good in Branwell, dismisses the book as merely dull. I don't find it that. It is loosely put together, and it must be allowed that Leyland was no oracle upon literature. But I find it a very readable and informing book. It is also an extremely inconvenient one for the prosecution.

the touching little Haworth manuscripts, a play called *Caractacus*, written by Branwell in 1830, when he was thirteen. It has the charming colophon, 'Begun June 26, Ended June 28, A.D. 1830. Therefore, I have Finished It in 2 days Sunday wich happened between being left out, P. B. Brontë.' The play has unusual constructive power for a child, otherwise it is what we should look for in expression. But it is embellished with two or three marginal sketches that show a decided talent for drawing, and the pages themselves are set out with a quite attractive sense of design. But of much greater importance is the portrait that Branwell painted of his three sisters, when he was older, but still well under twenty. Mr Benson uses it as a frontispiece to his edition, as an interesting record, but in speaking only of its roughness and 'unskilled handling,' he follows Mrs Gaskell, who thinks that the likenesses are admirable, but that it was 'not much better than sign-painting (there are signs and signs) as to manipulation,' and again refers to the 'good likenesses, however badly executed.' Loving Charlotte as she did, it is not surprising that Mrs Gaskell did not like what she knew of Branwell—she never met him—but her affections at least did not sharpen what was perhaps no great natural acumen as an art critic. The painting is in the National Portrait Gallery, and a moment's inspection of it shows it to be, as the production of an almost untutored boy,\* remarkable in more than promise. It has charming qualities of colour, design and characterisation, immature but unmistakable. When, however, we pass from this to Branwell's later portrait of Emily, painted some ten years afterwards, immaturity has gone, and we are in the presence of startling achievement. Mr Milner, the Director of the National Portrait Gallery, tells me that he and his predecessor, Sir Charles Holmes, have always looked upon the picture, since it was bought in 1914, as one of the most beautiful things in the collection. It has the simple tenderness of a Primitive in tone and colour, and is admirably designed and drawn. As a revelation of Emily's character, moreover, it is astonishing. The stormy power of *Wuthering Heights* blends with the premonitions of approaching death. The portrait, the small Medici reproduction of which is used as a frontispiece to the present volume,<sup>1</sup> gives Branwell a modest place among the little masters. And yet even in this connection his assailants have refused to admit plain evidence. They merely betray an ignorance of what painting is, but it is amusing to speculate as to what they would have said if this

\*About this time Charlotte and Branwell were receiving lessons from William Robinson, an artist, of Leeds

<sup>1</sup>This refers to John Drinkwater's edition described above and not to the present reprint of it. The portrait is reproduced in photogravure as a frontispiece to the Shakespeare Head Press edition of *The Poems of Emily Jane Brontë and Anne Brontë*.

could have been shown to be Charlotte's work instead of Branwell's.\*

This, then, is the figure hitherto presented of the 'contemptible caitiff' pilloried by Swinburne, whose moral indignations were sometimes the least impressive things about a great poet and a great gentleman. We find a sensitive and affectionate child, growing with charm into boyhood, talented by report rather than by admitted evidence, drifting into a dissolute young manhood, a drunkard, a sponge, 'culpably negligent' in his employment, acquiring 'all the cunning of the opium-eater,' and wasting himself into a miserable and early death. That is the story as we have it, and, so far as it goes, it is clear. On the whole, Charlotte's letters must be allowed to outweigh even Leyland's testimony. But is there, perhaps, another side of the story that has not been very carefully considered? We have been told, and rightly, that Branwell was a disaster to his family. He cannot be absolved from the lamentable indecision of soul that makes love a bitterness. But even the worst case is never quite so simple as it seems. Is there not something to be said for considering also the disaster that he was to himself and how it came about?

Of Branwell's misused talent more is to be said later, in dealing with the immediate occasion of this little book. For the moment I wish to think a little more closely of the failure of character, but in order to do this I must take it for granted, in advance, that he had a real strain of the poet in him, that the family tradition was well founded, as I hope to show clearly it was. We remember, then, that he was the one boy in a bleak north country vicarage, with no mother, and a father who seems to have been fond but uncertain of temper and not very effective;† the brother of three sisters whose

\* An interesting point arises on looking at these portraits, as Mr Milner suggests. Following Mrs Gaskell's description of the group, it has been accepted always that Charlotte is on the right of the picture as we look at it, Emily in the centre, and Anne on the left. But on comparing it with the later single portrait of Emily, the authenticity of which was vouched for by Mr Nicholls, Charlotte's husband, there seems to be little doubt that Emily is the figure on the left, with Anne in the centre. Mrs Gaskell had never seen either Emily or Anne.

† The Reverend Patrick Brontë, too, made verses, sometimes wonderfully—

Oh when shall we see our dear Jesus,  
His presence from poverty frees us . . .

His *Cottage Poems* (1811) breathe an atmosphere of devastating piousness, but there lingers in them something of the eighteenth century deportment, and in one or two, for example *The Winter-Night Meditations* (published by Longman separately and anonymously in 1810 as *Winter Evening Thoughts*), there is a real touch of Crabbe's power.

The prostitute with faithless smiles,  
Remorseless plays her tricks and wiles  
Her gesture bold, and ogling eye,  
Obtrusive speech, and pert reply,  
And brazen front, and stubborn tone,  
Shew all her native virtue's flown.

\* \* \* \* \*

rare moral sureness of touch was uncertain just in the one matter of looking upon any incipient weakness in him as a sign of budding manliness. It is no excuse for him to say that he was spoilt as a child, but it is to begin to understand something about him. Charlotte and Anne were not poets, Emily and Branwell were. These two had the wildness, the sense of loneliness, the ache for some undefinable thing called freedom, that mark the poet from infancy. The Haworth parsonage was bad lodging for such spirits. Emily found her escape from it on the moors, Branwell his in the 'Black Bull.' His was a bad choice as it happened. He had not the resistance that thrives in taverns, and he was at once on easy terms with temptation. But it is not difficult to see why he was so early ripe for temptation when it came his way.

He spent hours over a map of London until he knew every street and byway in the city, and was able to tell a stranger at the inn of short cuts from Charing Cross, say, to Holborn. 'My aim, sir,' he wrote when he was nineteen to Wordsworth, 'is to push out into the open world.' He had been assured by all the opinion that he knew, at home and in the village, that he was to make a great name. Nobody seems to have gone beyond this to stiffen resolution in himself to make it, and consumption was at work upon his vitality. He loved literature, and he was no poor scholar, as will be shown. It was this boy, sensitive, ambitious, flattered, diseased in a household of disease, who suddenly had placed before him the romantic adventure of going to London to study art. Mrs Gaskell, wantonly as it seems to me, suggests that part of the attraction was that 'he would have a license of action only to be found in crowded cities.' Here at least he might have had the benefit of the doubt. A temperament like Branwell's in youth is on the whole more likely to save itself in the release and preoccupations of London than in the restrictions of Haworth. London was the El Dorado of his imagination, not necessarily a vicious one, and he cared very much about a career in one or another of the arts. The enchanting project fell through. He did not go to the Royal Academy, and, save for a short and hopeless effort to make a living in Bradford in competition with the established artists, he did not become a painter by profession. He became, instead, in turn an

And, now, she practices the art,  
Which snared her unsuspecting heart,

\* \* \* \*

Averse to good, and prone to ill,  
And dexterous in seducing skill,  
To look, as if her eyes would melt,  
T' affect a love, she never felt . . .

The preface, however, must be a unique monument of self-satisfaction, and Mr Brontë was doubtless rather a discouraging person to live with

usher, a private tutor, and a clerk on the Leeds and Manchester Railway.

It might have been expected to pacify Branwell's critics to reflect, from all the available evidence, that if for the short ten years of his manhood he was a great trial to his sisters, he was desperately unhappy himself. It was his own fault, no doubt, but the adage serves. His ambitions were defeated; his hunger for intellectual society was satisfied only by a stray acquaintance on his few visits to Manchester or Liverpool; he chafed in his routine employments as sorely as has many a young man of more effective spirit and determination. He was often at home without the society of his sisters, who were now spending much of their time away as school-teachers, and even when he had not to be alone in what must have been a cheerless home, we may be allowed to wonder whether the companionship of Charlotte, at least, for all her affection, was a very happy one for him. She bore much, and heroically, but there is a grim little story in Leyland of an occasion when Branwell, by a small errand of mercy, made an attempted return to grace. He had done his best, but had failed in his mission, and was miserable about it. He told Charlotte. 'She looked at me with a look I shall never forget. . . . It was not like her at all. . . . It was a dubious look. It ran over me, questioning, and examining, as if I had been a wild beast. . . . It said, "I wonder if that's true?" But, as she left the room, she seemed to accuse herself of having wronged me, (and) smiled kindly upon me. . . . When she was gone I came over here to the "Black Bull," and made a note of it in sheer disgust and desperation. Why could they not give me some credit when I was trying to be good?' It is not a pleasing picture that Branwell gives of himself, but there is a touch of tragic colour in the story that does not come wholly from his own frailties.

He further became involved in a wretched love affair, that had neither health nor hope in it, and so the unhappy tale went on, to-day perhaps with a 'sheriff's officer at the door on a visit to B. inviting him either to pay his debts or to take a trip to York,' to-morrow finding consolation in reading of the latest pugilistic heroes in *Bell's Life* at the 'Black Bull.' And all the time the aspirations of the young poet were smouldering, the care for things of good report persisting. 'He possessed then a familiar and extensive acquaintance with the Greek and Latin authors. He knew well the history and condition of Europe, and of this country, in past and present times,' says Leyland. It was not common stuff that was drifting to ruin. And he knew with a sad bitterness what was happening. 'My heartfelt thanks to you,' he writes at the conclusion of one of his letters, 'for your consideration for one who has none for himself.' At the end, according to the account given by Mrs Gaskell, which, although it is disputed by



Leyland, I hope is true, a moment of his beloved Emily's stubborn courage came to him out of some recess of his nature. 'I have heard, from one who attended Branwell in his last illness, that he resolved on standing up to die. He had repeatedly said that as long as there was life there was strength of will to do what it chose; and when the last agony began, he insisted on assuming the position just mentioned.' Branwell was a tragedy to his sisters, but in his heart there may have been an even deeper tragedy than theirs.

## II.

The extant poems of Branwell Brontë, with three exceptions,\* are to be found in Leyland, and in various manuscripts. Of the last the most considerable is that now printed for the first time. It consists of a complete translation written out entirely in Branwell's own hand, of the First Book of Horace's Odes, omitting the last, of which he says, 'This Ode I have no heart to attempt, after having heard Mr H. Coleridge's translation, on May-day, at Ambleside.'† The manuscript is signed at the end, 'P. B. Brontë,' and dated 'Haworth Nr Bradford Yorks June 27. 1840.' On New Year's Day of that year he had gone to Broughton-in-Furness, on the edge of the Lake District, as tutor in the family of a Mr Postlethwaite, and he returned to Haworth in June, so that most of the translations were presumably made while he held that appointment. He was twenty-three years of age at the time. Just as the portrait of Emily is the most convincing proof of his gifts as a painter, so these translations seem to me to be his best achievement, so far as we can judge, as a poet. They are unequal, and they have many of the bad tricks of writing that come out of some deeply rooted defect of character. But they also have a great many passages of clear lyrical beauty, and they have something of the style that comes from a spiritual understanding, as apart from merely formal knowledge, of great models.

Horace has been a favourite mark for English translators, includ-

\*Printed in Mrs Oliphant's *William Blackwood and His Sons*. 1897.

†Hartley Coleridge's translation of Book I, Ode XXXVIII, is as follows—

Nay, nay, my boy—'tis not for me,  
This studious pomp of eastern luxury:  
Give me no various garlands—fine  
    With linden twine,  
Nor seek, where latest lingering blows  
    The solitary rose.  
Earnest I beg—add not, with toilsome pain,  
One far-sought blossom to the myrtle plain,  
For sure, the fragrant myrtle bough  
    Looks seemliest on thy brow;  
Nor me mis-seems, while, underneath the vine,  
Close interweaved, I quaff the rosy wine.

ing many of our more considerable poets. Jonson, Cowley, Milton, Dryden, Pope, Prior, Congreve, Calverley, these and others have done occasionally what less famous writers have done systematically, and it cannot be said that on the whole they have done it any better. Cowley may bring off a line like—

And trusts the faithless April of thy May,  
or Dryden—

The half unwilling willing kiss,

but they are no surer of making a good poem in translation than the Creeches and the Sewells. And that is the only test. If you know Latin, you don't want an English translation of Horace unless into the bargain you get a good English poem; if you don't know Latin (as I don't) still you want the translation only on the same terms. Horace has been responsible for some good English poems, and a great many dull ones. Even Ben Jonson, in his translation of *The Art of Poetry* (1640), in spite of a few splendid phrases, such as 'The deeds of Kings, great Captains, and sad wars,' strangely demonstrates for the most part what poetry is not, and, as a later translator, Henry Ames, protests in 1727, 'has trod so close upon the Heels of Horace, that he has not only cramp't, but made him halt in (almost) every line.' The Earl of Roscommon's translation (1680) in blank verse, gives the sense, but little else. And so also it is generally with the Odes. Among the more or less complete translations are those of Sir Thomas Hawkins (1625, with later enlarged editions), Thomas Creech (1684), and miscellanies such as Alexander Brome's (1666) and Jacob Tomson's (1715) containing translations by various hands. In later days we have W. Sewell (1850), John Conington (1863-1869), and Sir Theodore Martin (1860). Scattered about these volumes are several beautiful versions of different poems, reasonably faithful to the original,\* and many more striking passages or stanzas. Now we get Hawkins with

no lot shall gaine  
Thee a King's Title in a Taverne-raigne;  
and then Richard Fanshawe with—  
What stripling now thee discomposes  
In Woodbine Rooms, on Beds of Roses,  
and again Creech, mildly, with—

But now I do repent the wrong  
And now compose a softer song  
To make thee just amends.

\*There were the fashionable 'Imitations' of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, such as Prior's Ode to Colonel George Villiers, which were freely topical adaptations.

Recant the errors of my Youth  
 And swear those scandals were not Truth;  
 So You and I be friends.

Conington is, perhaps, the most consistently attractive of them all, and he does make many of the Odes into charming English verse. He often strikes the note as surely as in—

O lovelier than the lovely dame  
 That bore you, sentence as you please  
 Those scurril verses, be it flame  
 Your vengeance craves, or Hadrian seas. . . .

and no less an authority than Mr A. E. Housman tells me that he considers Conington's to be the best English translations that he knows of Horace, and as among the best verse translations in the language.

Branwell Brontë's translations of the First Book of Odes need at their best fear comparison with none. They are not so uniformly good as Conington's, and there are the ugly blemishes here and there of which I have spoken. 'Than thee' (xxiv) is a lapse of a less unpleasant kind than 'gushing gore' (ii), 'swells my liver,' and 'boisterous bite' (xiii). Also I think he occasionally mistranslates, as in xix and xx, in the one of which he seems to be confused as to the women and in the other as to the wines. Sometimes, too, he chooses a bad measure, as in xii and xxxii, sometimes he is unexpectedly halting, as in xxxi, and again flat or dull or heavy as in xxvi, xxix, xxxv, and xxxvii. Then there are other cases where he just manages good average verse, making it more interesting on the whole than most of his competitors; xxviii is an instance. There remain more than half the Odes, of which it may be said that they are excellent in themselves, and as good as any English versions that I know, including Conington's. In a few instances I should say that they are decidedly the best of all. It is not only in frequent passages that Branwell sings with the right lyric ease, as in—

Yet—shuddering too at poverty  
 Again he seeks that very sea—

and—

If but Euterpe yield to me  
 Her thrilling pipe of melody,  
 If Polyhymnia but inspire  
 My spirit with her Lesbian lyre.  
 Oh! give thy friend a poet's name  
 And heaven shall hardly bound his fame.

and—

O! brightest of his phalanx bright!  
With shining shoulders veiled from sight,  
Descend, Apollo Thou!

and many others (*e.g.*, the opening lines of the last stanza of iv), but in some whole poems, as in the lovely rendering of xxi, there is hardly a flaw from beginning to end. At his best he has melody, and phrase, and he builds his stanzas well. Further, he was happier in verse with Horace's subject matter than he generally was with the experience of his own confused and frustrated life. I do not wish to advance any extravagant claim for this little book, but I think that it adds appreciably to the evidence that Branwell Brontë was the second poet in his family, and a very good second at that, and that it leaves no justification for anyone again to say that he 'composed nothing which gives him the slightest claim to the most inconsiderable niche in the temple of literature.'

I have corrected obvious spelling mistakes in the poems, Branwell being very uncertain, for example, about his vowels in such words as friend and field. Otherwise the text here given is that of the original.

JOHN DRINKWATER.

London,  
January, 1923.

THE  
ODES OF HORACE

BOOK I

ODE I

*To MÆCENAS*

MÆCENAS, sprung of kingly line,  
My guardian and my guide divine;  
Many there are whose pleasure lies  
In striving for the victor's prize,  
Whom dust clouds, drifting o'er the throng  
As whirls the Olympic car along,  
And kindling wheels, and close shunned goal  
Amid the highest gods enrol.

One man perhaps his pleasure draws  
From the inconstant crowd's applause;  
Another seeks more solid gain  
From granaries of Lybian grain;  
The peaceful Farmer labours o'er  
The Land his fathers ploughed before;  
Nor these, from forum or from farm,  
The wealth of Attalus could charm  
To leave their homes, and seek a grave  
Beneath the deep Ægean wave.

The Merchant, when 'at home at ease'  
May shudder at tempestuous seas,  
And, scarce escaped from ocean's roar,  
May praise the pleasures of the shore;  
Yet—shuddering too at poverty,  
Again he seeks that very sea.

The son of pleasure, careless laid  
Beside a fountain, neath the shade,  
Will sometimes wish to wile away  
With mellowed wine, a summer day;  
Though others mother-hated war  
With fife's and trumpet's mingled jar  
To camps and combats calls afar.

The Hunter, neath a freezing sky,  
Can banish from his memory  
The tender wife he left at home,

O'er pathless wilds at will to roam;  
 If but his fleet hounds chase the deer;  
 Or Marsian boar his toils uprear.

But, Ivy garlands me adorn,  
 By them to heavenly honours born;  
 Yes, me swift nymphs and satyrs bear  
 To woods, apart from worldly care;  
 If but Euterpe yield to me  
 Her thrilling pipe of melody;  
 If Polyhymnia but inspire  
 My spirit with her Lesbian lyre.

Oh! give thy friend a poet's name,  
 And heaven shall hardly bound his fame!

## ODE II

### *To* AUGUSTUS CÆSAR

OH now enough of hail and snow  
 The Sire of heaven on men below  
     Has sent, in sign of doom;  
 Has scattered from his red right hand  
 Enough of vengeance o'er our land;  
     And stricken dread through Rome;

And forced a guilty world to fear  
 Lest Phyrria's times should reappear,  
     When Proteus led his flock  
 O'er mountain tops his path to follow,  
 And sport in every shady hollow,  
     And bask on every rock;

When fishes glided through the groves  
 Where nestled erst the turtle doves  
     Amid their native trees;  
 When o'er those woods the trembling deer  
 Swam, vainly struggling in their fear  
     With over-whelming seas.

We saw the Tyber spread its reign  
 O'er Numa's walls and Vesta's fane,  
     Rolled from the Etruscan shore;  
 As, roused by sorrowing Ilia's wrong,  
 It broke in billows broad and strong,  
     With hoarse avenging roar

The youth their fathers' crimes have spared,  
Will long remember to have heard  
The civil strife that rose  
When Rome itself unsheathed 'gainst Rome  
Those swords, that should have given that doom  
To their proud Persian foes.

What God can stay with sacred hand  
The fortunes of a falling land?  
With how sincere a prayer,  
To Vesta's fane shall Virgins go,  
Whose songs were silenced long ago  
Amid the howl of war?

Say—whom, around his throne sublime,  
With power to appease his wrath for crime  
Will angry Jove endow?  
O! brightest of his phalanx bright!  
With shining shoulders veiled from sight,  
Descend, Apollo Thou!

Or Thou, the fairest of the sky,  
Round whom thy loves and graces fly,  
My smiling Venus come:  
Or, Mars, our father, from thy throne  
Thy outcast children look upon,  
And call thy terrors home!

Thou joyest in the battle's roar,  
The gleaming arms, the gushing gore,  
The soldiers iron frame;  
But thou hast seen the savage foe,  
And made us bear his bitterest blow,  
Till wearied of the game.

Or, Maias son of heavenly birth,  
Descending like a child of earth,  
Incline thy gracious head,  
Recoil not from our sinking state,  
Thou, whose strong arm has deigned so late  
To avenge the mighty dead.

Long mayst thou hold a happy throne  
O'er lands that trust in thee alone,  
And late mayst thou return;

Nor, wearied with the crimes of men,  
 To thine own heaven from us again  
 By rapid winds be borne:

But here, where triumphs wait on thee,  
 As prince and father, love to be  
 By thousand sons adored;  
 Nor let the Median dare to ride  
 Triumphant, o'er a land defied,  
 While CÆSAR is our lord!

## ODE III

## To THE SHIP THAT BORE VIRGIL TO ATHENS

SAFE may Cyprian Venus guide thee;  
 Clear may Oceans twin stars glow,  
 Nor may Æolus provide thee  
 Aught but winds that eastward blow,  
 So, O Ship! my Virgil dear,  
 Thou to Greece unharmed mayest bear.

Oak or brass, with triple lining  
 Surely fenced his fearless mind,  
 Who, to sea a bark consigning,  
 First 'mongst men dared face the wind;  
 Heedless of the Southern breeze,  
 Or the rainy Hyades,

Or of Notus' mad commotion,  
 Howsoe'er its wrath might grow;  
 And, o'er Adria's changeful ocean,  
 Not a wind can wilder blow,  
 Wakener of the wrecking wave,  
 Maker of the sailors' grave!

What approach of death could daunt him,  
 Who, with steady eyes, could see  
 All around, huge monsters haunt him  
 In his passage through the sea,  
 Waves his vessel surging under;  
 Stern Epirus' hills of thunder.



All in vain has God divided  
Solid earth from shifting main;  
Seas between their shores have glided  
Deep and treacherous, all in vain,  
If, with canvas spreading wide,  
Ships can cross the unfathomed tide.

Heedless, though the voice of heaven  
Call their daring steps away,  
Mortal men have ever striven  
Those commands to disobey.  
'Twas with such an impious soul,  
Fire from heaven Prometheus stole.

Whence disease round mortals thickened  
All its troops, in ghastly shew;  
Whence grim death his footsteps quickened;  
Now so swift, though once so slow.  
Thus did wings to man ungiven  
Waft bold Dædalus through heaven;

Thus did stern Alcides venture  
Hell's dark depths to wander through;  
Thus we Heaven itself would enter,  
Naught too mad for man to do!  
Nor can God, so much we sin,  
Call his angry lightnings in.

## ODE IV

## To SESTIUS

ROUGH winter melts beneath the breeze of spring,  
Nor shun refitted ships the silenced sea,  
Nor man nor beasts to folds or firesides cling,  
Nor hoar frosts whiten over field and tree;  
But rising moons each balmy evening, see  
Fair Venus with her Nymphs and Graces join,  
In merry dances tripping o'er the lea;  
While Vulcan makes his roaring furnace shine,  
And bids his Cyclops arms in sinewy strength combine.

Now let us, cheerful, crown our heads with flowers,  
 Spring's first fruits, offered to the newborn year,  
 And sacrifice beneath the budding bowers,  
 A lamb, or kid as Faunus may prefer:  
 But—pallid Death, an equal visitor,  
 Knocks at the poor man's hut, the monarch's tower;  
 And the few years we have to linger here  
 Forbid vain dreams of happiness and power,  
 Beyond what man can crowd into life's fleeting hour.

Soon shall the night that knows no morning come,  
 And the dim shades that haunt the eternal shore;  
 And Pluto's shadowy kingdom of the tomb,  
 Where Thee the well thrown dice may never more  
 Make monarch, while thy friends the wine cup pour;  
 Where never thou mayest woo fair Lycidas,  
 Whose loveliness our ardent youth adore;  
 Whose faultless limbs all other forms surpass,  
 And, lost amid whose beams, unseen all others pass.

## ODE V

## TO PYRRHA

TELL me Pyrrha, who is he  
 That, with scented locks,  
 In thy rose bower kisses thee  
 Neath the shady rocks?  
 For whom is bound thy golden hair  
 Sweetly wreathing, void of care?

Oft, alas! shall he deplore  
 Vows unkept by thee;  
 Oft, the Gods he would adore  
 Frowning, he shall see;  
 Oft, astonished, see the main  
 All afoam with wind and rain,

Who believes thou'lt constant prove,  
 With thy beauty blind;  
 Heedless, while he lives in love,  
 Of the faithless wind!  
 Ah how wretched, all on whom  
 Unaware, thy beauties bloom!

As for me, experienced well,  
Rescued from the main,  
And mindful of the tempest's swell,  
I'll hang in Neptune's fane  
A picture of that stormy sea,  
And garments drenched in ocean spray.

## ODE VI

*To* AGRIPPA

ON Homer's wing let Varius sing  
Agrippa, good and brave;  
With what his warriors, conquering,  
Have done by land or wave:  
But nor to strains like these aspire  
Our warblings, nor Pelides ire  
Can we sublimely tell,  
Nor how across old ocean's roar  
His course the wise Ulysses bore,  
Nor how, defiled with kindred gore,  
The house of Pelops fell;

Nor may our Muse, unwarlike, mar  
With coldly creeping line  
The praise of Cæsar famed so far,  
Or, great Agrippa, thine!  
And who *can* sing the God of war  
With bright arms blazing from afar;  
Or Merion famed in fight,  
With blackened front and bloody blade;  
Or Diomedes, by Pallas' aid  
Equal to Gods in might?

No, feasts and frolics be our theme,  
And brimming bowls of wine,  
And pleasure's laugh, and beauty's beam,  
And dance and song divine:  
We'll sing of virgins' wanton wiles,  
Who fight with rage disclosed in smiles,  
And *tempt* the foe to try;  
Ourself, as wont, of careless frame,  
Whether we feel the general flame,  
Or coldly smile it by.

## ODE VII

## To MUNATIUS PLANCUS

LET others Rhodes or Mytilene praise,  
 Or Cornith built between contending seas,  
 Or Ephesus, or Thebes, by Bacchus' name,  
 Or Delphi, by Apollo known to fame,  
 Or Tempe's shady vale.—There are who sing  
 The City Virgin Pallas worshipping,  
 And think her Olive garlands fame can bring;  
 Others whose harps would white armed Juno praise,  
 Sing Argos famed for steeds of noble race,  
 Or rich Mycenæ—But nor Sparta, me—  
 Nor Low Larissa, wakes to poesy  
 Like the far fount whence loud Albuna roves,  
 Or Anio's headlong leap, or Tybur's groves,  
 Or the moist orchards through whose meads he moves.

As South winds sometimes clear a threatening sky,  
 Nor always sweep in storms and darkness by,  
 So thou, my Plancus, with a manly mind  
 Sometimes leave melancholy thoughts behind;  
 And whether arms and ensigns round thee shine,  
 Or forest's shade, life's labours drown in wine.

So Teucer, when from Salamis he fled,  
 With poplar crowned his wine besprinkled head,  
 And his sad friends addressed—'Come let us go  
 Where fortune, kinder than my Sire, shall shew!  
*Never despair whatever may betide,*  
 While Teucer lives, your guardian and your guide!  
 And Phœbus tells me, that, beyond the main  
 Another Salamis shall rise again;  
 So you, who sterner scenes have borne with me,  
 To-day in wine forget your misery,  
 To-morrow rise to cross once more the mighty sea!

## ODE VIII

## To LYDIA

WHY, by Heaven, my Lydia, tell—  
 Wilt thou labour to destroy  
 Even with love—he loves so well—  
 Sybaris, thy favourite boy?

Wherefore does he hate the plain—  
Careless once of dust or sun?  
Wherefore not his charger rein,  
Mid his warriors dashing on?

Wherefore dread the Tybur's flood?  
Wherefore hate the wrestler's oil  
Worse than venom'd viper's blood,  
While his strength can bear the toil?

Wherefore shun his front to shew  
Marked with no ignoble wounds,  
When with Discus, dart, or bow  
Victor, he might pass the bounds?

Thus did sea born Thetis' son,  
Ere the stormy scenes of Troy  
Had their mournful march begun,  
Lurk like this bewildered boy;

Shrinking from the call to fight,  
Lest the manly garb again  
Should impell him on the flight  
Of the trembling Lycian train.

## ODE IX

## TO THALIARCHUS

SEE'ST thou not amid the skies,  
White with snow, Soracte rise?  
While the forests on the plain  
Scarce their hoary weight sustain,  
And congealed the waters stand  
Neath the frost's arresting hand.

Drive away the winter wild;  
On the hearth be fuel piled;  
And, from out its inmost cell  
Kept in Sabine vase so well,  
Generous, bring thy four years wine;  
Brightest source of song divine!  
Wisely leave the rest to heaven,  
Who, when warring winds have striven

With the forests or the main,  
 Bids their ragings rest again.  
 Be not ever pondering  
 Over what the morn may bring;  
 Whether it be joy or pain  
 Wisely count it all as gain;  
 And, while age forbears to shed  
 Snows, or sorrows o'er thy head,  
 Do not scorn the dancers' feet,  
 Nor thy lovers dear retreat.  
 Hasten to the plain or square;  
 List the voice that whispers where,  
 While the calm night rules above,  
 Thou may'st meet thy constant love;  
 While the laugh round corner sly  
 May instruct thee where to spy;  
 While the wanton's feigned retreating  
 Still may leave some pledge of meeting;  
 Perhaps a ring or bracelet bright  
 Snatched from arm or finger white.

## ODE X

## TO MERCURY

MERRY God of Atlas' strain,  
 Whose eloquence taught mortal men  
     In times remotest age,  
 To lay their savage wildness by,  
 And but in friendly rivalry  
     Their skill or strength to engage;

Hail, Herald of thy heavenly Sire!  
 Hail, parent of the crooked lyre!  
     To praise thee be my pride;  
 Thou God endowed, with matchless skill  
 Whate'er, in wanton jest, at will  
     Thy hand may steal—to hide!

For, long ago, when, young and gay  
 From him whose glory guides the day  
     His cattle thou didst wile,

Although the thief he frowned upon,  
Yet, when his quiver too was gone  
He could not choose but smile.

Twas Thou that led rich Priam on  
When, to redeem his slaughtered son,  
He left sad Troy behind,  
And safe escaped Atrides ire,  
And foemen, round each Argive fire  
Against that Troy combined.

Tis Thou that guidest good men home;  
Our spirits urging to the tomb  
Before thy golden rod;  
Grateful alike to him who reigns  
O'er Hell's dim, desolate domains,  
And to heaven's highest God.

## ODE XI

## To LEUCONOE

LEUCONOE, strive no more  
By impious arts to explore  
How long a life our God has given to thee or me;  
If we've winters yet in store,  
Or if this whose tempests' roar  
Across the Tyrrhene deep, is the *last* that we shall see.

Be cheerful wisdom thine;  
Thy Goblet fill with wine,  
And shape thy hopes to suit the hour that hastes away;  
For, while we speak, that hour  
Is past beyond our power,  
So do not trust to-morrow *but seize upon to-day*.

## ODE XII

## To AUGUSTUS

CLIO, what man or what Hero to sing,  
Wilt thou tune thy shrill pipe or awaken thy string?  
Or what God?—while afar from thy mountains rebounding  
Echo an answer may give to his name;

Haemus and Pindus and Helicon sounding  
 Vocal at once to the voice of his fame;  
 For on Haemus it was that the forests, obeying  
 The might of the Thracian, bowed down to his skill,  
 Who, with art like his mother's, even torrents delaying,  
 And winds on the mountains in mid career staying,  
 Made the deep rooted oak forests dance at his will.

First let us honour the Father of heaven  
 Who governs the fortunes of gods and of men;  
 Who each change of the seasons has graciously given,  
 Winter and summer returning again,  
 Born at his bidding o'er mountain and main;  
 First and alone in the power of his pride,  
 While Pallas, his daughter, sits next at his side.  
 Nor of thee be we silent, who dauntlessly warrest,  
 Bacchus the father of life giving wine;  
 Nor of thee, Virgin huntress, the dread of the forest;  
 Nor of thee the far shooting God—Phœbus divine!  
 Alcides we'll sing, and the Brothers twin born,  
 Strong on the stadium or swift with the steed;  
 Whose stars when they rise on the storm darkened skies  
 Seamen can save in the hour of their need;  
 From the wave beaten rock can whirl backward the spray,  
 The loud wind can hush, and the storm drive away,  
 And calm as they will it the billowy sea.

Next after these, tell me, whom shall we praise?  
 Romulus founder and Father of Rome?  
 Or Numa's unwarlike but prosperous days?  
 Or the fasces of Tarquin, the ensigns of doom?  
 Or, Cato the last of our citizens, Thee,  
 Who fought for our freedom, and died to be free!

Say, shall we sing in a loftier strain,  
 The Scaurii, or Regulus true to his word?  
 Or Paulus, who yielded his hearts blood like water\*  
 Where Rome, for one hour, bowed down 'neath the slaughter  
 Of Annibal's conquering sword?  
 Or Fabricius, and Curtius with locks wildly waving;  
 And noble Camillus whom poverty nurst,

\*Alternative lines given by the author

Or Paulus who died where the war shaken plain  
 With his country's best hearts blood was drenched as with rain  
 Neath Annibal's conquering sword.



The hunger and toil of obscurity braving  
 Till they rose over millions—the noblest and first?  
 Or thy glory, Marcellus, that, secretly growing,  
 Like a tree shall shoot forth into branches afar,  
 While bright as the moon mid heavens lesser lights glowing  
 Shall shine upon mortals the Julian star!

Sire of Creation! Thine be the care  
 O Cæsar our sovereign—assigned Thee by fate;  
 While Thou rulest highest, Cæsar the highest  
 Under Thy guidance shall govern our state:  
 And whether the Parthian who threatened so late  
 Bow to the power of his conquering throne,  
 Or whether his hand the doom shall command  
 Of China, or India, or Kingdoms unknown,  
 May he submit to Thy glory alone;  
 And place neath none other our Sovereign's throne.  
 While shaking Olympus, and darkening the sky,  
 Thy heavy wheeled chariot rolls thundering by,  
 While over earth's temples dishonoured so long,  
 Thou wraekst thy lightnings in vengeance for wrong.

## ODE XIII

## To LYDIA

WHEN thy youthful lovers charms,  
 His rosy neck—his waxen arms  
 I so often hear thee praise,  
 How thy words my passions raise!  
 Swells my liver—dies my heart;  
 Calmness—colour, both depart;  
 While my tearful cheeks proclaim  
 Swift and sure the inward flame.

How I burn when, drunkenly—  
 He disports himself with thee—  
 Stains with wine thy shoulders white—  
 Hurts thy lip with boisterous bite.

Oh! if thou wilt listen to me,  
 Let not such a lover woo thee!  
 Ne'er will love keep ever warm  
 That can lips so lovely, harm!  
 Lips that Venus doth embue

With her own nectarian dew!  
 Thrice happy those—whose mutual mind  
 Lasting links of love can bind!  
 Love unbroke by fear or fray—  
 Lasting till life's latest day!

## ODE XIV

## TO THE STATE OF ROME

O SHIP what waves shall bear thee now?  
 What course—what waters wilt thou plough?  
 Haste to thy haven, from the tide,  
 For, see'st thou not thy oarless side—  
 Thy shattered mast—thy shivered sail—  
 The wrecks of many a stormy gale!  
 And hardly may a vessel brave  
 With broken ropes, the winter wave:  
 Thou hast not one untattered sail,  
 Nor God to trust when man shall fail!

Oh! Though thou claim'st a race divine  
 As fashioned from the Pontic Pine,  
 The noblest daughter of the wood!  
 The stateliest floater on the flood!  
 All vain thy boasting—sailors now  
 Trust nothing to a painted prow.  
 Beware!—unless thou long'st to be  
 To the wild winds a mockery!  
 And though, within my mind thy name  
 Has only wakened fear and shame  
 Yet—when thy danger draws so near—  
 My fond heart tells me—still thou'rt dear!  
 So shun—oh! Shun those treacherous seas  
 Among the shining Cyclades!

## ODE XV

## THE PROPHECY OF NEREUS

'Twas when the treacherous shepherd bore  
 His royal prize away  
 In Phrygian ship—from Spartan shore,  
 Across the Ægean sea,

That Nereus raised his awful brow,  
And hushed each favouring breeze,  
Till not a ship its path could plough  
Across the slumbering seas;

And thus did that old Seagod sing  
His prophesy of doom—  
'Vain man! Ill omened dost thou bring  
Thy Helen to thy home,

Whom Greece shall seek, with mighty host  
Conjured to overwhelm  
Thy pleasure bought at such a cost,  
And thy ancestral realm.

Alas! what strife, round Xanthus' wave,  
Thy treachery shall bring!  
What fiery funerals o'er the grave  
Of Ilion and her King!

See! Pallas lays her olive by,  
And grasps her shield and spear,  
And mounts her chariot in the sky,  
And wakes her rage for war.

In vain thy guardian Goddess' care  
Thy spirits may inspire;  
In vain thou combst thy curling hair,  
Or wakest thy wanton lyre;

In vain the shouts—the lances thrust—  
Or Ajax, thou may'st fly;  
For, with thy long locks trailed in dust,  
Adulterer! Thou shalt die!

Ulysses see—and Nestor grave—  
Thy hapless peoples scourge—  
And Sthenelus, and Teucer brave  
Thy flying footsteps urge:

'Tis Sthenelus the reins can guide,  
While noble Diomedé  
Greater than Tydeus, at his side,  
Hunts for the Adulterer's head,

Whom thou shalt fly, as flies the hind  
 In vale or woodland lone  
 From the deep deathbark, heard behind,  
 Of wild wolf hasting on,

With beating heart, and bated breath  
 O'er mountain and through grove:  
 Was this the glory—this the death—  
 Thou promisedst thy love?

Pelides' ships—Pelides' arm  
 O'er Phrygia's fated shore,  
 For these thy deeds, the avenging storm  
 Resistlessly shall pour;

And, after years of weary wars,  
 Shall wrap in funeral flame—  
 Unquenched by all her blood and tears,  
 Thy Ilion's very name!

## ODE XVI

O LOVELY girl, whose bloom outshines  
 Thy lovely Mother's fame,  
 To ocean give my angry lines,  
 Or cast them in the flame;

But know, that neither wrapt Apollo,  
 Nor he who rules the bowl,  
 Nor Ceres priests with tymbals hollow,  
 Like Wrath can shake the soul;

Whose direful might, nor sword can fright,  
 Nor floods, nor fires, nor Jove  
 Descending on our blasted sight  
 In thunder from above.

When man Prometheus made from clay,  
 In fashioning each part,  
 The Lion's rage he stole away  
 And fixed it in his heart.

'Twas wrath that hurled Thyestes down  
With heavy overthrow;  
'Tis wrath, o'er many a mighty town,  
That drives the foeman's plough;

And me, while young, that wrath beguiled  
In furious rhymes to range,  
But Satires wild to songs more mild  
My melting muse shall change;

While Thou—thy passion laid aside  
With vows of amity—  
Shall hush the urgings of thy pride,  
And back return to me!

## ODE XVII

## TO TYNDARIS

Faunus from Lucretile  
Often shifts, to visit me,  
And when my goats to shelter run  
Shields them from the showers or sun.  
'Neath his guidance, through the grove  
They may, safe, at random rove;  
Browsing, mid the summer scene,  
On the herbage fresh and green;  
Fearing not a wolf to meet,  
Or rouse the serpent 'neath their feet,  
While they hear his shrill pipe play  
Through the valleys far away,  
And polished rocks of Ustica.

Heaven my head from harm defends;  
Heaven my life and lyre commends;  
And to thee my farm shall yield  
All the riches of its field;  
Here thou mayest, in long drawn vale,  
Fly the sun and court the gale;  
Here with old Anacreon's string,  
Faith or frailty thou mayst sing:  
Here beneath the shade recline,  
Quaffing cups of sober wine,  
Far from scenes where furious Mars

With the jovial wine god wars;  
 Nor suspicious Cyrus fear,  
 Lest his boisterous passion tear  
 From thy head the festal crown,  
 And rend thy unoffending gown.

## ODE XVIII

*To* QUINTILIUS VARUS

ROUND Catilus or Tibur's walls—O be the ditty thine  
 Before all other trees, My Friend, to plant the sacred vine;  
 Since God unto abstemious men the cares of life has given  
 Nor can those cares from heart and home by aught but wine be  
     driven:

Who, o'er his wine cup, dreads the toil of war or poverty?  
 Nor rather seeks Thee—Joyous God! or, Lovely Venus—Thee!  
 But, lest the glass too oft thou pass—Oh ever keep in mind  
 That o'er a bowl the Centaurs 'gainst the Lapithæ combined;  
 That o'er a bowl the Thracian's soul, while bent on wanton pleasure,  
 'Twixt good and evil sees no bound, in riot knows no measure  
     Yet—Honest God, I would not dare thy mysteries to explore,  
 So Thou wouldst hush thy Phrygian horn and drums discordant roar  
 Whose savage sounds blind self esteem in mazy dances lead;  
 And Vanity that over all exalts his empty head;  
 And Faith that makes each secret known committed to its care,  
 Its inmost thoughts as clear as glass, its promise light as air.

## ODE XIX

*On* GLYCERA

THE Mother of Love, and the Father of Wine,  
 And passion, resuming its throne,  
 Backward command me my mind to incline,  
 And kindle the flame that was gone;  
     For Glycera warms  
     My heart with her charms,  
 Whiter than Parian Stone.

Her artfulness fires me; Her countenance beams  
 Too bright to be gazed upon;  
 Till Venus, forsaking her Cyprus, seems  
 To rush upon me alone;

And no longer my verse  
The deeds can rehearse  
By Scythian or Parthian done.

Raise me an Altar of living sod,  
And crown it with flowers, and bear  
Wine without mixture—fit for a god,  
That Glycera, hearing my prayer,  
May know I adore,  
And be cruel no more,  
But an answering passion declare.

## ODE XX

*To MÆCENAS*

PLAIN Sabine wine, a beverage poor—  
If Thou, my friend, my table grace,  
I'll draw from out its Grecian vase;  
Stored up since Father Tyber's shore,  
And yonder hill's tower crested face  
Re-echoed back the applauding roar  
That bade the Gods Mæcenas bless.  
Simple cæcubian shalt thou pour,  
Or juice of the Calenan press;  
For offers not a poet's store  
The noble Formian or Falernian glass.

## ODE XXI

*To APOLLO AND DIANA*

VIRGINS, sing the Virgin Huntress;  
Youths, the youthful Phœbus, sing;  
Sing Latona, she who bore them  
Dearest to the eternal King:  
Sing the heavenly maid who roves  
Joyous, through the mountain groves;  
She who winding waters loves;  
Let her haunts her praises ring!

Sing the vale of Peneus' river;  
Sing the Delian deity;  
The shoulder glorious with its quiver;  
And the Lyre of Mercury.

From our country, at our prayer—  
 Famine, plague, and tearful war  
 These, benign, shall drive afar  
 To Persia's plains or Britain's sea.

## ODE XXII

*To ARISTIUS FUSCUS*

THE man, my Friend, of fearless brow,  
 And life of honest deeds,  
 Nor Moorish dart, nor martial bow,  
 Nor poisoned arrow needs:  
 Whether he walk through burning sands;  
 Or Scythia's savage shores;  
 Or, where its waves through unknown lands  
 The famed Hydaspes pours:  
 For while a pathway, through the grove  
 My careless footsteps led,  
 As, far from home, I sang my love,  
 A Wolf, that saw me, fled:  
 Sure, such a beast Apulia's wood  
 Had never nursed before;  
 Nor,—famous for its Lion brood—  
 Wild Afric's burning shore.  
 But, place me 'mid a sterile wild  
 Where tree could never grow;  
 Where stormy clouds are ever piled,  
 And tempests ever blow;  
 Or place me 'mid the burning heat  
 Of far unpeopled isles;  
 I still will sing Lalage—sweet,  
 Whene'er she speaks or smiles!

## ODE XXIII

*To CHLOE*

WHY, whenever she can spy me,  
 Like a fawn will Chloe fly me?  
 Like a fawn, its mother seeking  
 O'er the hills, through brambles breaking;



Frightened if the breezes move  
 But a leaflet in the grove;  
 Or a branch the Zephyr tosses;  
 Or its path a Lizard crosses;  
 Nothing can its fear dissemble—  
 Heart and knees together tremble.

Stop my love; Thou needst not fear me,  
 For I follow not to tear thee  
 Like the Lion, prowling o'er  
 Far Letulia's savage shore:  
 Stop—Thy budding charms discover  
 'Tis thy time to choose a lover.

## ODE XXIV

## ON THE DEATH OF QUINTILIUS VARUS

Oh! what shall check our sorrowing  
 Above the grave of one so dear?  
 Melpomenel descend, and bring  
 Thy Godgiven lyre, whose solemn string  
 Alone, 'tis meet for us to hear.

Why does the eternal sleep of death  
 Compose Quintilius in its reign?  
 And Truth, and modesty, and faith  
 Unstained by taint of earthly breath—  
 When shall they see his like again!

With tears his ashes good men mourn,  
 And none—my Virgil more than Thee!  
 Who weariest heaven for their return  
 From the dread darkness of their urn;  
 A joy—alas! Forbidden to be!

Though Thou couldst move a Thracian wood  
 With song more sweet than Orpheus strain,  
 Thou couldst not bid the frozen blood  
 Through the cold veins to pour its flood;  
 Or call the buried back again:

For Mercury, in a shadowy train  
 Impells them downward—deaf to prayer  
 'Tis hard—but know, when we complain—  
 That, which to strive against were vain,  
*Patience* will make us bear!

## ODE XXV

*To LYDIA*

SELDOM now the drunken rake  
 Lydia, will thy windows shake.  
 To its lintel clings thy door;  
 So, unnoticed, sleep and snore.  
 Less and less thou hearest the cry—  
 'Oh my Lydial here am I  
 Ceaseless sighing—almost dying,  
 While in slumber thou art lying!  
 In thy turn, decayed and old,  
 Thou shalt lurk in alleys cold,  
 While across the moonless sky  
 Winter winds are wailing by;  
 And the scoff, shalt weeping, hear,  
 Of the proud Adulterer;  
 Yet infuriate—in despair  
 With such Lust as fires a Mare:  
 Mourning that thou canst not move  
 In our youth, their former love;  
 Mourning that they rather wear  
 Ivy garlands in their hair,  
 Than the Myrtle's funeral wreath;  
 Likethyself the sign of death:  
 Unto Hebrus such, devoting,  
 Down his stream they send them floating.

## ODE XXVI

*In praise of ÆLIUS LAMIA*

To the wave and the wind, while the muses are kind,  
 My cares and my sorrows I'll fling;  
 Nor e'er with the question will trouble my mind  
 Of the snow covered north, who is King:  
 Or what is the dread, o'er the Parthian's head—  
 That the shades of misfortune may bring.

O, Goddess divine, the first of the Nine,  
 Who lovest the fountain clear,

A garland of springs sweetest offerings twine  
For the brows of my Lamia dear;  
Since oh! without Thee honour to me  
Nor pleasure nor profit can bear!

Thou and thy sisters, his praises to sing,  
Once more awaken the Lesbian string!

## ODE XXVII

## To HIS FRIENDS

My friends, across the joyous bowl  
'Tis barbarous to fight;  
Expel such customs from the soul,  
Nor shame with such a sight  
Of mutual brawling blows and blood,  
The presence of the modest God.

The flashing cup and lighted hall  
With arms but ill agree;  
So cease at once that impious brawl,  
And sit content with me.  
Say—would you have me drain to night  
The heady cup that shines so bright?

And let Megilla's brother tell  
From whence the arrow flew,  
And struck by whose bright eyes he fell,  
Come, let him tell me true:  
Does he from such confession shrink?—  
Nay—on no other terms I'll drink.

Whatever heart thine own inspire,—  
Thou needst not blush to me—  
I know thou ownst a noble fire,  
And lovest generously:  
So what thou feelest—Hopes, or fears,  
Disclose them all to faithful ears.

Ah! hapless youth! I feel thy state;  
If *there* thy passions rove;

Ah, worthy of a happier fate—  
 A more requited love!  
 In what a wild Charybdis tossed  
 Blindly loving! early lost!

What skilful witch can free thine heart  
 From deadlier witchery?  
 What Wizard with Thessalian art—  
 What God can rescue thee?  
 For thee scarce Pegasus could bear  
 From such a dire Chimera's snare.

## ODE XXVIII

## THE GHOST OF ARCHYTAS TO THE SAILOR

ARCHYTAS, Thou, whose spirit, Sea and Land  
 With unbecclouded gaze hast wandered o'er,  
 Liest, mouldering neath a scanty heap of sand  
 In unknown burial, on Apulia's shore.

Nor aught avails if now that thou couldst trace  
 With master mind the mansions of the sky;  
 Nor that thy thoughts explored all natures face,  
 Since—fashioned mortal—thou wert doomed to die

So fell the man who shared the feasts of heaven;  
 So passed Tithonus from our world below;  
 So perished Minos, unto whom 'twas given  
 The secret counsels of heaven's king to know;

So deeps of Tartarus Euphorbus, hold,  
 Though teaching nought but body bows to death  
 By the famed shield, that, Trojan warfare told,  
 Yet *He himself* twice o'er resigned his breath:

No mean explorer—He, of moral lore,  
 Nor lightly learned in the ways of God:  
 But—One dread midnight looms our sight before;  
 One path of death must once by all be trod.

Some shed their life blood on the battle plain;  
 Some sleep, unwaking, 'neath the ocean swell;  
 Thickens, of old and young, the funeral train;  
 No head can scape the cruel queen of hell.

Me, too, tempestuous winds that oversweep  
Illyria's waters, whelmed beneath the main;  
So, Sailor, Stop! a little sand to heap  
O'er my poor relics, beat by wind and rain:

That so may heaven, whenever storms o'erblow  
Venusia's forests, or Hesperia's sea,  
Preserve, and bid unbounded riches flow  
By Jove, and guardian Neptune showered on thee.

But if, neglectingly, thou'lt pass me by,  
Thy guiltless children for thy guilt shall pay,  
Nor all the pomp of future piety  
Avail to wash their fathers' fault away:  
I would not stay thee—I would only pray  
That thrice, a little sand thou'dst scatter o'er my clay.

## ODE XXIX

To ICCIUS

Iccrus, shall Arabian treasures  
Tempt thee with their charms?  
Wilt thou fly from peaceful pleasures,  
And arouse to arms?  
Chains and slavery wilt thou bring  
To the East's unconquered King;  
Or the Mede whom, combating,  
Danger only warms?

Who's the Maid thou'lt snatch, lamenting  
O'er her lover gone;  
Soft relenting—soon consenting  
To be thine alone?  
Who shall be the bright haired boy  
Waiting with thy cup of joy,  
And, like his father, skilled to employ  
The arms to China known?

Who'll deny that torrents, rushing,  
To their fountains flow;  
Tyber's waters upward gushing  
From the plains below,

When—designed for nobler pride,—  
 Thou thy learning layest aside,  
 Books exchanging, to provide  
 War's untutored shew?

## ODE XXX

*To VENUS*

QUEEN divine  
 Of Paphian shrine,  
 Leave those lovely haunts of thine:  
 Come away  
 Where Glycera  
 Calls Thee to her temple gay.

Bring with Thee  
 Loves deity:  
 The blooming Nymphs, the Graces three;  
 The God endued  
 With merry mood;  
 And youth, without thee wild and rude.

## ODE XXXI

*To APOLLO*

For what does the poet to Phœbus pray—  
 New wine from his goblet flowing—?  
 Not for the flocks o'er Calabria that stray;  
 Nor the corn in Sardinia growing;

Neither for ivory, nor gold, nor land  
 Which the Liris, gently gliding,  
 Would crumble away into fugitive sand  
 Down its quiet waters sliding:

Let him gather the grape who has planted the vine;  
 Let the Merchant, whom Jupiter favours,  
 His Syrian treasures exchange for wine  
 Which a golden goblet flavours.

Thrice in a season o'erpassing the sea,  
 Nor by waters or winds prevented;  
 But olives and mallows shall satisfy me;  
 With the goods fortune gives me, contented.

Son of Latona! grant health to taste  
 The food Thou hast placed before me;  
 And a Mind undimmed; and an age undisgraced;  
 And a Harp, with whose strains to adore thee.

## ODE XXXII

## To HIS LYRE

If, resting neath the shade  
 With thee I've ever played  
 Such strains as those who hear shall treasure long—  
 Sweet Harp! the while I sing—  
 Attune the silver string,  
 That, once awakening,  
     Swelled old Alcaeus' Song;

Who, warlike, mid the sound  
 Of battle thundering round;  
 Or, his tossed vessel anchoring from the tide;  
 Still sang the God of wine;  
 Or Venus—Queen divine;  
 Or his beloved Nine,  
     With Cupid, at her side;

Or Lycus, blooming bright,  
 With eyes as dark as night,  
 While darker still his long locks seemed to fall:  
 Hail! Harp to Phœbus dear!  
 My charm from every fear;  
 My comforter in care;  
     Attend thy poet's call!

## ODE XXXIII

## To ALBIUS TIBULLUS

COME—Dear Tibullus, and no more  
 Of Glycera complain,  
 But Sorrow breathing Songs give o'er,  
 For vows adjured in vain.

For Cyrus' love burns Lycoris  
 Of forehead fair and free,  
 While Cyrus wastes each careless kiss  
 On haughty Pholoë;

But sooner shall the timid goat  
 With rabid wolves combine,  
 Than Pholoë her soul devote  
 To lecherous fires, like Thinel

So Venus, who our hearts controls,  
 Will oft, with wicked joke,  
 Join differing forms and differing souls  
 Beneath one brazen yoke.

Myself, who higher should have aimed,  
 A low born maid have ta'en,  
 Whose haughty temper might have shamed  
 Calabria's stormy main.

#### ODE XXXIV

My God, each hour, less turned to Thee,  
 My mind man's wisdom led astray;  
 But back across that treacherous sea  
 My wandering vessel tracks its way:

For, thundering through an angry heaven  
 While, rent with lightning, blazed the sky,  
 Thou, Thy swift car hast lately driven  
 With windborn coursers whirling by;

The Heavens' Atlantean pillars shaking,  
 And solid earth, and fleeting sea;  
 And Hell's tremendous confines quaking  
 When, in that moment, moved by Thee.

Thou God canst hurl the lofty down,  
 And lift the lowly head on high;  
 While Fortune shifts the glittering crown,  
 With changing choice, and clamorous cry.



## ' ODE XXXV

## To FORTUNE

GODDESS of Antium, mighty to raise  
 The lowly aloft, or the high to abase;  
 Mighty the pomp of a Triumph to turn  
 To the darkness and dust of the funeral urn;  
 Mighty to govern the land or the sea;  
 Alike the poor husbandman prays unto thee,  
 And the sailor, whose vessel afar from home,  
 Drives through the dangers of ocean's foam:  
 The Dacian and Scythian, the city and plain,  
 Rome the victorious, and Monarchs who reign  
 O'er hordes of barbarians—and Tyrants of pride,  
 To thee would do reverence—with thee would abide!  
 The column still standing—Oh! do not o'erwhelm;  
 Nor waken to war with a weary realm  
 The nations, whose swords are scarce cold in their sheath,  
 Lest they threaten our Empire with danger and death.

Before Thee stalks Fate to obey thy command,  
 With the engines of death in her brazen hand—  
 Wedges and hooks for torments dread,  
 And the iron spike, and the molten lead.  
 Hope and faith, rarely seen, clothed in white, hover near thee  
 And cheerfully follow, and steadfast revere thee,  
 When, altered in aspect, thou hastest away  
 From the Halls of the great, to the haunts of decay:  
 But the perjured wanton, and faithless crowd  
 Fly from the friendship they recently vowed;  
 And the friends, when the gold and the goblet are gone,  
 Leave the dregs to their host, from his poverty flown.

Fortune! be watchful in Britain, afar,  
 Over Cæsar, departed again to war;  
 And shine on our soldiers, a terrible band  
 To the far off east, and the Red sea strand.

Alas how disgraceful when brother 'gainst brother  
 Deals blows that his arm should have dealt on another!  
 What crimes have we shunned in this iron time?  
 Forborne from what Sacrilege? fled from what crime?  
 From what blood, for what God did our people refrain?  
 Or shrink from polluting what altar or fane?

Great Goddess! our blunted swords sharpen once more  
 Not in *our own* but our *Foemen's* gore!

## ODE XXXVI

## NUMIDA'S RETURN

INCENSE hither bring,  
 And tune the joyful string,  
 And with offerings please the powers who Numida defend,  
 For his safe return again  
 From western wilds of Spain,  
 To greet and to be greeted by each long dissevered friend.

And he'll none more gladly see  
 Than, dearest Lamia! thee!  
 Whose life with his—together taught—from infancy did twine:  
 So mark this day with white;  
 And whirl in dances light;  
 Nor a brimming glass forget to pass of soul awakening wine!

Nor let jovial Bassus yield  
 To Damalis, the field,  
 Though seasoned well and skilled the Thracian cup to drain;  
 Nor let the lily fair,  
 Or the rose, be wanting there;  
 With long lived parsley blooming above the festal train:

While wanders every eye  
 In hot idolatry  
 On Damalis, all else in beauty conquering;  
 But whom nothing can remove  
 From her new awakened love;  
 Fixed faster than the ivy boughs that round the Oak trees cling.

## ODE XXXVII

*On the* DEATH OF CLEOPATRA

Now, Companions, now's the hour  
 Generous bowls of wine to pour!  
 Shake the earth with dances gay;  
 Let the feast be spread to day,  
 Neath each Temple's dome divine,  
 Rich enough for priests to dine!



p 93: )

Justice in such determined death;  
Nor could a heart so noble bear  
Her head to bond, and chains to bear wear  
Like some poor slave, a captive in the shoes  
of Caesar's haughty host triumphing o'er her woe.

4th lines

Ode ~~XXX~~ VIII<sup>th</sup>

To his descendant

This ode I have no heart to attempt, after having  
heard Mr A Coleridges translation, on May day, at  
Amble side.

p H. Bronte

Haworth nr

Bradford. Yorks

June 27

1840

Till this hour it seemed a sin  
To tap the wine in hidden bin,  
While Egypt's Queen decreed a dreadful doom  
Of overwhelming fall,  
And bloody funeral,  
To our high Capitol and haughty Rome.  
Surrounded by a filthy crowd  
Of pampered flatterers, boasting loud,  
And drunk with fortunes favours given;  
But down to ruin madly driven.  
For, scarcely 'scaping fire and foes,  
A single vessel bore her home;  
And, drunk with hope though her ambition rose,  
Great Cæsar, breathing ocean's foam  
From Italy, with swift oars cut the tide,  
And brought forgotten fears to crush her new born pride.  
Like the wild Hawk that, from above  
Pounces upon the trembling dove,  
Or as the Hunter on the plains  
Of wintery Thrace, pursues the hare,  
So would he give to captives chains  
That prodigy so fatal though so fair;  
Whose proud heart, panting to be gone,  
Nor, like a woman, feared to feel  
The terrors of unsparing steel,  
Nor with swift ship to seek some shore unknown;  
But with calm brow beheld her realm  
Victorious vengeance overwhelm;  
And smiled to see the serpent's teeth  
Chill her veins and choke her breath;  
Fierce in such determined death;  
Nor could a heart so noble bear  
Her head to bend, and chains to wear  
Like some poor slave, a captive in the shew  
Of Cæsar's haughty host triumphing o'er her woe.

## IN CONCLUSION

The manuscripts and unpublished writings of Charlotte and Patrick Branwell Bronte, contained in these two volumes were written between the years 1829 and 1840, during the period when Charlotte was aged 13 to 24, and Patrick Branwell aged from 12 to 23.

There are extant a few childish compositions written by both, prior to 1829, but they have not been considered worth reproducing here.

In 1829 both Charlotte and Branwell appear to have had the idea of compiling something in the form of a magazine, to include short stories, historical articles, and miscellaneous notes. The result was the compilation of *The Young Men's Magazine*, which they edited under the pseudonym of 'W. T.' (i.e. We Two) or 'U. T.' (i.e. Us Two), a full description of which will be found on page 14 of Vol. I. The contributions to this manuscript magazine form the basis of a long story involved with a narrative of historical events relating to the supposed foundation and development of a new English colony or settlement—the ideal of their imagination during the next few years. The political, commercial and Christian exploration of Africa in the early days of last century was a constant source of interest, whilst their reading of the contemporary writings of Byron, Campbell, Wordsworth and particularly Southey enhanced the imagination of these two enthusiastic young writers. The British influence and military achievements in Western Europe thrilled Branwell. The contemporary society news and measures for various social reforms claimed Charlotte's thoughts. They were both exceptionally well informed regarding national affairs and followed the proceedings of Parliament with lively interest. The scene of their imaginary new colony—a reward for the great achievements of the military forces under the Duke of Wellington, is situated in a rich and fertile country on the coast of Africa in the Gulf of Guinea, adjoining the Gold Coast Colony and Ashanti. Its foundation coincides with the great national rejoicing and popular approbation when the Duke of Wellington became Prime Minister of England in 1828.

The influence of contemporary literature on both Branwell and Charlotte is clearly shown in their writings of this period. Branwell in 1829 had read a good deal of foreign travel, and compiled a manuscript entitled *The Travels of Rolando Segur: Comprising his Adventures throughout the Voyage, and in America, Europe, the South Pole, etc.*, whilst Charlotte had been engaged on a little story entitled *Tales of the Islanders*, which, she tells us, came to be started in the following manner.

'One night, about the time when the cold sleet and stormy fogs of November are succeeded by the snowstorms and high, piercing night winds of confirmed winter, we were all sitting round the warm blazing kitchen fire, having just concluded a quarrel with Tabby concerning the propriety of lighting a candle, from which she came off victorious, no candle having been produced. A long pause succeeded, which was at last broken by Branwell saying, in a lazy manner, "I don't know what to do." This was echoed by Emily and Anne.

'*Tabby*. "Wh, ya may go t'bed."

'*Branwell*. "I'd rather do anything than that."

'*Charlotte*. "Why are you so glum to-night, Tabby? Oh! suppose we had each an island of our own."

'*Branwell*. "If we had I would choose the Island of Man."

'*Charlotte*. "And I would choose the Isle of Wight."

'*Emily*. "The Isle of Arran for me."

'*Anne*. "And mine shall be Guernsey."

'We then chose who should be the chief men in our islands. Branwell chose John Bull, Astley Cooper, and Leigh Hunt; Emily, Walter Scott, Mr Lockhart, Johnny Lockhart; Anne, Michael Sadler, Lord Bentinck, Sir Henry Halford. I chose the Duke of Wellington and two sons, Christopher North & Co., and Mr Abernethy. Here our conversation was interrupted by the, to us, dismal sound of the clock striking seven, and we were summoned off to bed. The next day we added many others to our list of men, till we got almost all the chief men of the kingdom. After this, for a long time, nothing worth noticing occurred. In June 1828 we erected a school on a fictitious island, which was to contain 1,000 children. The manner of the building was as follows: The Island was fifty miles in circumference, and certainly appears more like the work of enchantment than anything real,' etc.

The following extract from the *Tales of the Islanders* will show how the political and contemporary events were utilized as the basis for the stories. It was in 1829 that Wellington carried the Catholic Emancipation Bill even against his own opinion. Then followed the Parliamentary Reform Bill of Sir Robert Peel.

'Parliament was opened, and the great Catholic question was brought forward, and the Duke's measures were disclosed, and all was slander, violence, party spirit, and confusion. Oh, those six months, from the time of the King's Speech to the end! Nobody could write, think, or speak on any subject but the Catholic question, and the Duke of Wellington, and Mr Peel. I remember the day when the *Intelligence Extraordinary* came with Mr Peel's speech in it, containing the terms on which the Catholics were to be let in! With what eagerness papa tore off the cover, and how we all gathered round him, and with what breathless anxiety we listened, as one by one they were disclosed, and explained, and argued upon so ably, and so well! and then when it was all out, how aunt said that she thought it was excellent, and that the Catholics could do no harm with such good security! I remember also the doubts as to whether it would pass the House of Lords, and the prophecies that it would not; and when the paper came which was to decide the question, the anxiety was almost dreadful with which we listened to the whole affair: the opening of the doors; the hush; the royal dukes in their robes, and the great Duke in green sash and waistcoat; the rising of all the peeresses when he rose; the reading of his speech—papa saying that his words were like precious gold; and lastly, the majority of one to four in favour of the Bill. But this is a digression,' etc., etc.<sup>1</sup>

During 1830 the reading of Charlotte and Branwell, at the age of 14 and 13 respectively, appears to have been developing on a wider scale: poetry and history were beginning to play their part. The writing of poetry was claiming Charlotte's attention; whilst Branwell had been so impressed with the Roman period of English history that he wrote a charming little play around the story of *Caractacus*. (Vol. II, p. 405.) His *Letters from an Englishman* (Vol. I, p. 96) are a good example of the influence of the biographical literature of the period on his style of composition.

In 1831 Charlotte had started her sojourn at Roe Head School, and there are no writings of hers of this period. The only works by Branwell are the continuation of *Letters from an Englishman*, which he did not complete until 1832.

By 1833 Charlotte had finished her schooling and was back at home. We now see her making the first serious effort to compile a substantial story, although she cannot get away from naming her characters after those associated with the Duke of Wellington. *The Foundling, A Tale of Our Own Times by Captain Tree*,

<sup>1</sup> Mrs Gaskell's *Life of Charlotte Brontë*, Haworth Edition, pp. 84–89, and *The Cosmopolitan Magazine*, October 1911.



is the record of the adventures of Edward Sydney, who eventually finds himself to be a forgotten son of Frederick Guelph, Duke of York, whom she and Branwell had made their hero, and the first king of the new kingdom of Angria. Branwell also at this time begins to write stories of the life in Verdopolis, which was the capital of the new settlement. (Vol. I, p. 220.)

The manuscripts written during the next six years, 1834-1839, are of a remarkable character. They are almost entirely written on the same type of folded note-paper: prolific, and systematically compiled with very little alteration. They all pertain to life and incidents in the imaginary new kingdom of Angria and there is a maintained sequence of association throughout. It is obvious that there was very close co-operation between Charlotte and Branwell during this period and the portions of the manuscript bearing the signature of Charlotte, or attributed to her, have a particular charm. They are mainly stories about some of the chief characters, or romantic incidents. Branwell, on the other hand, was more concerned with the government of the country, and its military life. He displays a remarkable knowledge of the procedure followed in State administration, of the conduct of courtiers, and of the duties of civil and military officers; whilst his command and use of words of a particularly out-of-the-way character are convincing evidence of his wide knowledge and extensive reading.

The manuscripts dated 1834 began with one entitled *Leaf from an Unopened Volume* which Mr W. G. Kingsland described in an article in 'Poet Lore' (Spring Number, 1897) and which has not yet been traced, whilst the remaining manuscripts from Charlotte's pen during this year are in the little volume now in the British Museum (Add. MSS. 34255). It contains *High Life in Verdopolis* in six chapters, begun February 20th, 1834, finished March 20th, 1834; *The Spell*, begun June 21st, 1834, finished July 21st, 1834; *The Scrap Book, a mingling of many things* was begun September 15th, 1834, and completed March 17th, 1835.

*The Scrap Book* contains the following ten articles:

*Address to the Angrians by His Grace the Duke of Zamorna with postscript addressed to the Earl of Northangerland.* September 15th, 1834.

*Speech of His Grace the Duke of Zamorna at the opening of the first Angrian Parliament.* September 20th, 1834.

No title. Begins 'Well Etty.' December 5th, 1834. *Extracted from the last number of the Northern Review.*

*Letter to the Right Hon. Arthur, Marquis of Ardrab*, signed Zamorna. December 6th, 1834.

No title. One stanza on a horse. No date.

No title. Poem: A Lament; unfinished. C. Brontë. Seventy lines. Dated November 28th, 1834.

*A Brace of Characters. John Augustus Sneachie, E. E. G. Wellesley.* Charlotte Brontë. October 30th, 1834.

*A Late Occurrence.* Undated and unsigned.

*Duke of Z. and E. Percy.* Charlotte Brontë. January 24th, 1835.

*From the Verdopolitan Intelligencer.* C. Brontë. March 16th, 1835.

It was not until 1892 that this volume came to light, having been acquired by Professor Ernest Nys of Brussels, who happened to find it on a second-hand bookstall there. He sold it to the British Museum, and at that time, in 1892, it was the only known collection of manuscripts attributed to Charlotte Brontë other than her published works. The story of the volume is, I think, well known; briefly, it is surmised that Charlotte must have taken these few pages of manuscript with her to Brussels in 1842, and that they were left at the Pensionnat of M. Heger, and it is possible that they were afterwards bound up and kept in M. Heger's library or bookcase until 1890, when various changes were made at the School after the death of Mme Heger. They are in minute handwriting, except for the title-pages and Charlotte's signatures. These have been reproduced here (Vol. I, pages 329-405).

Branwell's manuscripts for 1834 begin with *Events which Preceded the Formation of the Kingdom of Angria*, dated February 18. The Duke of Zamorna, son of the Duke of Wellington, having returned victorious from the wars demands his reward; the rightful sovereignty over the new Kingdom of Angria. Only a small portion of this manuscript has so far been traced (Vol. I, p. 326). The proceedings of the foundation of the Kingdom of Angria follows in a long manuscript with the title, *The Wool is Rising*, dated June 26, 1834 (Vol. I, p. 407), which is here reproduced in replica. Then the *Coronation of Zamorna as the first King of Angria* is described in a manuscript of twelve pages to which Branwell contributes two patriotic songs. *Zamorna's Address to*

*the Angrians*, a manuscript of four pages in the British Museum volume, is attributed to Charlotte, as also is the *Speech of Zamorna at the Opening of the First Angrian Parliament*, September 20, 1834. Branwell is, however, the official historian and describes most enthusiastically *The Opening of the First Angrian Parliament*, with a song of welcome and rousing speeches. The more personal and romantic account of the people of this new country is next described by Charlotte in a long manuscript entitled *My Angria and the Angrians* (Vol. II, p. 1). Branwell sets to work on the military and political history:—Zamorna having decided to end the feud with his father-in-law, the Earl of Northangerland, makes an alliance with him, the result of which is a national upheaval. First there is the *Massacre of Dongola*, a city on the east bank of the river Etrei, followed by *The Battle of Loan-go*, then *The Rising of the Angrians*, *The Revolution*, and finally *Zamorna's Exile*. All these most carefully compiled historical records occupied Branwell's time from January, 1835 to December, 1836. Charlotte had evidently kept abreast of his historical treatise, and in her desire to record the happenings of the people, contributes a record of the *Passing Events*, which is dated April 21, 1836; then finally she restores her hero, the Duke of Zamorna, to his kingdom, in a long story entitled *The Return of Zamorna*, and follows it up with a very detailed biography of the life of *The Duke of Zamorna*, both of which she wrote between December, 1836 and July, 1838. The life of Zamorna occupies more than one hundred pages of microscopic handwriting.

The whole of the manuscripts recorded in the preceding paragraph, with the exception of those two mentioned as being in the British Museum volume, have a history of their own. After the Brussels volume came to light in 1892, the leading Brontë scholars began to question the possibility of finding further manuscripts of the same character, and Mr Clement K. Shorter arranged a visit to the Rev. A. B. Nicholls, who was then living in retirement at Banagher in Ireland.<sup>1</sup>

The result of this visit was the discovery in Mr Nicholls's possession of some hundreds of pages of manuscript in minute handwriting. These Mr Shorter brought to London, and they were acquired by Mr Thomas J. Wise, who, with Mr Shorter's

<sup>1</sup> See *Lives, Friendships and Correspondence*, Volume IV, page 291.

assistance, began to sort them, and where they could find sections in some form of completeness, these were bound together; with the result that some fifty to sixty thin little volumes in expensive bindings came into existence. So precious were these unpublished Brontë manuscripts reputed to be that fireproof cases were made to hold some of them. Mr Wise then selected what he wished to keep for his own library, and the remaining volumes were disposed of to his book-collecting friends in England and America. Some found their way to the Pierpont Morgan Library, the Wrenn Library, and to Mr H. H. Bonnell of Philadelphia, Mr A. E. Newton, and Mr Smith of New York, amongst the American collectors; and to Mr William Law, Mr Buxton Forman and other English collectors. Thirty years later the remainder of these manuscripts which had not been bound up, and which Mr Wise had not been able to link together, had found their way into a London bookshop, and were eventually acquired by Lord Brotherton.

Many of the volumes bound up by Mr Wise were simply lettered 'Manuscripts—C. Brontë—P. B. Brontë', and so forth, and in many instances there was no actual title to the pages of manuscript. It will therefore be seen from the records in these two volumes that we have not had access to the whole manuscript story of the History of Angria. Many of the small volumes made up by Mr Wise are still untraced, and although large sections of the manuscript are missing, what we have been able to record and reproduce here give a representative example of the writings of Charlotte and Patrick Branwell Brontë over a period of ten years.

The minute handwriting of both Charlotte and Branwell Brontë is very similar, and the student of these Brontë records will find considerable scope for research in following up the missing links in the story, and discovering on what plan these remarkable writings were compiled.

The replicas of the manuscripts here presented are much more readable than the originals. The manuscript of *The Battle of Longo* is reputed to be the most difficult and minutely written of the whole series, and although it only occupies 18 pages, it contains over 31,000 words. The remainder of these manuscripts have at least 1,500 words to the page.

In view of the distribution of the manuscripts relating to the

story of Angria by Mr Wise, the sequences followed in these volumes are in accordance with their present identification, and introductory prefaces have been prefixed as required.

Considerable credit is due to Mr C. W. Hatfield, Mr Davidson Cook, Mr G. E. MacLean, Miss Fanny Ratchford, and Miss Marian Wood for their researches on those manuscripts which have passed through their hands, and on which they have spent much time in making transcripts.

A glossary of the names of people and places is contained in the index.

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- Adcinous, Gardens of, I, 305
- Address to the Angrians* by Charlotte Bronte, I, 451
- Adrian, Emperor, *see* Wellesley, Arthur Augustus Adrian
- Adrian, Prince, I, 318
- Adrianopolis, a city founded by Zamorna, situated on the Calabar. The youth and fashion of Verdopolis migrated to this new city, I, 320, II, 1
- Adventure in Ireland* by Charlotte Bronte, I, 137
- Æolian Caves, Æolus, according to Homer, was appointed by Zeus keeper of the winds, and lived on the Æolian Island, I, 207
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- Albion and Marina* by Lord Wellesley (Charlotte Bronte), I, 24
- Albion, Marquis of Tagus, the name given to Arthur, Marquis of Douro in *Albion and Marina*, I, 24-35
- Alford, Dr, Physician-in-ordinary to Zamorna
- Alhamas, Marquis of, *see* Wellesley, Ernest Julius Mornington
- Alhamas, Marchioness of, *see* Inez, Emily
- 'All the summer plains of Angria were asleep in perfect peace' by Charlotte Bronte, II, 345
- Almeida, Marquis of (Lord Julius), infant son of Zamorna. A town in Portugal, at one time headquarters of Wellington during Peninsular War
- Alnwick House; Percy's house in Sneachusland, where Mary was sent when Zamorna decided to send her away. Alnwick Castle in Northumberland has been from early times the home of the Percy family, Earls of Northumberland, II, 344
- 'And, when you left me' by Charlotte Bronte, II, 240
- Angria, name given by Charlotte and Branwell Bronte to the country discovered by the Twelves. Probably derived from the province of Angola in Western Africa. 80 miles long, 180 miles broad. Capital—the city of Angria, population 1,492,000. Lord-Lieutenant—W. H. Warner, Esq. The country of Angria, population 4,959,000. Angria lies east of Verdopolis or the Glasstown country. The later stories of the cycle put a good deal of emphasis on the East, represented by Adrianopolis, and the West, represented by Verdopolis, as geographical divisions, just as the earlier stories put the emphasis on the North and the South. The West takes on many of the characteristics of Ireland, just as Sneach's Land in the North exhibits the characteristics of Scotland
- Angria House, the residence of Warner Howard Warner, II, 152

- Angria, King of, *see* Wellesley, Arthur
- Angrian Wars, The: (1) Those fought with the natives of the country, the Ashantees; (2) The later wars with the blacks led by the rebel Ashantee prince, Quashia, stirred up by the villain Northangerland, and aided by the French; (3) The Great Rebellion raised by Alexander Rogue (Northangerland); (4) Wars of Aggression by which Arthur Wellesley made himself Emperor Adrian
- Angrian Welcome, The*, by Patrick Branwell Bronte, I, 463
- Angus, Sir Alured, a Scotchman; physician to Duke of Wellington, and father of Marina Angus, in later stories Marian Hume, wife of the Marquis of Douro, I, 27, 28
- Angus, Marina, later called Marian Hume, wife of the Marquis of Douro, I, 24
- Annu, a genius, protector of Ross = Anne Bronte, I, 61
- Anthem of the Coronation* by Patrick Branwell Bronte, I, 436
- Aornos, Mountain of, abode of the chief Genii and lord of the Jibbel Cumrii; Aornos was a lofty rock, supposed to be near the Ganges in India, taken by Alexander. Hercules had besieged it, but was never able to conquer it, I, 127
- Ape of the Hills, sometimes called Ape of the Mist, I, 147, 148
- Arabian Nights Entertainment*, I, 4n, 213n
- Arbor, Captain, novelist, poet, biographer, dramatic writer, historian and satirist, I, 245
- Ardrah, Arthur Marquis of, letter to the Right Honourable Arthur, Marquis of Ardrah, II, 66; an enemy of Northangerland, II, 98; Leader of the Reformers' Party, II, 169; the Prince of Ardrah was the hereditary ruler of one of the Southern Kingdoms of the African Confederacy
- Ardslay Hall; a mile out of Ardsley, used by grouse shooters on the Olympian hills, formerly the house of George Turner Grey, II, 300
- Argus, a giant who had eyes all over his body, I, 236
- Arniston, Lady Emma, sister of Lord Hartford, mentioned merely in passing
- Arthurliana or Odds and Ends, Being a Miscellaneous Collection of Pieces in Prose and Verse* by Lord Charles A. F. Wellesley (Charlotte Bronte), I, 297
- Arundel, 165 miles long, 90 miles broad. Capital—the city of Seaton Lord Lieutenant—The Earl of Arundel Population 971,000
- Arundel, Lord, an Angrian statesman, mentioned in most of the later stories
- Ashantee, the four kings of: Sneaky, Wellington, Parry, and Ross, I, 186
- Ashantees, small ninepins bought at Leeds, I, 78n. *See also* Angrian Wars, The
- Ashley Library, I, 14, 61, 220, 407; II, 11, 169, 222
- Astarte, Hall of; Astarte or Ash-toreth was the principal female divinity of the Phœnicians, I, 29
- Automedon, son of Diore, comrade and charioteer of Achilles, I, 243
- Avon, Sir James, fiancé of Lady Julia Wellesley, I, 265
- Aykroyd, Tabitha (Tabby), servant to the Brontës, I, 1
- Azazel, the Angel, I, 212
- Bach, John Sebastian, II, 1
- 'Backward I look upon my life' by Patrick Branwell Bronte, I, 407

- Badry, or Body, Dr Hume; later called Duke Badhi. Probably suggested by Thomas Hume (1769-1850), an eminent physician, under Wellesley in the Peninsular, I, 42
- Baines, Edward, son of Sir Edward Baines, I, 1
- Baines, Sir Edward, editor of *Leeds Mercury*, I, 1
- Baines, Talbot, son of Sir Edward Baines, I, 1
- Barass, M. J., Treasurer of the Forces, II, 206
- Beaufort, Duke of, Rogue's uncle, I, 170
- Beethoven, L. van; Copy of his Works which belonged to Emily and Anne Bronte, II, 2
- 'Behold the waste of waving sea' by Patrick Branwell Bronte, II, 235
- Bellingham, James (also called Everard Bellingham), London banker who visited Glasstown, and wrote *Letters from an Englishman* to a friend in London. He is also the narrator of *The Pirate*
- Bellona, Roman goddess of war, I, 321
- Belus, one of the most ancient Kings of Babylon, supposed to be the son of Osiris, I, 29
- 'Beneath Fiden's Minster' by Charlotte Bronte, II, 370
- Benguela, River; Benguela is the name of a province in Angola on the West coast of Africa, II, 70
- Benini, Ashantee rebel, brother of Eredi, I, 214
- Benson, A. C., II, 424, 425
- Beresford, companion of the Duke of Wellington (William Carr, Viscount Beresford, general in the Peninsular War), I, 11, 12
- Bibliography of the Writings in Prose and Verse of Members of the Bronte Family* by Thomas J. Wise, I, 354
- Blackwood's Magazine*, lent to Rev. P. Bronte by Dr Driver, I, 1
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- 'Blow ye wild winds wilder blow' by Patrick Branwell Bronte, II, 55
- Blucher, General, head of the Prussian Army, I, 93
- Body, Dr Hume. See Badry, Dr Hume
- Bonnell Collection, Haworth, I, 1, 17, 18, 202, 218, II, 111, 222, 235, 240, 256, 257, 258, 322, 342, 343, 345, 404
- Bonnell Collection, Philadelphia, I, 202; II, 70, 123, 402, 472
- Bookman, The*, December 1929, I, 15
- 'Brace of Characters' by Charlotte Bronte, II, 50
- Bradford, Rev. P. Bronte buys soldiers at, I, 63
- Brandart, author of *Finished Lawyer*, I, 19
- Branii, a genius, protector of Crashy = Patrick Branwell Bronte, I, 61
- Branii Hills, a lofty chain of black, untraversed mountains, I, 147
- Branwell, Elizabeth, sister of Mrs Bronte, I, 1
- Bravey, William, one of the Twelves, the founders of Glasstown, I, 66
- Bravey's Inn, or Hotel, I, 98
- Bridal, The*, by Charlotte Bronte, I, 202
- British Museum, I, 327, 377, 477; II, 50, 63, 66, 81, 89, 469, 470, 471
- British Weekly*, February 1895, I, 377
- Bromley, Mr, minister at the Wesleyan Chapel, Slug Street, Verdopolis, II, 140 sq.
- Bronte, Anne, in kitchen at Haworth, I, 1; chooses soldier, I, 2, 61, 63; love of music and composition of hymn tune, II, 2; described as 'Anne Wiggins,' II, 2, 3; her portrait by Patrick Branwell Bronte, II, 426



Brontë, Charlotte, *The History of the Year*, I, 1; naming of Branwell's soldiers, I, 2, 61, 63; *A Romantic Tale*, I, 3; *Two Romantic Tales*, I, 13n; *An Adventure in Ireland*, I, 13n, *The Twelve Adventurers and Other Stories*, I, 13n, 24, 45, 52n, 64n, 66n, 78n, 170n, 202, 297, 353, II, 322, 344; *The Infant*, I, 14; *The Young Men's Magazine*, her contributions to, I, 14-17, 'Harvest in Spain,' I, 15; *Albion and Marina*, I, 24, *Characters of Celebrated Men*, I, 36; *Visits in Verreopolis*, I, 45, 202, *The Rivals*, I, 45; 'The pearl within the shell concealed,' I, 45; *The Fairy Gift*, I, 52; 'Hearken, O Mortal to the wail,' I, 59; Writing romances, etc., I, 96; *The Green Dwarf*, I, 148n, 170, Chapter 6, 214, 220; 'Napoleon and the Spectre,' contained in *The Green Dwarf*, I, 170n; *The Bridal*, I, 202; 'Marian's Song,' I, 202, 'Love and Jealousy,' I, 202, 354, 'He is gone and all grandeur has fled from the mountain,' I, 206, *The Red Cross Knight and Other Poems*, I, 207n, 297; *African Queen's Lament*, I, 214, A Novel in Miniature *Something about Arthur*, I, 219, 'The Trumpet Hath Sounded,' I, 219; *The Foundling*, I, 220; 'Eamala is a gurt bellaring bull,' I, 228; 'The Swiss Emigrant's Return,' I, 255, 'Serenade,' I, 256; 'O wind that o'er the ocean,' I, 266; 'Sound a lament in the halls of his Father,' I, 286; *Arthuriana*, I, 297; 'The Post Office,' I, 297; 'Brushwood Hall,' I, 297, 'The Haunted Tower,' I, 297, 'Memory,' I, 297; *Saul and Other Poems*, I, 297, 'The Tragedy and the Essay,' I, 297, 300; 'The Fresh Arrival,' I, 297; 'The Tea Party,' I, 297, 'Captain Flower's Last,' I, 297, 307; 'There are lands where scents of flowers,' I, 297, *The Secret*, I, 314; *Lily Hart*, I, 314; *The Vision*, I, 314, *Leaf from an Un-*

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'Your mama's in the dairy, your father's in the field,' II, 372; *Fragmentary Manuscripts*, II, 403; *A Determination to cease writing on Angrian subjects*, II, 403, 404; 'Life,' II, 403; 'Caroline Vernon,' II, 403; her portrait by Branwell, II, 426; her severity to Branwell, II, 428

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polis,' I, 307*n*; replica of prose MS. relating to events which preceded the formation of the Kingdom of Angria, I, 326; *The Wool is Rising*, I, 326, 407, *The Rover*, I, 354, 408; 'Backward I look upon my life,' I, 407; 'I saw her in the crowded Hall,' I, 410; 'Sound the loud Trumpet o'er Afric's bright sea,' I, 435; 'Anthem of the Coronation,' I, 435; 'Northangerland's Letter to the Angrians,' I, 457; 'Angrian Welcome,' I, 463; 'History stood by her pillar of fame,' I, 465, described by Charlotte in *My Angria and the Angrians* as Patrick Benjamin Wiggins, II, 1-3; 'An Hour's Musings,' II, 55; 'The Massacre of Dongola,' II, 70; 'Life of Field Marshal the Right Honourable Alexander Percy, Earl of Northangerland,' II, 88, *The History of Angria*, I, II, 98; II, II, 111; IV, II, 169, V, II, 179; VI, II, 186, VII, II, 188, VIII, II, 196, 222; 'What pleasant airs upon her face,' II, 196; 'Through the hoarse howlings of the storm,' II, 197, 'Behold the waste of waving sea,' II, 235; *The History of Angria*, IX, II, 258; Fragment of a prose MS., II, 315, 334, 340, *History of Angria*, X, II, 342; *Percy*, II, 342; 'Life of Warner Howard Warner,' II, 343; 'Love and Warfare,' II, 402; *Caractacus*, II, 405; *The Odes of Quintus Horatius Flaccus*, II, 423; his character and writings, II, 423-432

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Brunswick, Ducal House of, I, 83*n*

Brunswick, Frederic, Duke of York, *see* Guelph, Frederic

- 'Brushwood Hall' by Charlotte Brontë, I, 297
- Bud, Captain John, described by Charlotte as a great politician; he is the supposed author of *The History of the Young Men* and other works by Branwell, I, 40
- Bud, Sergeant, described by Charlotte as a 'clever lawyer and a great liar,' I, 41
- Burke, Edmund, II, 182<sup>n</sup>
- Burke, William, the murderer who is mentioned in *Noctes Ambrosianæ*, by Christopher North, which was published in *Blackwood's Magazine*, I, 101<sup>n</sup>
- Burns, Robert, II, 33<sup>n</sup>
- 'But a recollection now' by Charlotte Brontë, II, 339
- Byron, George Gordon, Lord, I, 362, II, 1, *Don Juan*, Canto VII, II, 187
- Calabar, Province of, 190 miles long, 130 miles broad. Capital—the city of Gazemba. Lord-Lieutenant—Wilkin Thornton, Esq. Population 59,000, I, 326, 437
- Calabar, River; Adrianopolis was situated on the Calabar Calabar is the name of a real river in West Africa, I, 320
- Cameron, Eugene, one of Charlotte's Twelves, I, 4, 5
- Captain Flower's Last' by Charlotte Brontë, I, 297, 307
- Caractacus* by Patrick Branwell Brontë, II, 405
- Carey, Captain Lucius, follower of Rogue, I, 121
- 'Caroline Vernon' by Charlotte Brontë, II, 403
- Carthage, inhabited by Romans, I, 64
- Cartismandua, Queen of the Brigantes, II, 408
- Cartwright, John; Edward Sydney was left on his doorstep as a baby, I, 222–225
- Cartwright, Margaret, wife of John Cartwright, I, 222–225
- Casepith Mountain, I, 166
- Castlereagh, Lord, *see* Stewart, Francis
- Cathcart, Lady Selina, married Sir James Avon, I, 295
- Caversham, George, Lord, Governor of Arundel, II, 206; runs away with Mrs Young, II, 349
- Characters of Celebrated Men of the Present Time* by Captain Tree (Charlotte Brontë), I, 36
- Charlesworth, Lady Emily, abducted by Alexander Percy, I, 170
- Cheeky, Alexander, surgeon, one of Branwell's Twelves, I, 65
- Cirhala, River, the river on which the town of Evesham is situated
- Claudius, Roman Emperor, II, 408
- Clifton, Amelia, the maid of Mary Percy, Zamorna's wife, II, 144
- Clinton, Henry, one of Charlotte's Twelves; Sir Henry Clinton (1771–1829), a British General at Waterloo, was aide-de-camp to the Duke of York in 1793, the date of this story, I, 4
- Coleridge, Hartley, trans. of Horace, Book I, Ode XXXVIII, II, 429
- Cornhill Magazine*, Vol. II, December 1860, II, 339
- Cook, Davidson, II, 473
- Coomassie, capital of Ashantee; Coomassie or Kumasi is a town in Ashanti, on the Gold Coast, I, 80
- Cornelius, Lord, name given to Lord Charles Wellesley in *Albion and Marina*, I, 26
- Corner Dishes, being a small Collection of Mixed and Unsubstantiated Trifles in Prose and Verse* by Lord Charles A. F. Wellesley (Charlotte Brontë), I, 353

- Cortez, Ferdinand, one of Charlotte's Twelves, I, 4
- Crackey, a middy, one of Branwell's Twelves, I, 66
- Crashey, Butter, the Patriarch of the Twelves who acted as an oracle of the Genii, I, 65
- Dahomey, Plain of; Dahomey is a kingdom in West Africa, I, 8
- Daitura Arbora, a magnificent tree brought by Zamorna for his wife from India, at a costly price, II, 163, 164
- Dance, Louisa, kidnapping of, II, 138, 139
- Danhasch, son of Schemhoursch, a genii rebellious to God (*Arabian Nights Entertainments*), I, 213*n*
- Darrow, a manufacturer of firearms, I, 208
- Day Abroad*, A, by Charlotte Brontë, I, 353, 365
- De Humbolt, Fried. Hein. Alex. von Humbolt (1769-1859), German naturalist and traveller, mentioned in Charlotte Brontë's *My Angria and The Angrians*
- De Lisle, Frederick, an Angrian painter, I, 43; engraver of 'Verdopolita Delineata,' I, 185
- Delph, Miss Victoria, a famous heiress, II, 391
- Denard, River, 200 miles long, flows into the Niger, I, 132
- De Rothsay, Felix, one of Branwell's Twelves, I, 4
- 'Destiny' by Charlotte Brontë, I, 266*n*
- Dindims Throne, a vast chain of mountains, I, 129
- Dinard, Sir John, a leader of the cavalry, II, 315
- Diomedes, a hero in Homer, I, 88
- Dongola, a city on the east bank of the River Etrei, massacre of; Dongola is a province and city in Egypt, on the Nile, II, 70
- Dorn, Captain C., Commander of the Lancers in Rogue's Army, I, 151
- Dorn, First Lieutenant, accompanied Arthur Wellesley to England, I, 91
- Douro, Marquis of, title of the Dukes of Wellington. See Wellesley, Arthur Augustus Adrian, Marquis of Douro, Duke of Zamorna and King of Angria
- Douro, Province of, 130 miles long, 100 miles broad. Capital—the city of Douro. Lord-Lieutenant—the Earl of Jourdan. Population 71,000
- Drinkwater, John; introduction to Branwell's translation of *The Odes of Horace*, II, 423
- Driver, Dr, lends to Rev P Brontë, *John Bull* and *Blackwood's Magazine*, I, 1
- Ducie, Lady Beatrice, I, 53-57
- Ducie, Lord, the 2nd Lord Ducie (1802-1853) was an advocate of free trade, and a famous agriculturist and breeder of shorthorns, I, 53
- Duke of Zamorna* by Charlotte Brontë, II, 348
- Duke of Zamorna and Edward Percy* by Charlotte Brontë, II, 89
- Dunaley (or Dunally), Gustavus, one of Charlotte's Twelves, I, 4
- Dundee, an Angrian painter, I, 42; author of 'Scenery of the Glass-town Countries,' I, 185
- Dundin, Mount, I, 166
- 'Each sound of woe has died away upon the summer air' by Charlotte Brontë, I, 307
- 'Eamala is a gurt bellarling bull' by Charlotte Brontë, I, 228
- Edwardston, chief manufacturing town of Angria, founded by Ed-

- ward Percy. Edwardston Mail—a mail coach. Edwardston Hall, the house of Edward Percy, son of Northangerland
- Elboros Mountains, I, 147
- Election Campaign of 1835, II, 99
- Ellrington, Alsana, brother of Lady Zenobia Ellrington, I, 259
- Ellrington, Paulina Louisiada, II, 354
- Ellrington, Surena, II, 140
- Ellrington, Viscount, title of Alexander Rogue on his marriage to Lady Zenobia Ellrington, I, 170, 182
- Ellrington, Lady Zelzia, name given to Lady Zenobia Ellrington in *Albion and Marina*, I, 24, 59
- Ellrington, Lady Zenobia; she was the rival of Marian Hume for the affections of the Marquis of Douro (see *Albion and Marina* and *The Rivals*). In *The Pirate* she married Alexander Rogue, who took the title of Viscount Ellrington, and later became Alexander Percy, Earl of Northangerland. Zenobia was the name of the Queen of Palmyra, who assumed the title of 'Queen of the East,' on the death of her husband Odenatus (A.D. 267). *Zenobia*, a tragedy by Arthur Murphy, was first produced at Drury Lane, 27 February 1768
- Ellrington Hall or House, the home of Lord and Lady Ellrington
- Elymbos, Mount (sometimes spelt Elimbos), a very high mountain in the wild barren regions of Africa, the home of the Ape of the Hills and his strange tribe, I, 147
- Emmu, a genius = Emily Bronte, protector of Parry, I, 61, 76n, 79
- Enara, Henri Fernando, Lord-Lieutenant of Etrei, Enarea is a district in Ethiopia, I, 457
- Enfant, The*, by Charlotte Bronte, I, 14
- Eredi, an Ashantee Rebel, brother of Benini, I, 214
- Eton College, the old custom of *Montem*, I, 225n
- Etrei, Province, 120 miles long, 95 miles broad. Capital—the city of Dongola. Lord-Lieutenant—Henri Fernando di Enara. Population 4,000
- Etrei, River, II, 70
- Etty, Sir William, an Angrian artist, supposed to be the son of the Duke of Northangerland; his daughter, Zorayda, marries Prince Adrian in *A Leaf from an Unopened Volume*. Visit to his studio. William Etty, R.A. (1787–1849), the son of a York baker, was a well-known artist at the time Charlotte and Branwell were writing these stories, II, 63
- Euryalus, a hero of the Trojan War, I, 88
- Evesham, in the Province of Edwardston; situated on the River Cirhala
- Faction du Mange, I, 106; also Faction du Manege, of which Jean, Prince of Ponte Corre is the Leader; the French word *Manege* is used in English for a riding school, or the training of horses, II, 170
- Fairy Gift* by Charlotte Brontë, I, 52
- 'Farewell, A,' by Charlotte Brontë, II, 344
- 'Fate of Regina' by Patrick Branwell Brontë, I, 159
- Ferdinando Hall, I, 11
- 'Few words to the Chief Genii' by Patrick Branwell Brontë, I, 183
- Fidena, a large city taken by Rogue during his rebellion, but afterwards captured by the Duke of Wellington, I, 136

- Fidena, Battle of, April 1832 (*Letters from an Englishman*, Vol. IV), I, 125
- Fidena, Duke of, *see* Percy, John
- Fidenaz, River, flowed from Greygarach into the Great Red River, I, 132
- Figgs, Sudbury, a character in *My Angria and the Angrians*, thought to be Mr Abraham Stansfield Sunderland, organist at Keighley Parish Church, II, 2
- Finden, Edward, engraver of de Lisle's portrait of Zenobia, wife of Northangerland; Edward Finden (1791-1857) was an engraver of some note, who with his eldest brother, established a school of engraving, I, 357
- Finick, dumb dwarf, employed by Marquis of Douro; perhaps suggested by the dwarf who served Lord Cranstoun in *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, I, 238
- FitzGeorge, Harold, one of Charlotte's Twelves, I, 4
- Flannagan, Maurice, Under-private secretary to Zamorna, I, 315
- Flower, John, Lord Richton, represents Branwell in the later Angrian stories, just as Townshend represents Charlotte. It is in this name that he wrote many of his 'novels,' such as *Letters from an Englishman* by Captain John Flower, *Real Life in Verdopolis* by Captain John Flower, M.P., and *Woolis Rising* by the Right Honourable John Baron Flower
- Forman, H. Buxton, II, 472
- Fortesque, Ernest, one of Charlotte's Twelves, I, 4
- Foundling, *The*, by Captain Tree (Charlotte Brontë), I, 220
- Fountain's Castle, I, 154
- Freetown, a town in the Glasstown valley, situated at the junction of the two great arms of the Niger, 150 miles from Great Glasstown; the Freetown Mercury was a mail coach, I, 126
- Fresh Arrival, The*, by Charlotte Brontë, I, 297
- Gambia, River, the Duke of Wellington's Glasstown was situated on this river, I, 104
- Gaskell, Mrs E. C., *Life of Charlotte Brontë*, I, I, 314; her opinion of Branwell, II, 423, 428
- Gazemba, a town on the east bank of the Calabar, 60 miles S.E. of Adrianopolis, I, 457
- Genii, *The*; the chief Genu, Branu (Branwell), Tallu (Charlotte), Emmu (Emily), and Anniu (Anne) inhabited the wild, mountainous region of Ashantee, where they presided over the destiny of the Twelves. The idea of the Genu was probably given to the Brontë children through reading *The Arabian Nights*; they only appear in the earlier stories, I, 61
- 'Gently the moonbeams are kissing the deep' by Charlotte Brontë, I, 256
- Gifford, John, Judge of Glasstown and President of the Royal Antiquarian Society, I, 65
- Girnington Hall, Thornton's house, I, 360, II, 7
- Glasstown, Great, a city built by the Twelves, after their first town, Twelvestown, had been burnt down; Charlotte called it 'Verreopolis,' which means Glasstown, from 'a Greek and French word to that effect'; later this was changed to 'Verdopolis.' The Duke of Wellington, Parry, Ross, and Sneaky each had their own separate Glasstown, over which they ruled, the central seat of government being at Great Glasstown, I, 46, 77#

- Glory of Africa*, a Verdopolitan newspaper, I, 451, 457
- Gravey, Edward, soldier given to Emily, I, 2; one of Branwell's Twelves, I, 66
- Green Dwarf, The*, by Lord Charles A. F. Wellesley (Charlotte Brontë), I, 148n, 170, Chapter 6, 214, 220, 296
- Greenwood, John, organist, II, 2
- Grenville, Ellen; her marriage with Warner Howard Warner, I, 329
- Grenville, Colonel John Bramham, a wealthy millowner shot during Rogue's rebellion, I, 211; fought against the mob, who under Naughty, tried to break into the Tower of All Nations to find Crashey, I, 271
- Greville, Lady Georgiana, North-angerland's mistress, who pleaded with him to bring Zamorna from exile, II, 210-214
- Grey, Catherine, daughter of George Turner Grey of Ardsley Hall, who was shot and killed when the house was invaded after the Battle of Edwardston, II, 302 sq
- Grey, George Turner, owner of Ardsley Hall, whose throat was cut after the Battle of Edwardston, when he returned to find his house burned and his daughter murdered, II, 301 sq
- Greygarach Mountain, an extremely high mountain in Sneaky's Land, I, 128
- Guadima, River, *see* Niger, River
- Guelph, Frederic, first King of the Twelves and Duke of York; he married a Spanish lady called Zorayda, and their son Edward Sydney is the hero of *The Foundling*. King Frederic was slain at the battle of Rossendale Hill, at the time when the real Duke of York died (*see* I, 83n)
- Guinea; many of the names used by Charlotte and Branwell are towns and rivers in this district, where the Twelves are supposed to have landed, I, 64, 71
- Gulliver's Travels*, I, 146n
- Halifax, Branwell buys Turkish musicians at, I, 63
- Hamilton, Edwin, an architect, who wrote a tragedy, 'Petus and Aria'; the chief character in 'The Tragedy and the Essay,' I, 300
- Handel, I, 123
- Hare, William, the murderer, who is mentioned in *Noctes Ambrosianæ* by Christopher North, which was published in *Blackwood's Magazine*, I, 101n
- Hartford, Lord, one of the Angrian nobility; appears in *The Duke of Zamorna* and many of the later stories in Vol II
- Harvard University Library, I, 14
- 'Harvest in Spain' by Charlotte Brontë, I, 15
- Hasleden, Mr, guardian of Edward Sydney in *The Foundling*, I, 224
- Haslingden, a strongly fortified town, the principal pass to Fidenia; Haslingden is a town in Lancashire about twenty miles from Haworth, I, 150-155
- Hastings, Henry, the poet of Angria, narrator of many of Branwell's stories, who rose to fame as the author of *The Campaign of the Calabar*, I, 465, II, 3, 70, 98, 125, 126, 334
- Hatfield, C. W., I, VII, 354; II, 473
- 'Haunted Tower, The,' by Charlotte Brontë, I, 297
- Haworth, I, 1, Branwell buys band of Indians at, I, 63; called 'Howard' by Charlotte, II, 1-3; Lord Morpeth at, II, 99

- 'Hearken, O Mortall to the wail' by Charlotte Brontë, I, 59
- Heart of Angria*, an Adrianopolis newspaper, I, 451
- Heger, M., opinion of Emily's musical ability, II, 2; his library, II, 470
- Heger, Mme, II, 470
- 'He is gone, and all grandeur is fled from the mountain' by Charlotte Brontë, I, 206
- Henneman, Mr, proprietor of *Leeds Intelligencer*, I, 1
- 'High Life in Verdopolis' by Lord Charles A. F. Wellesley (Charlotte Brontë), I, 327
- Hill, companion of the Duke of Wellington (Rowland, 1st Viscount Hill, general, served in the Peninsular War), I, 11
- History of Angria*, I, II, 98; II, II, 111; III, Passing Events, II, 125, IV, II, 169; V, II, 179; VI, II, 186; VII, II, 188; VIII, II, 196, 222; IX, II, 258; X, II, 342
- History of the Year* by Charlotte Brontë, I, 1
- History of the Young Men* by John Bud (Patrick Branwell Brontë), I, 61
- 'History stood by her pillar of fame' by Patrick Branwell Brontë, I, 465
- Hobbins, Mr, auctioneer at the sale of Zamorna's house and furniture, II, 163 sq
- Hodgsons, Messrs, I, 219, 297
- Hogg, James, the Ettrick Shepherd, writer of many poems, ballads, and stories, friend of Scott, Wordsworth and Southey, I, 1
- 'Holy St Cyprian, thy waters stray' by Charlotte Brontë, II, 344
- Homer, Pope's Translation of, I, 93; the times of, I, 305
- Honresfeld Collection, *see* Law Collection
- Horace (Quintus Horatius Flaccus), *Odes*, translated by Patrick Branwell Brontë, II, 423
- 'Hour's Musings, An,' by Patrick Branwell Brontë, II, 55
- Housman, A. E., II, 431
- Howard, Charlotte's name for Hawthorth; birthplace of Wiggins, i.e. Branwell (see *My Angria and the Angrians*), II, 1
- Huddersfield, II, 256
- Hume, David, mentioned by Charlotte as 'the greatest British . . . Historian,' I, 233
- Hume, Marian Florence, the first wife of Zamorna, and mother of Almeida; she married Zamorna while he was Marquis of Douro (see *The Rivals* and *The Bridal*); her fate is doubtful, but she either died, or Zamorna deserted her, and he then married Northangerland's daughter
- Hunter, Eliza, an actress, rival of Segovia, Northangerland's mistress, II, 352
- Huntington, Henry E., I, 353, 365
- 'Hurrah for the Gemini!' by Charlotte Brontë, II, 44
- Hyle, Lake of, I, 127
- Inez, Emily, Duchess of Valdecella, Marchioness of Alhamas, wife of Ernest, brother of Zamorna
- Invincible*, the 'Twelves' ship, I, 4, 65
- Ierne, Princess, daughter of the Emperor Adrian, I, 321
- Isadas, the Spartan, who defended his city from the Thebans
- 'I saw her in the crowded Hall' by Patrick Branwell Brontë, I, 410
- Islanders*, a play by the Brontë children, I, 1, 2
- 'I've a free hand and a merry heart' by Charlotte Brontë, II, 127



- Jerry, also called Macterroglen  
 Jibbel Kumri (or Cumri), Mountains of the Moon, I, 64  
*John Bull*, lent to Rev. P. Bronte by Dr Driver, I, 1  
 Joline, Adrian H., II, 339  
 Jordan, John, Earl of, Leader of the Bedouin Arabs, II, 170  
*Julia* by Charles Townshend (Charlotte Bronte), II, 338  
 Juno, I, 168  
 Jupiter, I, 29  
 Keighley, Rev. P. Bronte and Branwell at, I, 1, Branwell buys soldiers and Turkish musicians at, I, 63; Parish Church, II, 2  
 Kildenny Hall, seat of John Gifford, I, 65  
 Kingsland, William G., I, 325*n*, II, 469  
 Kirkwall, John, Baron Kirkwall, an Angrian statesman, II, 343  
 Knox, Dr, the surgeon in the case of Burke and Hare, who is mentioned in *Noctes Ambrosianae* by Christopher North, which was published in *Blackwood's Magazine*, I, 101*n*  
 Lalande, Madame, mistress of Northangerland, II, 309*sq*  
 'Lament, A,' by Charlotte Brontë, I, 285*n*  
 'Lanes were sweet at summer midnight' by Charlotte Bronte, II, 149  
 Lapis, Mr, a jeweller, probably from the Latin word meaning a stone, I, 316, 317  
 'Last Branch of murdered royalty' by Charlotte Bronte, I, 216  
 'Late Occurrence, A,' by Charlotte Bronte, II, 81  
*Latest Gleanings* by Charlotte Bronte, II, 338, 339, 344  
 Laury, Edward or Ned, father of Mina Laury, and valet of Zamorna; 'The Frenchman,' I, 101; description of, I, 110  
 Laury, Mina, Zamorna's mistress and nurse of his son, Almeida, her meeting with Zamorna at Marseilles, II, 240  
 Law, Sir Alfred, I, 17  
 Law Collection, I, 13*n*, 18, 43*n*; II, 3, 281, 344, 348, 472  
*Lay of the Last Minstrel*, I, 145  
 Leaf, Captain John, historian of the early life of the Twelves; author of the 'Acts of the Twelves,' I, 90; 'Our Thucydides,' I, 127, his autobiography, I, 208  
 Leaf, General, descendant of Captain Leaf, I, 215  
*Leaf from an Unopened Volume* by Lord Charles A. F. Wellesley (Charlotte Bronte), I, 318  
 Le Brun, an Angrian painter of 'the passions,' I, 43  
 Ledyard, John (1751-1789), American traveller, mentioned in Charlotte Bronte's *My Angria and the Angrians*  
 Leeds, Rev. P. Bronte buys soldiers at, I, 2, 63, small ninepins brought from, I, 78*n*  
*Leeds Intelligencer*, Tory newspaper taken by Rev. P. Bronte, edited by Mr Wood, I, 1  
*Leeds Mercury*, Whig newspaper taken by Rev. P. Bronte, edited by Sir Edward Baines, I, 1  
*Legends of Angria* compiled by Fannie E. Ratchford, I, 170*n*, II, 240, 322, 344  
 Leonidas the Spartan; fought to the death with 300 Spartans against Xerxes, King of Persia, I, 87  
 'Letter to the Men of Angria' by Northangerland, I, 451  
 'Letter to the Right Honourable Arthur, Marquis of Ardrah' by Charlotte Bronte, II, 66  
*Letters from an Englishman* by Captain Flower (Patrick Branwell Bronte), I, 96

- Leyden, Battle of, one of Zamorna's victories when he returned from exile; Leyden is the name of a town in Holland, II, 318, 395
- Leyland, Francis A., I, 314; II, 424
- 'Life, believe is not a dream' by Charlotte Bronte, II, 403
- 'Life of Field Marshall the Right Honourable Alexander Percy, Earl of Northangerland' by John Bud (Patrick Branwell Bronte), II, 88
- 'Life of Warner Howard Warner' by Patrick Branwell Bronte, II, 343
- 'Lily Hart' by Charlotte Bronte, I, 314
- Loango, Battle of; Loango is a maritime district of S. Africa extending from the Equator to the River Congo, II, 70
- Loftus, Adam (1533-1605), Archbishop of Dublin, whose daughter married into the Wellington family
- Lofty, Lord Frederic Macara, an unprincipled and dissipated nobleman, mentioned in many of the stories, particularly in 'The Tragedy and the Essay,' I, 303 *sq.*, a leader of the Republican Party, II, 169
- 'Long ago I wished to leave' by Charlotte Bronte, II, 339
- 'Long I have sighed for my home in the mountain' by Charlotte Bronte, I, 255
- Loraine, Claude, the painter, II, 1
- Lord Douro* or *Thornton* by Charles Townshend (Charlotte Bronte), II, 339
- 'Love and Jealousy' by Charlotte Bronte, I, 202, 354
- 'Love and Warfare' by Patrick Branwell Bronte, II, 402
- Lowell, Amy, Collection at Harvard University Library, I, 14
- Luckyman, Colonel, I, 246
- MacLean, George Edwin, I, 377, II, 473
- Macrabin; 'Mark Macrabin' was a pseudonym under which a series of 'Recollections' were contributed to *Blackwood's Magazine*, the writer is believed to have been Allan Cunningham. 'Peter Macrabin' is an imaginary interlocutor in the *Noctes Ambrosianæ* of Wilson, Lockhart, and Maginn, I, 1
- Macterroglen, Jerry, later called J. J. H. de Bruce MacLarrin
- Maimoune, a fairy, daughter of Damriel, king of a legion of Genies — *Arabian Nights Entertainments*, I, 4<sup>n</sup>, guardian of Frederick, Duke of York, I, 291
- Manfred, the Magician, President of the University on Philosopher's Island (see *The Foundling*). *Manfred* is the title of a drama by Byron; he is a being estranged from all human creatures, who lives in solitude in the Alps, where he invokes spirits by sorcery, I, 276 *sq.*
- Marathon, Battle of, this battle, fought in 490 B.C. was a tremendous victory of the Greeks, with small losses, over the Persian army of much greater size, I, 81
- Marchtown, I, 151 *sq.*
- Marian* by Charlotte Bronte, II, 339
- 'Marina's Lament' by Charlotte Bronte, I, 24
- 'Marian's Song' by Charlotte Bronte, I, 202
- Mars, I, 108, 160, 161
- Massacre of Dongola* by Patrick Branwell Bronte, II, 70
- Melbourne, Lord, II, 98, 99
- Melpomene, the muse who presided over tragedy, I, 300
- 'Memory' by Charlotte Bronte, I, 297
- 'Merry England,' a poem in *The Young Men's Magazine*, I, 16
- Milton, John, I, 30, 233

- Mina Laury* by Charles Townshend (Charlotte Brontë), II, 344
- Monkey, a 'middy,' one of Branwell's Twelves, appears in *The History of the Young Men*, I, 66 sq
- Monkey's Island, I, 171, 177, 194
- Montem*, an old custom at Eton College, I, 225 n
- Monthly Intelligencer* by Patrick Branwell Brontë, I, 183
- Montmorency, Hector Matthias Mirabeau; Rogue's familiar, appears as a villainous follower of Rogue in *The Foundling*, I, 246, 363; a leader of the Republican Party, II, 169
- Moore, Jane, an Angrian beauty, who caused a sensation at Lord Hartford's Ball in *The Duke of Zamorna*
- Mornington, Earl of, a title of the Dukes of Wellington
- Morpeth, Lord, visit to Haworth, 1835, II, 99
- Morven, Mountains; Morven is the name of a kingdom spoken of in the poems of Ossian, of which Fingal was the ruler, supposed to represent Argyleshire and the adjoining parts of the West Highlands, but of whose existence there is absolutely no evidence, I, 166
- Mozart, I, 123
- Mullion, Mordecai, one of the interlocutors in the *Noctes Ambrosianæ* of Wilson, Lockhart, and Maginn, a purely imaginary character, designed to represent, very generally, the population of Glasgow and its vicinity. Wilson also used the name as a *nom de plume*, I, 1
- Murray, companion of the Duke of Wellington; Sir George Murray (1772-1848) and Sir John Murray (1768-1827) were both prominent officers under Wellington in the Peninsular War, I, 12
- My Angria and the Angrians* by Lord Charles A. F. Wellesley (Charlotte Brontë), II, 1
- Napoleon Bonaparte, soldier belonging to Branwell, I, 2, leader of the French, II, 170
- 'Napoleon and the Spectre' contained in *The Green Dwarf* by Charlotte Brontë, I, 170 n
- Naughten, Richard, Leader of the People's (or Destructives) Party, II, 169
- Naughty, Old Young Man, the giant, I, 144, 145
- Naughty, Young Man, a follower of Rogue in his rebellion, and one of his 'infamous government,' I, 110, 121; described in *Characters of Celebrated Men*, I, 42
- Nawhalgerii, Mount, I, 107
- Neptune, I, 227
- Nevada Mountains, this is the name of a mountain range in Spain, I, 166
- Newton, A. E., II, 472
- Newton, Isaac, I, 233
- New Year's Story*, II, 111, 222
- Nicholls, Rev. Arthur Bell, II, 343, 326, 471
- Nicholson, Patrick, a flautist, II, 2
- Niger, River; Verdopolis was situated on the Niger or Guadima; the Niger is a large, wide river which flows for many miles in West Africa, I, 127
- Nineveh, the capital of the ancient kingdom and empire of Assyria, a city of great size and renown, which was later destroyed, I, 29
- Ninus, according to Greek mythology, the first king of the Assyrians, and founder of Nineveh, I, 29
- Nisus, a Trojan hero, who, with his friend Euryalus, was killed by the Rutulians, I, 88
- North, Christopher, *see* Wilson (John)

Northangerland, 200 miles long, 270 miles broad. Capital—the city of Pequena. Lord-Lieutenant—the Earl of Northangerland. Population 376,000, I, 326

Northangerland, Earl of, *see* Percy, Alexander (alias Rogue)

Northangerland House, the residence of Alexander Percy, Earl of Northangerland, I, 438

'Northangerland's Letter to the Angrians' by Patrick Branwell Bronte, I, 457

'Now all is joy and gladness, the ripe fruit' by Charlotte Brontë, I, 15

'Now fall the last drops of the shower' by Patrick Branwell Bronte, I, 50

Nussey, Ellen, II, 1, 2, 99

Nys, Professor Ernest, II, 470

Oakwood Hall (called 'Oakwell' in one place), the seat of Mr Hasleden in *The Foundling* 'Oakwood House' is the name of Sir Alured's mansion in *Albion and Marina* (I, 28). Oakwell Hall, Birstall, was near Ellen Nussey's home, and Charlotte visited there with her friend; it is the Field Head of *Shirley*, I, 222 O'Connor, Arthur, one of the Revolutionary leaders under Alexander Rogue (see *Letters from an Englishman* and *The Fate of Regina*, also Note 13 in Miss Ratchford's *Caroline Vernon*). Arthur O'Connor (1763-1852), an Irish rebel, turned republican and went to France, where he was made by Napoleon a general of division; his published works, relating to political questions, were no doubt read and probably possessed by Mr Bronte. 'Harriet' of Branwell's poems was O'Connor's wife, who eloped with Percy

'Ode in Praise of the Twelves' by Patrick Branwell Brontë, I, 124

'Ode on the Celebration of the Great African Games' by Patrick Branwell Bronte, I, 165

O'Doherty Morgan, a pseudonym of Dr William Maginn (1793-1842), a frequent contributor to *Blackwood's Magazine* and an interlocutor in the *Noctes Ambrosianae*, I, 1

O'Donnell, Marcus, one of Charlotte's Twelves in *A Romantic Tale*, I, 4

'O Fathers of our glorious land' by Patrick Branwell Bronte, I, 124

'O, Hyle! thy waves are like Babylon's Streams' by Charlotte Brontë, I, 127<sup>n</sup>

'Oh! there is a wood in a still and deep' by Charlotte Bronte, I, 202

'Oh, who has broke the stilly hush' by Charlotte Bronte, I, 297

'Oh, would I were the golden light' by Charlotte Bronte, II, 339

Olympian, River; the town of Zamorna was on the Olympian

Olympic or Great African Games; the Olympic games were originally held at Olympia, in Greece, in honour of Jupiter, I, 123, 124

Olympus, Mount, a mountain in Greece, supposed to be the home of the gods; Mount Aornos is described by Branwell as 'our Olympus,' I, 127, 168

'Once again bright summer now' by Patrick Branwell Bronte, I, 165

'On seeing an Ancient Dirk in the Armoury of the Tower of All Nations' by the Marquis of Douro (In *The Young Men's Magazine*), I, 22

Ostorius Scapula, Roman General who invaded Britain A.D. 51, II, 408

O'Sullivan, Mildert, steward of the Alderwood Estates, II, 34

- Our Fellows*, a play by the Brontë children, I, I
- 'O Wind that o'er the ocean' by Charlotte Brontë, I, 266
- Oxeye, a small cloud, usually seen off the Coast of Guinea, which pre-sages a severe storm, so-called by seamen because at first it seems no larger than an Ox's eye, I, 4
- Pare (i.e. Parry), Emily Brontë's soldier, I, 76n
- Park, Mungo (1771-1806), mentioned by Charlotte Brontë in *My Angria and the Angrians*
- 'Parliamentary Intelligence' by Patrick Branwell Brontë, I, 187
- Parnassus, a lofty mountain in Greece, sacred to Apollo and the Muses, I, 30
- Parry, Arthur, son of William Edward Parry, I, 116, 119
- Parry, William Edward, one of Branwell's Twelves; appears in *The History of the Young Men and Letters from an Englishman*, and is mentioned in some Parliamentary debates Sir William Edward Parry (1790-1855) was a Rear-Admiral and Arctic explorer, who commanded many expeditions in search of the North-West passage between 1819 and 1825, I, 66
- 'Passing Events' (*History of Angria*, III) by Charlotte Brontë, II, 125, 338
- Patroclus, one of the Grecian chiefs in the Trojan War, and friend of Achilles; he was killed by Hector, and his body recovered by his companions, I, 82
- Peel, Sir Robert, II, 98, 99
- 'Peep into a Picture Book' by Lord Charles A. F. Wellesley (Charlotte Brontë), I, 353
- Pendle Hill; this hill and the surrounding district is the scene of Harrison Ainsworth's novel, *The Lancashire Witches*, I, 112
- Percy by Patrick Branwell Brontë, II, 342
- Percy, Alexander, Earl of Northangerland (alias Alexander Rogue, Viscount Ellrington); Alexander Rogue, who raised the great rebellion in *Letters from An Englishman*, became Viscount Ellrington through his marriage with Lady Zenobia Ellrington (described in *The Pirate*); he is later called Colonel Alexander Augustus Percy, and finally Alexander Percy, Earl of Northangerland, and Premier of Angria, his first wife, Mary, was the mother of Mary Henrietta, who married Zamorna Algernon Percy, Duke of Northumberland, may have suggested the names for the Earl of Northangerland—or perhaps the title was derived from Jane Austen's novel, *Northanger Abbey*. Percy's speech in Parliament before his rebellion, I, 115; his adventures on the high seas and during his exile, related in *The Green Dwarf*, I, 170; described in 'A Visit to Ellrington Hall,' I, 183; he becomes Earl of Northangerland, I, 353; description of his portrait, I, 356, his defence of his actions in a 'Letter to the Men of Angria' written from his voluntary exile in Stumps's Island, I, 451, 457, author of 'An Hour's Musings,' II, 55; his life, II, 88, Leader of the Destructive (or Revolutionist) Party, II, 169; Address to the Angrians before the Revolution, II, 186
- Percy, Alexander, son of the Duke of Northangerland, I, 321, 322
- Percy, Augustus, Marquis of Rosendale, son of the Duke of Fidenia, I, 361

- Percy, Edward, son of Northangerland, and brother-in-law of Zamorna, who married Lady Maria Sneaky (or Sneachie), daughter of Alexander Sneaky, he was the founder of Edwardston, in Angria, whose rapid rise to fortune is narrated in *Wool is Rising*, I, 407; II, 89
- Percy, Lady Helen, mother of Alexander Percy, Earl of Northangerland, II, 189 *sq*
- Percy, John, Duke of Fidenia, brother-in-law of Zamorna, son of Northangerland, description of his portrait, I, 358, Leader of the Constitutionalist Party, II, 169
- Percy, Lady Maria, wife of Edward Percy, before her marriage, Lady Maria Sneaky or Sneachie, daughter of Alexander Sneaky or Sneachie, King of Sneachieland, a great friend of Lady Julia Sydney, I, 316; description of her portrait, I, 360, 361
- Percy, Mary, first wife of Northangerland, and mother of Mary Henrietta, wife of Zamorna; MS. relating to her death, I, 296, Percy's visit to her grave, I, 297, 307; other references, II, 196, 355, 356
- Percy, Mary Henrietta, daughter of Alexander Percy, Duke of Northangerland, and wife of Zamorna, she was first the Marchioness of Douro, then the Empress Mary Henrietta, and finally Duchess of Zamorna and Queen of Angria, I, 318, 353, 451, description of her death, II, 196
- Percy, Captain William, younger son of the Earl of Northangerland, and brother-in-law of Zamorna, ostracized because of business
- 'Petus and Aria,' Hamilton's tragedy, Petus was the name of an architect who, with Satyrus is supposed to have planned the famous tomb of Mausolus. Aria was the wife of Pætus Cecinna, a Roman senator who was accused of conspiracy against Claudius, and carried to Rome by sea; she accompanied him, and in the boat stabbed herself, and her husband followed her example, I, 300, 301
- Philosophers' Island, I, 275 an island off the coast of Africa, on which was a University, and which was the abode of philosophers and other learned men; visited by Sydney and the Duke of Wellington, I, 285
- Phœbus, I, 168
- Pierpont Morgan Library, New York, I, 297, II, 472
- Pigtail, in *Letters from An Englishman and The Foundling*, described in 'Celebrated Men,' I, 42; description and Life, I, 105-107
- 'Pilgrimage, The,' by Charlotte Brontë, II, 338
- Pindus, Mount, a mountain, or rather a chain of mountains in Greece, celebrated as being sacred to Apollo and the Muses, I, 215
- Pirate, The*, by Everard Bellingham (Patrick Branwell Brontë), I, 170
- Pitt, William, I, 90, 233
- Poet Lore*, Spring number, 1897, I, 325<sup>n</sup>
- 'Politics of Verdopolis' by Captain John Flower (Patrick Branwell Brontë), I, 307<sup>n</sup>
- Ponte Corre, Jean, Prince of, leader of the Faction du Manege, II, 170
- Pope, Alexander, his 'Homer,' I, 93
- 'Post Office, The,' by Charlotte Brontë, I, 297
- Price, Mr. of the Theatre Royal, Verdopolis, I, 301-303
- Prince Regent (afterwards George IV), I, 61, 93, 94

- Primrose Hill, in London, I, 196,  
197
- Pyramids of Egypt, I, 84, 97
- Quacco Camingo (alias King Jack),  
Leader of the Negroes, II, 170
- Quamina, Cashna or Kashna, King  
of the Ashantees, I, 79
- Quamina, Sai Tootoo, King of the  
Ashantees, who fought against the  
Twelves in the Battle of Rossen-  
dale Hill, I, 79
- Quashia Quamina, son of Sai Too-  
too Quamina, discovered by the  
Duke of Wellington after the Bat-  
tle of Coomassie, I, 214-215, 218;  
Chief of the rebellious Ashantees,  
I, 318, King and Leader of the  
Ashantees. Quashia or Quashee  
was a cant name given to any ne-  
gro, or to the negro race; it is said  
to have been derived from Quassi,  
or Quasha, a black man of Suri-  
nam, by whom the medicinal vir-  
tues of one species of the quassia  
plant were made known to the  
Swedish naturalist Rolander, about  
the middle of the eighteenth cen-  
tury, II, 70, 170
- 'Rainbow, The,' by Patrick Bran-  
well Bronte, I, 51
- Rare Lads, a body of unscrupulous  
men, who supported Rogue in his  
rebellion in *Letters from an English-  
man*, I, 129-147
- Ratchford, Miss Fannie E., author  
of *Legends of Angria*, I, 170n; II, 240,  
322, 344, 473
- Red Cross Knight and Other Poems* by  
Charlotte Bronte, I, 207n, 297
- Red River, mentioned in the cam-  
paign of Rogue's rebellion in *Let-  
ters from an Englishman*; description  
of, I, 132
- 'Reflections at Roe Head' by Char-  
lotte Bronte, II, 123
- Regina, Battle of, I, 159-165
- Regret* by Charlotte Bronte, II, 339
- Reid, Sir T. Wemyss, his descrip-  
tion of Branwell, II, 1
- Return of Zamorna* by Charlotte  
Brontë, II, 281
- 'Review at Gazemba' by Charlotte  
Bronte, II, 345
- Richmond Hill, London, I, 196
- Richton, Lord, *see* Flower, John
- Rising Sun, an inn, I, 58
- Rivals, The*, by Charlotte Bronte, I,  
45
- Rivaulx, Cross of, an old obelisk on  
one of Zamorna's estates; Rivaulx  
is the name of a village and an ab-  
bey in North Yorkshire, II, 132
- Robinson, William, an artist of  
Leeds; Branwell studies painting  
with, II, 111; Charlotte and Bran-  
well have lessons from, II, 425
- Roe Head School, Charlotte and  
Emily at, II, 111; reflections after a  
day's teaching at, by Charlotte, II,  
123; MSS. written by Charlotte at,  
II, 255-257
- Rogue, Alexander, Viscount Ell-  
rington, *see* Percy, Alexander, Earl  
of Northangerland
- 'Rogue in Public and Rogue in Pri-  
vate' by Patrick Branwell Bronte,  
I, 195
- Romantic Tale, A*, by Charlotte  
Bronte, I, 3
- Rosendale, Marquis of, *see* Percy,  
Augustus
- Rosier, Eugene, Arthur Wellesley's  
French valet, and Zamorna's page
- Ross, Edward Tut, son of John  
Ross, I, 116
- Ross, John, a lieutenant, one of  
Branwell's Twelves; he appears  
chiefly in *The History of the Young  
Men*, and is mentioned in many  
other stories. Sir John Ross (1777-  
1856) was an Arctic navigator, and  
made made expeditions in search

- of the North-West Passage between 1818 and 1833; he published accounts of his voyages in 1819 and 1835, I, 66
- Rossendale Hill, description of, I, 112; Battle of, and death of Frederick, Duke of York, I, 80-83
- Roswal, Zamorna's favourite stag-hound, II, 296
- Rotunda, The, description of, I, 244
- 'Royer, The,' by Patrick Branwell Bronte, I, 354, 408
- Royal George*, Arthur Wellesley's ship, I, 91
- Rundell, Mr, I, 274
- Russell, Lord John, II, 99
- Rymer, Mr, I, 314
- 'Sail fast, sail fast, my gallant ship, thy ocean thunders round thee' by Patrick Branwell Bronte, I, 408
- St Clair, Lord, I, 170
- St Michael's Cathedral, I, 118
- Sai Quarenqua, eldest of the ten brothers, leaders of the Acroft-croombes, I, 87
- Salamanca Palace, I, 29
- Salt Hill, near Eton, I, 225*n*
- Saul and Other Poems* by Charlotte Bronte, I, 297
- Scavenger, Dick, I, 98, 118
- Scott, Adam, I, 96, 100, 102
- Scrap Book*, bound with *The Spell*, and other MSS., British Museum, II, 50, 63, 66, 81, 89, 469-470
- Scroven, Tom, I, 109-112
- S'Death, Robert, partner of Rogue in *The Pirate*, I, 174-181; Rogue's servant, I, 318, 321, 322; uncle of Patrick Benjamin Wiggins, II, 11
- 'Secret, The,' by Charlotte Bronte, I, 314
- Segovia, Augusta di, Percy's first mistress, II, 350*sq*
- Selby, Lord and Lady, an account of their ball, I, 250-258
- Semalt, Hall of, I, 29
- Seymour, Countess, *see* Wellesley, Lady Isabella
- Shakespeare, William, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, II, 161
- Sheckleton, Monsieur (or Sceleton), I, 107
- 'Shine on us, God of Afric, shine' by Patrick Branwell Bronte, I, 435
- Shorter, Clement K., I, 52*n*, 170*n*; II, 424*n*; II, 471
- Siddons, Mrs, I, 301, 303
- Silden, River, I, 132
- Smith, Mr, II, 472
- Sneaky, Lady Maria (later spelt Sneachie), *see* Percy, Lady Maria
- Sneaky, Alexander, one of Branwell's Twelves in *The History of the Young Men*, I, 66-88; his interview with James Bellingham, I, 117-119. He was in command of a regiment fighting against Rogue during his rebellion in *Letters from an Englishman*, and is occasionally mentioned in later stories in connection with parliament and the government
- Sneaky, Alexander Wilkin, son of Alexander Sneaky, I, 113, 116
- Sneaky, John, brother of Wilkin Sneaky, and son of Alexander Sneaky, I, 116, 119, 139
- Snowdon, Mount, I, 197
- 'Something About Arthur' by Charles A. F. Wellesley (Charlotte Brontë), I, 219
- 'Song Applicable to the Present Crisis' by Young Soult (Patrick Branwell Bronte), I, 200
- Song of Albion to Marina* by Charlotte Bronte, I, 24
- Sophocles, I, 30
- Soult, Young, the poet of Angria; Branwell's pseudonym, I, 36, 50, 67*n*; described by Charlotte in 'Celebrated Men of the Present Time,' I, 40, 41. He is the companion of the Marquis of Douro and his brother in *Letters from an*



- Englishman*. Soult was the name of a French general who fought against Wellington in the Peninsular War
- 'Sound a Lament in the halls of his Father' by Charlotte Brontë, I, 286
- 'Sound the loud Trumpet o'er Afric's bright sea' by Patrick Branwell Brontë, I, 435
- Spalding Hill, I, 151, 153
- 'Speech of His Grace the Duke of Zamorna at the Opening of the First Angrian Parliament, Sep. 20, 1834' by Charlotte Brontë, I, 477
- Spell, The*, by Lord Charles A. F. Wellesley (Charlotte Brontë), I, 377
- Spell, The*, bound with *The Scrap Book* and other MSS., II, 50, 63, 66, 81, 89, 469
- 'Spencer's Band,' a famous Keighley band, II, 2
- Stael, Madame de, I, 31, 358
- Standon, Cecilia, I, 55-57
- Standon, Lord, I, 57
- Stanhope, Dr, the primate of Angria
- 'Stanzas on the fate of Henry Percy' by Charlotte Brontë, I, 353
- Stark Collection, Texas University, I, 179<sup>n</sup>
- Steaton, Timothy, II, 140 sq
- Stewart, the family name of Lord Castlereagh, who was a prominent politician of Angria; one of Charlotte's Twelves was called Francis Stewart, I, 4
- 'Storms are waking to inspire us' by Patrick Branwell Brontë, II, 117
- Strand Magazine*, December 1918, I, 52<sup>n</sup>
- Strathaye, I, 19
- Strathelleraye, I, 25, 26, 29, 33
- Strathelleraye, Duke and Duchess of, parents of Albion in *Albion and Marina*, I, 26
- Stuart, Frederic, Earl of Stuartville and Viscount Castlereagh, an Angrian statesman
- Stumps, Frederick, afterwards King Frederick II; one of Branwell's Twelves in *The History of the Young Men*, I, 66, elected King Frederick II, I, 86
- Stumps Land, I, 171
- Stumps Island, I, 180, 194, 451
- Sulorac Street, residence of Lord and Lady Selby in, I, 250, 265
- Summerfield, I, 150
- Sunderland, Abraham Stansfield, organist at Keighley Parish Church, II, 2
- Swinburne, Algernon Charles, II, 426
- 'Swiss Emigrant's Return' by Charlotte Brontë, I, 255
- Sydney, Edward, the hero of *The Foundling*, I, 280, marriage and divorce with Lady Julia Wellesley, II, 81; later Earl of Strafford, II, 193
- Sydney, Lady Julia, before her marriage with Edward Sydney Lady Julia Wellesley, cousin of the Marquis of Douro (see *The Foundling*), divorce from Sydney, and marriage with General Thornton, II, 81
- Sykes's Favourite Waltzes*, copy belonging to Emily and Anne Brontë, II, 2
- Sylvester, Bob, I, 58
- Symington Collection, II, 99
- 'Tabby,' the Brontë's servant, see Aykroyd, Tabitha
- Tagus, Marquis of, see Albion, Marquis of Tagus; the River Tagus, in Portugal, was crossed by Wellington during the Peninsular War
- Tales of the Islanders*, II, 467
- Talleyrand, I, 174
- Tallu, a genius = Charlotte Brontë, protector of Arthur Wellesley, Duke of Wellington, I, 61, 76<sup>n</sup>
- 'Tea Party, The,' by Charlotte Brontë, I, 297

- Temple, Annabel, housekeeper of Zamorna
- Tenterden, Mr, I, 57, 58
- Texas University, U.S.A., I, 170<sup>n</sup>
- 'The Chapelle stood and watched the way' by Charlotte Brontë, II, 151
- 'The Crypt, the Nave, the Chancel passed' by Charlotte Brontë, II, 38
- 'The moon dawned slow in the dusky gloaming' by Charlotte Brontë, I, 323
- 'The pearl within the shell concealed' by Charlotte Brontë, I, 45
- 'The Trumpet Hath Sounded' by Charlotte Brontë, I, 219
- 'The Wave of Death's River' by Charlotte Brontë, I, 377, 383
- 'There are lands where scents of flowers' by Charlotte Brontë, I, 297
- Thermopylæ, Pass of, I, 81
- Thornton or Lord Douro* by Charles Townshend (Charlotte Brontë), II, 339
- Thornton, General Wilson, guardian of young Lord Wellesley, and owner of a country seat called Gillington Hall and a town mansion called Thornton Hotel, I, 354, 355, 360, 363, II, 1; marriage with Lady Julia Wellesley, II, 81
- Thornton, Lady Julia, wife of General Wilson Thornton, *see* Sydney, Lady Julia
- Thornton Hotel, I, 318, 355
- 'Through the hoarse howlings of the storm' by Patrick Branwell Brontë, II, 197
- Thucydides, I, 127
- Tickler, Timothy, one of the interlocutors in Wilson's *Noctes Ambrosiæ*, an idealized portrait of an Edinburgh lawyer named Robert Sym (1750-1844), I, 1
- 'To the desert sands of Palestine' by Charlotte Brontë, I, 297
- Tower of Nations, description of, I, 97; the abode of Crashey, I, 189, 269, 295
- Townshend, Charles, pseudonym of Charlotte Brontë, and author of *Julia and Mina Laury*, II, 338, 344
- Tracky, a middy, one of Branwell's Twelves, I, 66
- 'Tragedy and the Essay' by Charlotte Brontë, I, 297, 300
- Traquair, Ronald, one of Charlotte's Twelves, I, 4
- Travels of Captain Parnell*, I, 3
- Travels of Rolando Segur*, II, 467
- Tree, Captain, author of many of Charlotte's stories, including *Characters of Celebrated Men*, I, 37, *The Foundling*, I, 220; and also 'Portrait Gallery of the Aristocracy of Africa,' I, 356
- Tree, Sergeant or Seargeant, publisher printer, and bookseller of most of the early stories by Branwell and Charlotte Brontë, I, 24, 62, 306, 307, 318
- Trott, i.e. Ross, Anne's soldier, I, 76<sup>n</sup>
- Turkish Musicians, Branwell buys at Keighley and Halifax, I, 63
- Twelve Adventurers and Other Stories* by Charlotte Brontë, I, 13<sup>n</sup>, 24, 45, 52<sup>n</sup>, 64<sup>n</sup>, 66<sup>n</sup>, 78<sup>n</sup>, 170<sup>n</sup>, 202, 297, 353; II, 322, 344
- Twelves, The; Charlotte and Branwell Brontë each wrote a story of the discovery of Angria, and gave a different list of the names of the Twelves, which originated from some toy soldiers of Branwell's, I, 61; Charlotte's Twelves, I, 4; Branwell's Twelves, I, 65, 66
- Twelves Town, I, 77<sup>n</sup>
- Twemy, i.e. Wellington, Charlotte's soldier, I, 76<sup>n</sup>
- 'Twilight Song' by Charlotte Brontë, I, 323, 324<sup>n</sup>
- Two Romantic Tales* by Charlotte Brontë, I, 13<sup>n</sup>

- Ulysses, I, 88  
 'Unto our Fathers in the sky' by Patrick Branwell Bronte, II, 416  
 U.T. (i.e. Us Two), Charlotte and Branwell Bronte, I, 14
- Valdecella, Duke of, *see* Wellesley, Ernest Julius Mornington  
 Valdecella, Duchess of, *see* Inez, Emily  
 Van Haalen, Dutch Governor of Ascension Island, I, 67, 68, 70  
 Verdopolis (called Great Glasstown, or Verreopolis (q.v.) in earlier stories), was situated at the mouth of the Niger. It was the capital of the 'Twelves' settlement, where the government was carried on, and it was the centre of the fashionable life of the country. Verdopolis is the scene of most of the earlier Angrian stories, and is frequently referred to. A description of, I, 227, 228  
 Verdopolis, migration of the youth of to the new capital of Angria—Adrianopolis, II, 1  
 'Verdopolita Delineata' by De Lisle, I, 185  
*Verdopolitan Intelligencer*, II, 89  
 Vernet, a painter, I, 42, 43, 300  
 Vernon, George, Lord, friend of Alexander Percy, II, 352  
 Vernon, Louisa, Northangerland's mistress, II, 130, 131; condemned to death and sent to the Tower, II, 204  
 Verreopolis, meaning the Glass Town, being compounded of a Greek and French word to that effect, I, 3, 45  
 'Vision, The,' by Charlotte Bronte, I, 314  
 'Visit to Elrington Hall' by Patrick Branwell Bronte, I, 183  
*Visits in Verreopolis* by Lord Charles A. F. Wellesley (Charlotte Bronte), I, 45, 202
- Waiting-Boy, soldier given to Anne, I, 2  
 Warnell, I, 1  
 Warner, Caroline, sister of Warner Howard Warner,  
 Warner, Warner Howard, married to Ellen Grenville, I, 327; he appears in *My Angria and the Angrians*, II, 1, Zamorna's First Lord of the Treasury, II, 98; his *Life*, by Lord Richton, II, 343  
 Warner Hotel, I, 353  
*Watching and Wishing* by Charlotte Bronte, II, 339  
 Waterloo, Battle of, I, 37, 92-94  
 Waterloo Palace, the home of the Wellesley family, description of, I, 231, 232  
 Weber, C. M. von, copy of his works which belonged to Emily and Anne Brontë, II, 2  
 'Welcome, heroes, to the War' by Patrick Branwell Brontë, I, 463  
 Wellesley, Arthur Augustus Adrian, Marquis of Douro, his successive titles are: Duke of Zamorna, King of Angria, and Emperor Adrian. The eldest son of the Duke of Wellington. [Wellesley is the family name of the Dukes of Wellington, and Baron Douro one of their titles.] He was married three times, to Marian Hume, mother of Marquis of Almeida; Lady Helen Victorine, who died at the birth of Edward Ernest Gordon Wellesley, Baron Gordon; and Mary Henrietta, daughter of Alexander Percy, Earl of Northangerland, mother of twin sons, Victor Frederic Percy Wellesley, Marquis of Arno, and Julius Warner di Enara Wellesley, Earl of Saldanha. Description of, I 36, 38, 39; marriage with Marian Hume, I, 213; becomes Emperor Adrian, I, 319, becomes King of Angria, I, 326; marries Mary Hen-

- rietta, daughter of Earl of Northangerland, I, 333; description of his character and portrait, I, 361, 362; birth of twin sons to, II, 3; Leader of Angrian Party, II, 169; meeting with Miha Laury at Marseilles, II, 240; his exile, II, 344
- Wellesley, Arthur, one of Charlotte's Twelves who became the Duke of Wellington. He was Charlotte's first favourite and hero, but in later stories his place is taken by his son, Zamorna. Description of, I, 37, 38; Charlotte, or Talli, his protecting genius, I, 78
- Wellesley, Lord Charles Albert Florian, brother of Zamorna, and son of the Duke of Wellington. Charlotte wrote many stories under his name, and he is the supposed author of *The Green Dwarf*, *A Leaf from an Unopened Volume*, *Corner Dishes*, *Arthuriana*, *The Spell*, *My Angria and the Angrians*, etc. Description of, I, 36, 38, 39
- Wellesley, Edward, Marquis of Wellesley, brother of the Duke of Wellington, and father of Lady Julia, I, 265, 272-275, 295
- Wellesley Edward Ernest Gordon, Baron Gordon, eldest son of Zamorna and Lady Helen Victorine, who died at his birth. His death is described in one of Branwell's prose MSS, II, 50.
- Wellesley, Lady Emily Augusta, daughter of the Duke of Valdecella
- Wellesley, Ernest Fitz-Arthur Edward Ravenswood, son of Ernest Julius, and Emily Inez, Earl of Ravenswood and Viscount Mornington
- Wellesley, Ernest Julius Mornington, Duke of Valdecella, Marquis of Alhamas, twin brother of Zamorna
- Wellesley, Lady Isabella, Countess of Seymour, aunt of Zamorna; she had a daughter Cecilia, and five other children, cousins of Zamorna
- Wellesley, Lady Julia, *see* Sydney, Lady Julia
- Wellesley, Mary Henrietta, second wife of Zamorna, daughter of Earl of Northangerland; *see* Percy, Mary Henrietta
- Wellesley College Library, Mass., U.S.A., I, 24
- Wellesley House, I, 353, 362
- "Well Etty," said I . . . by Charlotte Bronte, II, 63
- Wellington, Duke of, Charlotte's soldier, I, 2
- Wellington, Duke of, II, 98, 99. *See also* Wellesley, Arthur, Duke of Wellington, one of the Twelves
- 'Well, the day's toils are over' by Charlotte Bronte, II, 322
- Wentworth, Charles, his visit to Verdopolis, II, 179; Lofty's Private Secretary, II, 208
- Western Iris, a mail coach
- 'What pleasant airs upon her face' by Patrick Branwell Bronte, II, 196
- 'When the dead in their cold graves are lying' by Charlotte Bronte, I, 297
- 'While round the battlements and round the plain' by Patrick Branwell Bronte, I, 159
- 'Why do you linger and why do you roam' by Charlotte Bronte, II, 372
- 'Why should we ever mourn as those' by Charlotte Bronte, II, 338
- Widener, Henry Elkins, Library at Harvard University, II, 403
- Wiggins, Patrick Benjamin, a caricature of Patrick Branwell Bronte, II, 1-3
- Wilkin, *Great English Schools*, I, 225n
- William IV, II, 98, 99

- Wilson, John (pseud. Christopher North), editor of *Blackwood's Magazine*, I, 1
- Windsor, I, 136
- Winlass or Windlass, Seargt, printer and bookseller, I, 103, 114, 125, 138, 149
- Wise, T. J., I, 14, 207n, 220; II, 471-473; *A Bibliography of the Writings in Prose and Verse of the Members of the Brontë Family*, I, 354, 407
- Wonder's Atlas, I, 173
- Wool's Rising* by John Baron Flower Viscount Richton (Patrick Branwell Brontë), I, 326, 407
- Wooler, Miss, II, 124
- Wood, Marian, II, 473
- Wood, Mr., editor of *Leeds Intelligencer*, I, 1
- Wood, Mr., manager of the Queen's Theatre, II, 351 sq
- Wordsworth, William, Branwell's letter to, II, 427
- Works from the Classical Authors*, copy belonging to Emily and Anne Brontë, II, 2
- Wortley, Stuart, II, 99
- Wrenn Library, Texas, U.S.A., II, 338, 472
- W T., i.e. We Two, Charlotte and Patrick Branwell Brontë, I, 14
- York, Duke of, *see* Guelph, Fred-eric, Duke of York
- Young Men*, play by the Brontë Children, I, 1, 2
- Young Men's Intelligencer*, I, 270
- Young Men's Magazine* by Charlotte and Patrick Branwell Brontë, I, 14
- Young, Major St John, whose wife ran away with Lord Caversham, II, 349
- 'Your mama's in the dairy, your father's in the field' by Charlotte Brontë, II, 372
- Zamorna, on the Olympian, 170 miles long, 112 miles broad. Capital—the city of Zamorna Lord-Lieutenant—Lord Viscount Castlereagh. Population 1,986,000. From Zamorna, an old historic town in Spain, ravaged by the French in the Peninsular War, stands on the river Douro, I, 437
- Zamorna, Duke of, *see* Wellesley, Arthur Augustus Adrian
- Zorayda, wife of Frederic, Duke of York, and mother of Edward Sydney, I, 291, also, the maid of honour to Princess Lerne, and daughter of Sir William Etty, who married Prince Adrian, I, 321-324